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Before you start

[image]

(Title cover by me)

Intro:

13 Colonies (America) has a great connection with his father, England. But when a sweet child becomes a rebellious teen who feels no one listens to him or understands what he's going threw. His father is stricter with America and forces him to stay in the house, while his best friend USSR is fading away. USSR and his eldest son Russia want to find a cure but have to go into unknown waters. America (Having a close friendship with USSR and still being a teenager) wants to come and help, maybe even have his own land. But he'll have to leave his only home he's ever known, his father, his mother, and baby brother Canada. Will America leave? Will USSR die? Will England allow it? Were will they go? Will Russia be able to live without his father? How long will they be gone? Will the freaking Author torment you with these questions?

"Where are these nightmares coming from?" Someone said.

Hi, I'm YonderBlue and I LOVE COUNTRYHUMANS so I made this AU but read my little notes first. And the title art is mine and all the other art you'll see in my chapters.

Warnings:

There will be blood/violence

Death

Teen angst

This story is mostly about America and England so you will read

about them more than other countries.

Not a ship story (beside a little FraUK)

Historically accurate (Mostly the American revolution)

Not ment to offend

Contains USSR and I do not support communism, just using the character

I love to hear any theories because I don't always say every little thing that happens and/or the character's feelings (and some I may not even see myself)

Symbols:

:::::::::: = Time skip

‖_____‖ = My messages

** = Translation

This font = The character's thoughts

Please enjoy my story

(⌐■_■)

Prologue

England eagerly waited outside, France was trying to get there newborn baby, 13 Colonies (Also known as America) to bed. England was full of adrenaline he fidgeted with his watch that hung from his coat pocket. He could hear France softly singing in the baby room. England felt warm and soft as his wife sang sweetly, the light breeze outside moved the trees in a satisfying rhythm and the setting sun made the moment better. England softly sighs as he took it in.

France quietly opened the door and smiled at England. Who put his pocket watch back in his coat pocket. "Did I take too long?" France said softly closing the door. She was wearing a black dress with a gold floral pattern. The baby room was lit with a dim golden glow with some pink. When France closed the door the lonely hallway got darker.

"No. You are just fine." England said bowing to France and hold out his hand. She excepted it and he pulled her close.

"America is asleep." The loving French said. "Shall we greet our guests?"

"We shall."

England and France walked toward the end of the hall and down to the first floor to the Ballroom. The English and French stopped at the large double doors to look at each other, take a big breath, and open the doors to see many other countries in their Ballroom. All were dressed fancy and formal for their own culture. All were talking. Many looked at the two who opened the double doors. Silence fell on all the empires and countries.

"Welcome, All," England said walking forward with France by his side who was wrapped around his arm. The Ball was big and covered in many fancy golden patterns with a diamond chandelier, one side of the walls had many windows showing the setting sun

and double glass doors that lead outside to a large balcony. The was lit like it was daytime in the very room. There were tables with cider and other formal food and drinks.

"Thank you all for coming. First, Welcome to England, my wife and I are glad all of you could come."

One of the waiters came up to England and gave him his cider. The proud country raised his glass and cheered. "To World Peace!"

"TO WORLD PEACE." The other countries said. England drank his drink and everyone began to talk once again.

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England had talked to all his guest and all congratulated him with his newborn son. England looked around but he couldn't find his best friend. Walking past the crowd England looked back but could only see his wife and other ladies talking to her about her baby son. and on the other side of the room where all the men happily talking about how their land is going. England heard the wind blow from outside. He turned around and saw a tall Russian outside. he was wearing his military outfit with an Ushanka on his head. England entered the balcony with the Russian. The Russian looked at the Brit.

"There you are!" England said in his loud British voice.

"Hey..." The Russian's voice was quiet but still had his accent. He looked at the speaker then he looked back a the twilight sky.

"Why don't you come in and get out of the cold?"

The Russian quickly looked and faced him and gave him a 'seriously?'

"I am all of Russia, man of England... Cold is nothing." He replied smiling and showing his fangs and laughed. England laughed back. They both looked at each other in silence lightly smiling at each other.

"Didn't you say you just got a son?" The Russian said.

"Yes, a little baby boy," England said closing the glass door and leaning ageist it. "I heard the same as you."

"It's a boy too." The Russian sounded proud. looking to the sky and raising a fist at where he looked. "He will one day rule Russia! And make it proud."

"Wish I could be that determined." The Brit said looking down. This caught the other's attention.

"Why are you not?" The Russian said standing upright and adjusting his eye patch.

"I mean I am proud to be a father but I'm worried about his future." England looked at the landscape. Purple was showing close to were the sun a been, blue and black surrounded it with not many stars due to the incredible light inside. The friend put his hand on England's shoulder.

"You are a great leader of the land that shares your name. Surly a little boy will be easy." The Russian smiled. The words made England smiled. The yellow eyes of England's friend looked reassuring but there was something else. He did keep looking away and looking back.

Suddenly the lights inside were dim and this made England sit up from the door, The Russian moved his hand, "Thank you USSR." England bowed. "Now the slow dancing is on, France wanted to dance with me" England winked at USSR and he smiled. England opened the door but stop to look at his friend. USSR was leaning ageist a pillar folding his arms

"USSR?"

The Russian just looked at him

"Are you okay?"

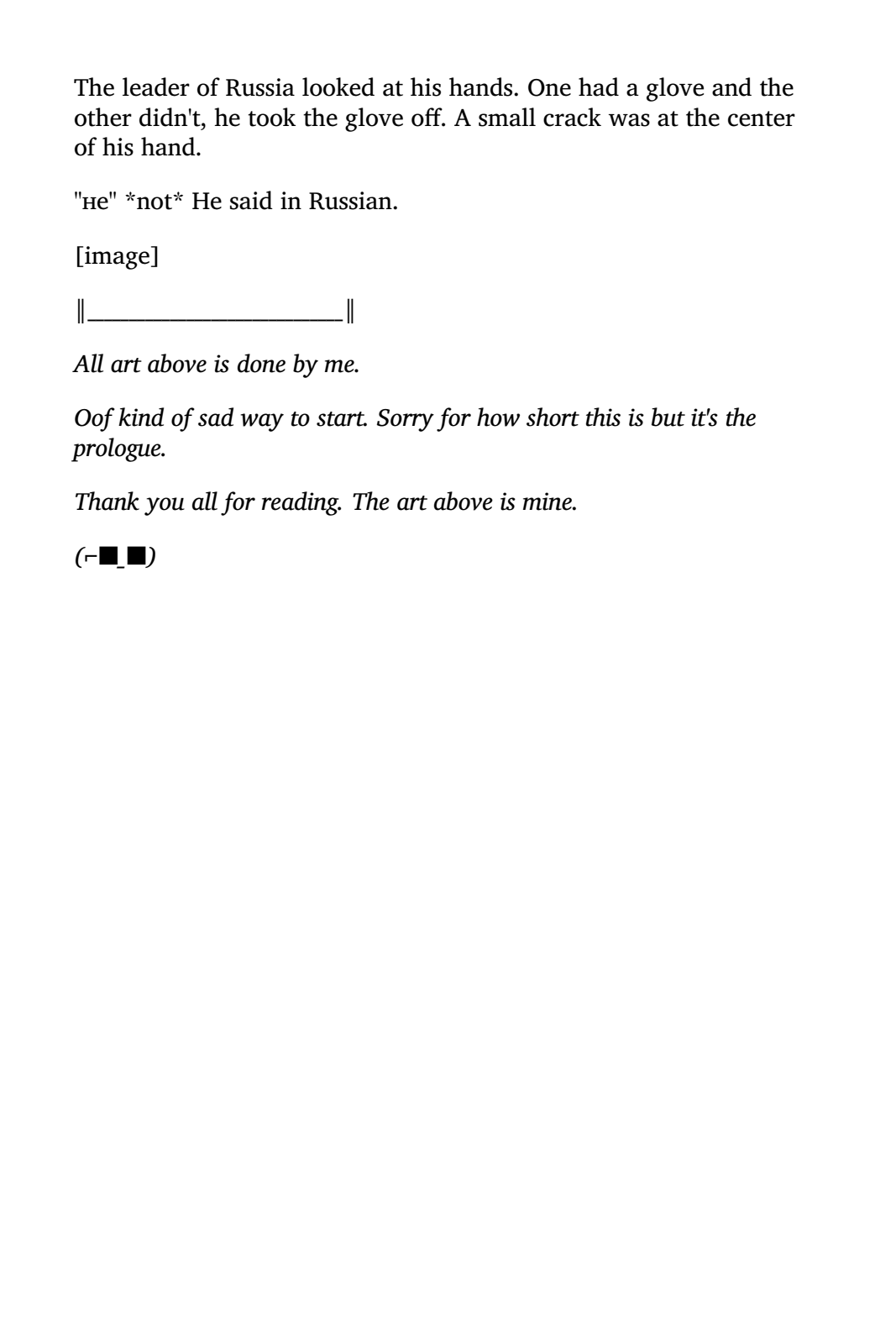
"... Ya Nothing is wrong." USSR his face in his scarf but he was smiling. "I'll be inside soon."

England ran of.

The leader of Russia looked at his hands. One had a glove and the other didn't, he took the glove off. A small crack was at the center of his hand.

"не" *not* He said in Russian.

[image]



All art above is done by me.

Oof kind of sad way to start. Sorry for how short this is but it's the prologue.

Thank you all for reading. The art above is mine.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 1 - Hot Chocolate

Little 13 colonies (also known as America) opened his bedroom door to a dark old hallway of the Buckingham Palace, his home. It went left and right with many windows in front of the eight-year-old. The palace was so big compared to little America who had a nightmare and his parents were on the next floor up with their door locked. So America had three choices. One stay in his big, dark room or two go to the kitchen and get water where he could turn on the kitchen lights or three, try his parent's locked room up the stairs, next to creepy pictures of England's great leaders. *Why were they so scary?* America quickly considered option one. *My room isn't so bad...* America thought but he looked back at his large bed and the shadows underneath. "Eep." he squealed. Now eight-year-old America had no choice but to go with option two. But he knew from the start he had to do it. The American was wearing his light blue Pajamas with little birds on them, they were comfortable to wear in London because it rained so much and was cold at nights in the big Palace. Outside was not too dark because it was six in the morning, and raining softly against the windows across from America.

America had the little stuffed eagle that his mother had given him as a baby, he named it Silver. 13 Colonies closed the door quietly but stayed in his room and looked behind him. Five other stuffed animals were behind him in a half-circle. "All right gang." 13 Colonies said in his very small British accent, quickly laying down on his floor with Silver. "Here's the plan." Colonies had a toy car in front of him. "This car is me. I need to get downstairs into the kitchen grab the girl named 'Water' and bring her back before the enemy named 'My Dad' sees me... Again" Colonies moved the car in a circle and continued. This was not the first time America was out of his bed. He was always found. One time he made too much noise and one of the maids found him, another time was when England woke up early and caught Colonies in his tracks, third was pretty embarrassing, he fell asleep while drinking his milk (he felt like

milk that day). He was always caught. This routine had been going on for two weeks now. Having a nightmare, wanting to leave his bed/monsters under his bed, and he heard that having water helps you go back to sleep. To think he had been doing it for two weeks. "And before the best time of day starts. It comes only once every day. Breakfast!" There was a pause as America Looked at his big stuffed bear. "Why? Chunky?" America said pointing his finger at the bear. "Because when the all mighty 'Breakfast feast' starts the... Great...Fierce... Deadly...Motherly!" America said raising his voice and making his words dramatic. "France! Enters the kitchen to cook!". He was up on his little knees and then quickly put his arms down. "You are all excused." America stood up. "If I don't make it out alive this time, Silver the eagle is in charge." Colonies put his hand out for the doorknob, but stopped and looked at all his friends. "I will make it out promise." America saluted. "This time I will."

America opened the door and slowly closed it behind him. He suddenly felt so alone. *The shadows are everywhere.* he said in his head. He widened his gray eyes. The loneliness was terrifying. Colonies took one step... then went in an all-out sprint.

:::::::::

America ran into the kitchen and close the door behind him in fast motion. He looked at the door for a minute and backed away the lights suddenly turned on.

"Colonies?" A confused British voice behind him said.

"AAAHHHCK!" Colonies turned behind him and raised his arm to shield himself from whoever it was.

America opened his eyes and saw his father standing there. *Guess I broke my promise.* England didn't have a very 'happy' expression and it made America scared of what his father would do to him.

"What are you doing here?" England said putting his hand on his hips and leaning toward his smaller son.

"Well- I - Uh - You see," America said putting his hands down,

avoiding England's look and stammered. Then he looked back at his father.

"I don't wanna hear excuses Colonies."

"I'm not making excuses!" America replied back. He hadn't meant to yell back but every time he tried to say there were monsters in his room he was quickly brushed off, and England was a little shocked that the boy talked back but quickly started grabbing his wrist and was about to open the door.

"I was just getting water!" America screamed. England looked down at his son who was trying to break free by squirming.

"And you know the rules: No going out of your room in the night now come on." The British sounded so cold with his accent.

"But there are monsters!" America kept yelling. England wasn't listening and opened the kitchen door.

"You're being ridiculous." The eldest said to the eight-year-old.

Tired England got to America's room and opened the big door. *This child has a problem with sleeping*. England thought.

America had calmed down on the way back because his father said if he woke anyone he would get beat, but when America saw the shadows in his room he was terrified but too scared of the shadows and his father to scream. So he only whimpered, which made him sound like a lost puppy.

England picked up 13 Colonies and placed him on his own bed. Colonies saw that nothing was wrong for a moment when he saw England leaving. The shadows were closing in and he remembered his nightmare.

America yelled. "Wait!"

England looked behind him and saw what he didn't see before. America was terrified, he was shaking, and whimpering. *Was he always this scared?*

"Don't go."

England sigh and slowly walked over to the scared boy. England was confused, "There were no such thing as monsters, Colonies."

"But it's so dark under my bed," America said pulling his covers over himself to hide.

"I don't see anything wrong." England still didn't understand. He looked down under the child's bed, *nothing.* "If I look under here is there going to be a monster?" America was silent under his covers.

England stood up and then got on his knees to lay down to look under the bed. *still nothing.*

"DADDY?!"

England jumped up at America's voice, if there was any monster he wasn't afraid of it. *What was I thinking, there are no monsters.* There was nothing as always just the small boy but he was on his knees and hands. America whimpered again but louder this time.

"What?" The Brit asked.

America let out a sigh mixed with a whimper and hugged his dad.

"I thought you left me." he cried.

England was surprised and now he understood, America wasn't just afraid of the dark he was afraid of being left alone. He left his room so he could get away from being alone and in the dark. *He's just scared.*

Know that he understood, England hugged back.

"Hey... Let's get you that cup of water." He said in his British accent.

:::::::::

England put his cup of coffee on the small table in the kitchen.

"What's that? Hot Chocolate?" The boy asked.

"No, it's coffee. It's to help with waking up." England said taking a sip.

"Can I have some?" America asked standing in his chair.

"Well... no, it's not good for kids so," he paused, "Let's get you hot chocolate," England replied.

After the hot beverage for Colonies was done England looked for a small cup because he didn't want to give the kid too much. England saw a teacup, *what the heck why not.* England purred a small cup for a small boy, he placed the small teacup by the small country.

England looked at 13 Colonies listening to him but he was also in his own thoughts. *Can you never grow up please, and how long are these nightmares going to be for you? What are they about? Will you get past the fear of being alone? Are you going to be ready for the world?*

[image]

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All art above is done by me.

And sorry if going from 13 colonies to America is confusing, They are the same person just 13 Colonies as his nickname and America as his real name. And America has grey eyes because The United States of America doesn't have a culture so he has his unique eyes. More on his eyes later and how people react to them.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 2 - Россия

Russia

England and 13 Colonies were walking to the park and were holding hands, it stopped raining and the clouds started to disappear, Colonies was full of untamed energy. France said for the two to go outside and do something healthy for both of them. So England decided to go to the park with Colonies so that he could have some father and son time. The London England air of the 1700s was cool with a colder breeze but with the proper clothing, the Countries could be warm.

England was wearing his usual suit with his top hat. America was wearing a white long sleeve with a light brown wool shirt.

As the two approached the park there were many kids playing on the playground, most of them looked America's age who was 8-years-old. The small boy looked up at his father who was looking at something. America followed his gaze to an adult on one of the benches. He stood out with his Ushanka hat and his cold-weather outfit. His hat and scarf were covering most of his face.

"USSR!" England called. The other adult looked at who called his name. When he saw it was England he slightly smiled and walked over.

"Англия *England*. How are you?" The Russian said with his accent

"I'm doing just fine."

The USSR looked down at America who was looking at all the other kids playing. "Who's this?" He said bending down. The American looked at the tall figure and smiled wide.

"I'm America!" He said. His gray eyes amazed USSR, and USSR's eye-patch made the boy amazed. "But some people call me 13 Colonies."

"Well, what do you want me to call you?"

America thought, his father said to have people call him 13 Colonies because that's his 'formal' name but America liked people to call him by his real name. *But this is my choice. He's asking me.*

"You can call me America," America said going on his toes to try to be taller. The Soviet Union giggled and moved his scarf so that he could speak more clearly. America saw his fangs, yellow snake-like eyes, an eye-patch, *he looks a little scary but in a cool way.*

"Well America, I'm the Soviet Union but you can call me USSR." The scary/not scary Country said, touching America's nose.

"You know I have a son like you," he said in his Russian accent.

"Really?!" America said feeling his energy rise up.

"Россия!" *Russia* USSR called standing up and looking at the playground. A little boy with a flag that was white, blue, and red came out of the flag running to the adult and almost tripped but made it to the group. He saw the two strangers and hide behind his father.

"Кто они?" *Who are they?* The little Russian asked.

"Они друзья." *They are friends* USSR assured him. "Этот парень в твоем возрасте" *That guy is your age* USSR pointed to America who was confused because he couldn't understand their language.

"Привет." *Hi* Russia said not hiding as much. Russia had the same kind of hat as his father but had lighter colors. He wasn't wearing as much of winter wear as his father either just a white shirt with blue sleeves.

"He says hi." USSR translated. America waved a hi back.

"Russia doesn't know much English," USSR explained. "America do you want to try and teach him your language."

America gasped in excitement letting go of his father's hand not answering but doing. "Come on Russia!"

The two boys ran over to the playground.

The two adults smiled and laughed. Know that the two boys were gone England asked his question.

"What brings you here?"

The Soviet stopped smiling and hid half of his face in his scarf again.

"I came here for you." he replied, "Something is happening and I need your help."

"What is it?" The Brit said now worried for his friend.

"I just..." USSR sounded nervous and his expressions were hard to see. "I need England's sailors." He folded his arms to his is discomfort.

England was surprised, Russia was a large country surely they could manage sailing boats.

"Why? doesn't your land have many capable of sailing?"

"Yes but-" The tall country sigh. "I can't let my own Country know what's happening to me-" He suddenly stopped. He said too much. USSR hid in his scarf hoping to avoid what he said.

England got scared, what could be happening to him?

"What...?" England said quietly.

"It's nothing... Just forget I said anything." USSR turned around and tried to walk away but England grabbed his shoulder and turned him around.

"USSR. What is wrong?" England said putting his hand on the other's shoulder, not meaning to raise his voice. Quickly looking to see if anyone was listening, not many people were at the playground anymore and those there were caught up in watching their children.

"..." USSR stayed quiet but lifted his left hand. England let him go to see that his hand was gloved but not the other one. The Russian looked around one more time and then looked at his hand. He slowly removed his glove. England gasped.

Soviet Union's left hand was cracked all over and one piece was separated from his fingers and just slowly floating. "Wha..." England breathed.

"England... I'm dying."

:::::::::::

Russia and America sat in the grass picking flowers and picking their petals. Russia was on his stomach and America was on is knees. Before they played a small game of tag. They hadn't been there too long, America was thinking about how kind his dad was in the morning. His father was pretty strict with him and he didn't know why. Was his dad going to change? America softly gasped at the thought. *We could have fun forever! Like, let me play with him instead of going to school or him go to work.*

"Colonies!" A familiar British voice called down the hill. "Россия!" A Russian voice called. America stood up on his feet and so did Russia, the two boys looked at each other, and Russia had a challenging smile and dashed to the two voices. America followed as fast as he could. *No way am I going to let Russia beat me.* America thought.

England and USSR were at the bottom of the hill. America panted as he stopped next to his father, the two small boys tied in their small race.

"Alright Colonies time to go," England said, sounding more serious then America expected. The two adults were laughing before this. Russia grabbed on to his father's arm and looked back at America and waving.

"Пока Америка" *Bye America.* Russia said. USSR waved with him but didn't say anything. England and America walked away, America looked behind him every second or so to see the Russians.

He hoped he would see them again, something just told him that he needed to *help them.*

‖_____‖

All art above is done by me.

Sorry if my Russian is bad, 100% google translate.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 3 - The Old Adventurer

13 Colonies walked along the London bridge alone, his parents were both in another part of England for the rest of the day. The morning was when he met USSR and his son Russia. America wasn't aloud by himself because his father and mother were worried that he would get kidnapped or something. The workers in the house only listened to him when he needed something. Colonies had managed to sneak out when no one was around and he was curious about the world and wanted to explore what was happening beyond the palace he lived in. America looked down from the very tall bridge into the sea. Boats looked so small from where he was he giggled looking at the view, America's eyes look slowly to the far horizon. The cloudy dawn made the sunset look yellow and gray with slight orange and the sun a strong orange. America felt the wind blow out to sea where he was looking. He had a strong pull to the ocean. He wanted to know what was out there. The curiosity overwhelmed America, but in a good way. He reached his hand out to the sea wanting to see what was out there, his hand went out far.

Colonies realized he was barely hanging on to the bridge and he hesitated and tried to scream but his fall scared him too much and he only made a soft "Ah!" America was suddenly grabbed by the leg before he fell too far. America got lifted up and he saw USSR holding on to him.

"What were you thinking!?" He yelled still holding the small boy by the leg. America only smiled and laughed.

"I thought I could fly!" He joked.

"Well I don't see any wings," USSR replied trying not to laugh at the child's humor of almost plummeting to his death, so he only had a soft chuckle. USSR lifted America more and turned him upright before placing him down. America let out a "Wooah!" and turned to his rescuer. "Thanks."

"Just don't jump off of bridges again and you won't have to thank me," USSR said patting Colonie's head. "Or your dad would kill me." America just laughed.

"You're not going to tell him are you?" He whined. USSR looked at him, and sigh.

"Just don't bridge dive, then I won't tell." He smiled showing his sharp teeth. America glowed with relief and sigh. "Come on I'll walk you home." He turned and America skipped by him.

"So America." USSR's Russian accent sounded monotone. "What were you doing falling off the bridge?"

America scratched his neck and blushed, he was embarrassed to say that he was distracted by a sunset. "I just got caught up in the view." He said sparing the details.

"I see. England does have some amazing sunsets." America looked up at the elder. "But nothing like RUSSIA!" The Russian said boldly holding up a fist. The breeze was picking up again making the Soviet Union's scarf move up and down, side to side with the breeze.

"Really!?" America said, his thirst for adventure coming back. "What's it like?"

"Well... All I can say is... when you see it you forget the world and see the only comfort." USSR's voice calming down and his accent thick. "You must find my talking boring."

"Really because that sounds awesome!" America said his stars on his flag glimmering. USSR gave him a confused look.

"I never get out! I have to be around adults if I want to get out, my dad doesn't trust me. So I have to sneak out." America was dancing around him adding in matching actions. When he was done complaining to the Soviet Union he jumped in front of him and stood on his toes to look taller. "That is boring. Not you" America added.

[image]

USSR was surprised and looked up thinking what the kid said. He never thought of himself that way. He looked back down at America who looked like he said something wrong because of the award silence.

"Never in all of Europe have I heard that..." America got scared hoping he didn't offend the leader of Russia. "And neither have I met someone like you." USSR gave America a reassuring smile and patting his head again. America smiled back showing his teeth (he didn't have fangs). They both laughed and they kept walking and USSR put his hand on America's back to signal him to come.

"Know... Can you tell me about Russia and ALL the other places you've visited?"

USSR giggled, "Ya why not."

:::::::::

"So I was cornered, more than ten men blocking me. The only gun I had with ammo was a pistol. So what do I do?" USSR said. Both he and America were almost to were America lived The Buckingham Palace. He didn't want to go home because USSR had so many stories he wanted to hear. Right now he was in the middle of one of the many battles the Soviet Union was in. "I rolled out of my cover and started the shoot at them all, quickly going left and right, up and down to avoid getting shot. Luckily though those so-called soldiers didn't think I would have the guts to come out. I took them all down one by one."

America gasped with awe. "Really!" He started skipping up and down, adrenaline going threw him as he imagined the fight. "How'd you kill them all!? I want to hear all the details." USSR laughed and stopped at the Palace gate.

"I think your too young to hear that part." USSR knocked on the gate. There was a loud beep and a British voice was heard

"Hello?"

"You got a package from USSR."

"We'll be right with you."

USSR winked and smiled at America. He giggled in reply. There was a fast creaking noise as the Palace gates opened and a French accent came from the person who opened it.

"Oh America!" France said kneeling down and hugging her son. "We came back as soon as we could! But when we heard you sneak out we panicked!"

"Thanks... Mom... But your... Choking me." America said choking on his words as France hugged him. She quickly let go, and slowly stood up to see USSR.

"Thank you." She said, he nodded.

"Yes, thank you." A British voice was heard. America gulped he knew who it was, his dad.

"Hey... Dad..." America said, his words lengthened and he didn't turn around.

"Don't hey dad me, Colonies," England said. "You are in big trouble."

USSR folded his arms, he couldn't blame the kid with his curiosity he could get into trouble. And it did. "Hey go easy on him England."

"USSR this doesn't involve you." England's strict voice made America shiver. "Though I thank you." America felt his father's hand on his shoulder. France looked sympathetic but didn't say anything and only sighed. USSR just stood there.

"Come on Colonies."

America obeyed and turned to walk to his home, he walked halfway but stopped and turned to USSR. The Russian still stood there but smiled and waved. America replied by waving back.

I hope you teach me more about the world, USSR. Maybe we'll go on our own adventure. Can you promise

‖_____‖

All art above is mine.

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Chapter 4 - Day to Day Schedule

America heard his alarm clock going off. He lazily looked for the button to make it stop, after a few attempts he just banged it. He sighs as silence fell in his room and he rubbed his eyes. Sunlight warmed his room and covered the teen's bed. Colonies looked over at his clock, 7:00 am. He groaned and rolled out of bed and walked to his large closet.

"Just another day," America said to himself. He wanted to wear something casual but his father said he needed to always look 'presentable' as he put it. America grabbed his white cravat and a dark brown waistcoat with gray breeches, on top of white stockings. (This is what people in 1700 wore,) and he took off his P.J.'s and slipped it all on.

America approached himself in the large mirror he had looked at himself. *When did this look become formal?* He thought. Suddenly he heard a knock on the door.

"Mr. Colonies are you awake?" It was one of the maid's they had in the Palace. America let out a loud sigh. He told the maids to call him America because he knew them well, he even told his father to call him America but he always replied saying, "You are becoming a man and a true man has a formal nickname that all must call." England said while America had his, 'Okay boomer' look.

"Yes! I'm awake. I'll be down in a second."

America grabbed a notebook in his drawer. This notebook was America's schedule or wish list. His mother had told him about it. He would write what he wanted to do that day, he knew he couldn't make it too long since most of his day he was stuck inside 'learning' from his dad. He didn't learn anything because he wasn't listening. So he wrote three things with one always repeating.

America looked at the blank page and wrote down:

1. Play with Canada

2. Say, "Okay Boomer" to dad

America paused at two, he only wanted to do that because his dad was so serious all the time. He knew his dad wasn't naturally strict, because when he was 8 years old his dad gave him coffee and they talked like they were best friends. But know... He was always worrying over him. Like America wouldn't make it on his own, or have a good life. So the leader of England taught him manners about what to talk about and what not to talk about. Have your life always feeding on work. Okay, not that last part but he might as well.

America smiled because today he was going to see USSR and Russia, again. When America was 8 years old he met both of the Russians and he loved USSR's stories and adventures, Russia was his age and it was nice to talk about teenage drama with him because he could relate. So every day at sunset when he got his own time, America visited them and had dinner. He always wondered why they had been in England for so long, he only remembered one time when they went back to Russia. *That was a long week.* Then they immediately came back after a week. USSR wouldn't tell the curious kid know and Russia never got an explanation. Russia only wanted to stay with his dad because he didn't want to be left with all of his siblings.

3. Visit USSR and Russia

America closed the small notebook and put it on his bed so he didn't lose it. He felt hungry and started to go down the stairs to the kitchen. This reminded him of when he was a kid and had nightmares almost every night, but after thinking about all the adventures he wanted to go on and kill a dragon to save the girl started boosting his imagination and made his fear of monsters go away. But still was afraid of being alone, he coped with it by having his favorite stuffed animal by him. America blushed to think about how he still slept with a stuffed animal. He still didn't understand his nightmares though, or nightmare he used to have (He got it

occasionally but not as much as when he was young). It was the same dream over and over.

He would be sitting in a grass field with flowers and the sun shining beautifully over the valley he overlooked, he grabbed a red flower, a white flower, and blue flower and hugged them all but then the blue flower blew away with a strong wind. America held his hand out to try a grab it but it slipped away, he felt sad when this happened and got scared when he saw the red flower crack and crumble in his hand. He held the white flower close hoping to not lose it too but the valley and sun turned dark and the wind was like a hurricane. America saw that he began to separate into two people. He was still the same colors but the other was black, white and red. It smiled and grabbed a group of flowers close to him and they quickly wilted in his hands. Unsatisfied it grabbed the white flower, America tried to fight it but as they fought a tornado of darkness came and America and the dark version of him were in the center. The dark person then tugged at the flower and it wilted in his hands. The shadow was satisfied and went back into America, he looked at his hands and saw them turn dark as ink. He screamed for help but no one came. The darkness engulfed him. Then his dream would end.

America shivered he felt like he just had it again. He quickly woke himself and continued to breakfast.

America entered the kitchen, only France and Canada were in there. Canada was sitting on the table eating pancakes and dumping maple syrup on them while France was close to the stove cooking more.

"Ame!" Canada called he stopped pouring the syrup and waved at him. France looked at America who was all dressed in his clothes.

"Aww. America you look so old." France said walking up to him. "My son is becoming a man!" America blushed.

"Mom I'm only 13." He wined as she dusted his shoulder off. France smiled wider and had proud eyes. That made him smile back.

"I'll fix your plate, you go and sit by Canada." She walked back to

the stove to grab a plate for America. He saw that Canada started shoving pancakes down his throat. America giggled and walked over to his brother then sat down.

"Ame, can you play with me today?" Canada said with a full mouth.

"I'll see little buddy," America replied shaking his little brother's head with his hand. "Dad said he had guests coming over and that he needed my help." France gave America his plate and grabbed his head, then kissed his cheek.

"Thanks, mom." America grabbed his plate and started eating.

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13 Colonies put his plate by the sink and made himself some coffee and an extra cup of tea. America leaned on the table by a door that leads to the Ballroom. Suddenly the door swung open and UK entered the room and simultaneously Colonies reach his hand out that held out the cup of tea. England looked at his son and the son smirked but held his eyes closed as he continued to sup his own drink.

"Thanks, Colonies."

"Anytime." He replied finishing his coffee. England walked over to France and gave her a kiss, Canada looked at his older brother and pretended to barf. The older one laughed.

"America go wash up and meet me at the entrance of the Palace. We are going to have company from Germany."

America nodded and placed his cup by the sink and France went and sat by Canada to entertain him and England finished his tea. America walked to the nearest bathroom he brushed his teeth and washed his face, and started his way to the entrance of the Palace. He hummed a small tune in his head, UK was already there looking at his watch.

"Good you made it," England said putting his watch away.

"Where else am I going to go?" America said using his humor.

England just rolled his eyes.

"Alright 13 Colonies we have the leader and his sons coming from Germany, be on your best behavior! Any questions?" England said walking back and forth then stopping in front of America when he finished.

"Uh... Why do we need to impress them?"

"Because Colonies are land and Germany's need to unite in case of emergency," England said standing tall. America sigh then thought of something to reply.

"Ok B-"

"Don't finish. I know what you're going to say." England said turning his attention to a close-by mirror to check if he needed to change anything. America groaned, *Guess I can scribble that wish off* America thought.

"I see them coming! Get into position Colonies." England said quickly moving to the center of the tall double doors. *Would it kill you to call me 'son'?* America thought standing by his father and smiled to look presentable. The big doors opened by two outside guards to reveal a tall being in a military suit and red eyes followed by two smaller people the size of America. The tall one had his flag striped with white, red, and black. The two smaller ones looked the same, striped with yellow, red, and black but one had a symbol of East Germany on him.

"Greetings Germain Empire." England bowed hoping America would snap out of his shock and bow as well. America shook his head and bowed as well and both rose.

"Thank you, England." The Empire replied, his German accent amazing America and made England nervous that he wouldn't understand. "These are my sons, East, and West Germany. East is the one with the glasses." The tall figure pointed out, East waved and West just raised his and head folding his arms. England smiled and introduced his son.

"German Empire this is my son 13 Colonies." Colonies smiled wider and said, "Hello."

England pointed his hand to the ballroom, "Come in." Empire did, "And we can leave the younger ones out here while we talk."

Empire nodded and the two adults walked to the larger room. America followed them with his eyes forgetting about the two other Germans.

"Hallo, schön dich kennen zu lernen." *Hello nice to meet you.* America jumped and quickly turned to the two German twins.

"Sorry about that." The same voice replied it came from East Germany. "I'm East Germany!" He said.

"Nice to meet you East Germany, I'm-" America choked he didn't want to use his fake name. His dad wasn't around the thought. "America."

"Oh please call me East and him West," East said pointing to his twin. America had energy wanting to burst out with curiosity about where they lived but he stayed quiet not wanting to scare them and his dad might hear him. East was wearing a light brown sweater with black jeans, with glasses and West was wearing a white button-up long sleeve shirt with black suspenders and black jeans.

[image]

"I took the time to learn your language but can't say the same for West," East said jokingly.

"Ich weiß genug, um zu wissen, dass du über mich sprichst," *I know enough to know you're talking about me* West said, his German-language sounding angered. East giggled girly, "I have some questions Colonies about your land." The German said holding up a notebook to his chest and leaning close to America.

"Fire away," America said. His flag was colorful with his excited emotions.

"But I don't have a gun," East said troubled.

"Wha- No it's an expression," America said moving his hands around. "I don't actually mean to FIRE, 'just tell me' is what it means."

"Oh, Aha," East said writing in his book. West rolled his eyes like he had been threw this over and over.

"Ok first question this land's favorite drink?" East said excitedly.

"Tea. No hesitation." America said dropping his calm voice he was supposed to use but his curiosity was growing with East Germany's. And they kept going back and forth with questions, West getting more involved, asking his questions and having East translate. They sad down and continued, they started with comparisons of food and culture, then what they did for fun, about themselves, to language. They talked like this:

"Wait so your dad doesn't tell you that you have to impress him with your manners to have free time?" America said,

"Ya, he just said to be nice and he won't strangle us, but he is joking he wouldn't actually strangle us. Just ground us." East translated West's words. "Also not to be rude but... What's up with your eyes?" East said pressing up against his legs.

America was confused but realized what they meant, "Oh their color?" East nodded and West was quiet and had a slight frown. "Their just gray I don't know why though." East just said a quiet, "oh."

They both continued untell the Germans had to go.

"Hello, mean Name ist America" America tried to say. East and West laughed. The Germans were trying to teach America how to speak German, America's gray eyes lit up as he tried to speak the language.

"It's, Hallo, mein Name ist Amerika." *Hello my name is America.* West said smiling and enjoying himself. East laughed then adjusted his glasses and looked at his notes.

"Poland is going to be soo jealous." East hugged his book.

"Who's that?" America said still craving more about Germany.

"He's our neighboring country. Right by Russia."

America smiled at the thought of Russia and USSR. "I know people from Russia," America said laying back to looking cool, all he needed was sunglasses to improve. He had totally forgotten about his father's training about being propper. Then he heard it.

The doors to the ballroom opened and two deep voices were heard. *Crap.* America sat up and quickly brush himself off and straitened up. The German twins were confused but then heard their father's speech.

"Thank you, England for your corporation. I look forward to our alignment."

"No, I must thank you, without you the project would never be complete." Two countries entered the room where the teenagers were sitting. England stopped and looked at Colonies with a cold stare.

"How did your conversations go?" England asked.

"Uh... Great." America said smiling as wide as he could hoping that none of them could tell he was nervous.

"Oh your son taught us so much about your land! I never knew how important tea was in this land." England nervously smiled and turned to East Germany who approached him.

"Uh, Yes tea is very crucial to our culture here in England." The Brit said adjusting his monocle and moving his hand around matching their actions to his words. East immediately wrote what he said down in his notebook.

East felt his father's gaze on him, *Oh, richtig *Oh right** East said in german. "Thank you very much England." East blushed and England nodded.

"Come children we must return to our own land." East looked at England who was taller than him and smiled, West got up and took

his hand out to America who stood up and shook his hand.

"Schön dich kennenzulernen, Amerika." *Nice meeting you America.* West said.

"Uh... does that mean good-bye?" America said he was still unable to understand the language, but West understood what America was saying. West nodded. America nervously giggled but changed his expression to a confident smile. West let go of America's hand and followed his father out, East did the same. Before East left he looked t America and said,

"Thanks, America, hope I see you again." East waved and the double doors shut.

America waved back and put his arm down when the doors close. He smiled wider, *it's nice to be around people my age that I don't see every day like Russia.*

England coughed to get Colonie's attention.

"Thanks, America hope I see you again," England said trying to sound like East Germany. America was confused.

"Know Colonies lets go over what you did," England said walking over to America in a disappointed look. America felt the room get hotter.

"First let us talk about how East Germany said good-bye to you."

"I don't see ho-" *He called me America.* He thought, *Crap.*

The silence told England he figured it out. "He called you America and not Colonies," England said his voice cold. America was going to object but his father kept going.

"You giggled when West Germany said good-bye, and I must assume you lost control and a lost your calm voice due to your ever-growing curiosity." America sigh he deserved this but he hears this every day. He sick of it.

"Ugh!" he quietly said, America's flag was turning a slight red due to

his anger.

"Excuse me," England said. "Do you have something to say?"

America was getting mad, "Ugh why do you need to tell me this stuff anyway? I am just being myself which is something I'm not afraid of."

"Colonies-" England tried to speak but America went on.

"And why do you call me 13 Colonies? You're my dad shouldn't you call me by my REAL name?"

"Colonies I am not having this discussion with you again you know why I call you by your traditional name!" England said, both Countries raising there voice.

"Why? Because you don't LOVE me?!" America blurted out, he instantly regretted that but listened to his father's reply.

"13 COLONIES! Go to your room!" England said ignoring what America said before. While they were talking England stayed in the same position but moved closer to Colonies every time. Colonies was moving his posture constantly but stayed in the same spot and moved his hands violently to match his words. When England told Colonies to go to his room America let out an angry growl and fast-walked to his room stomping his feet. England sadly sigh, *these daily fights are getting worse*, He thought. England looked at his watch, 12:00 pm. *Already afternoon and we're at a bad start.*

England thought about what 13 Colonies said to him, *'Why? Because you don't LOVE me?!'* Ofcourse England loved Colonies, *Right? I love him I am just preparing him for the world. He'll make mistakes, and the world will crush him when he does.* England tried to not think about it and walked to the kitchen for some calming tea. His flag is slightly blue.

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All art above is mine.

Woah long chapter + angst of America. Also so sad that America

has to deal with this daily which is how the chapter got its name.

I'm trying to have the Country's flag kind of match their emotions (EX: Sad = a grayish or blue flag, Angery = slight red flag).

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 5 - Day to Day Schedule pt.2

England entered the kitchen and only a maid was there. "Leave me." He said to the maid and she obeyed. England stared at the lonely kitchen it seemed grayer than in the morning, and the clouds outside made the room dark. England only sighs at the scene not bothering to turn the light on. The pain of America and his fight was still fresh. England tried to put away his thoughts and walked over to the drawer where they had tea bags and grabbed a teacup. England prepared the drink with a soft gray in his flag due to his emotions. When his tea was done he took a sip and France came in and saw that he was drinking tea.

"Another fight with America?" France said leaning on the door and sadness was heard in her tone. England put his teacup down and stayed quiet.

"You two need to talk it over," France said pouring some wine for herself. "You can't keep fighting every day."

England stared at his cup the soft steam told him it was still warm or the room was cold, the memory of their previous fights was clear in his head. Silence filled the room, France wanted to say something but didn't want to pressure her husband into talking. Gray clouds outside were becoming darker signaling that it was going to rain and the wind breezed outside moving the trees back and forth. France took a sip of her wine, then placed it down and sigh.

"I just don't see what I'm doing wrong!" England blurted out. "I teach him everything and yet he still doesn't listen!" England said standing up and started walking side to side. "Maybe I need to be more direct to him."

"England. Mon chéri," *Honey* she said in French. "You yelling at

him doesn't make him listen," France said standing up and walking to him to adjust his collar of his shirt.

"But he just doesn't listen and just acts in his own will." England still not understanding.

"England," France smiled and held his hand with one hand and the other touched his shoulder. "Honey when will you see, he's not you." She paused. "He's a teenager."

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America lay in his room with his hands in the back of his head. The clouds were going away and a warm gold light shone in his large lonely room.

[image]

He hadn't been there too long, he thought about his fight with his father. *He never denied that he didn't love me.* the same thought kept repeating

He never denied that he didn't love me.

He never denied that he didn't love me.

He never denied that he didn't love me.

He never denied that he didn't love me.

America felt a hot tear go down his cheek. America reached over to his nightstand and grabbed his wish notebook which still had his three wishes of the day on one of the pages. America grabbed a pen out of his coat pocket and scribbled out the first one.

1. Say 'Ok Boomer' to dad.

He scribbled it out violently wishing that his dad would listen to him for once. Like when he was 8-years-old.

"That day..." America whispered. He loved that day, his father listened to him and helped him with his struggles and both were

happy. Later he met USSR and Russia both were such good friends. He went over every day and had dinner with them even though his father forced America to say inside, America never knew why. His father has guards constantly going by his room to make sure he's still there. Nothing could stop 13 Colonies from anything so he always found away out.

America smiled as he thought of all his victories then looked at his notebook which still had two wishes,

2. Play with Canada

3. Visit USSR and Russia

The 'Play with Canada' wish was over as well. Canada had a school in the Palace, France wanted Canada to be well educated and wanted America to be in school as well but England said that Colonies would be too busy helping him out with visitors. *Stupid excuse,* Colonies thought. He still knew how to read and write and do simple math but he wanted a better education in science because that part of his education was never continued. So the only time he could play with Canada was in the morning before his school started and Colonies had to 'help' UK. The only other time was sunset because that was when Colonie's free time started and Canada's school ended for the day, but Colonies used it to visit the Russians.

America scribbled out the second wish as well.

America sat up staring at the page, he saw the other pages behind the one he was looking at. He flipped the pages not reading any of them because they were filled with scribbles of his broken wishes. Some words weren't scribbled because America didn't want to feel so controlled by his father. America saw so many scribbled pages that were covered with black pen ink. His page-turning stopped on the very first page, it read *America's Wishbook*. America grabbed his pen and scribbled out the word *Wishbook* and repaced it with, *Broken Wishes.*

America felt a tear roll down his cheek and dropped onto the page.

"Ugh I'm such a wimp thinking wishes are everything." He wiped his face with his sleeve. America closed the book and placed it on his nightstand and crossed his legs he placed his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands. He sat there trying to put his sad feelings away, he put his head on his hands and they only covered his chin as the thought. He felt the warm ray of the sun touch him and Colonies slowly looked at the window, the sun was setting for the late afternoon.

"Maybe I can do a quick run to USSR's house," America said smiling rebelliously.

America looked at his door, he didn't want anyone to see him mostly his father so the window was his only option. America jumped off his bed and to the window to look down to see if it was safe. There was a small drawer under the window America opened it but looked down the window to make sure no one was down there. Even though his father wanted to go to USSR's house in England less he never forced it. *Good for me.* America grabbed a rope with knots that helped him down and out the window. He tied the rope to a pillar in his room, *my room is ridiculously big.* America stood on the edge of the window and started climbing down. His feet carefully being placed in the Palace's walls and his hands getting a grip with the knots. America had done this time and time again, sneaking out but it wasn't really sneaking out just not wanting to see anyone but Russia and USSR. France said to just walk out so then one of the maids would see him and tell her he left but he just didn't want to do that.

America let go of the rope and jumped down from there, he wasn't that high up so jumping down was a breeze. America looked side to side, no one was there so we started walking away out of his physical prison.

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America walked in the sidewalk casually. It was quiet and the clouds came back but looked darker signaling that was going to rain. America saw this and picked up his pace, he didn't really worry about getting recognized by other people in England because he was inside so much and was only introduced to a high standard

of people. He sighs thinking about that, he shook his head and focused on the main task.

13 Colonies walked passed many houses and finally stopped at one of the larger houses, USSR and Russia's house. He looked at his watch 1:00 pm was what it read. Colonies was way earlier than he usually was but he didn't care. Colonies walked up the stairs to the house and rang the doorbell. He heard loud footsteps and the doorknob turned to reveal one of the household members.

"Thirteen Colonies! You are early."

America rolled his eyes, "Soviet I told you to call me America." America wined. The Soviet Union just laughed and opened the door for him.

"Войдите" *Come in.*

America came in, USSR behind him, and he didn't see Russia but then heard him across the hall running. Russia was in socks and tried to do a slide by in front of America saying "Привет всем," *Hey there,* but instead he got halfway and ran right into the couch and only let out an "Ack." Russia's Ushanka falling off. America started laughing and USSR just smiled. Russia quickly sat up, "I've been getting better." The Russian said sarcastically and proudly.

"I've noticed," America said wiping away a tear due to his laughter. Russia giggled and grabbed his hat. USSR turned to America.

"Russia get your shoes on we are leaving soon," USSR told his son, and Russia obeyed.

"So, America why are you so early?" America's laughter dyed away when he said that.

"Oh, another fight with my dad," America replied.

"Again?" USSR said grabbing America by his shoulders. "America you can't run away from him every time you fight with him. You have to talk to him." USSR sounded firm and made sure that he was listening.

"I know, I know," America said he knew he should but he just never did.

"Also Russia and I need to go out and get supplies." USSR let him go and took a step back. "I am not going to stay in town for much longer." America brushed off his coat but then realized what the Soviet had said.

"Wait what?!" America said looking at the Soviet Union who gave a guilty look. "You both are leaving and going back to Russia?"

"No I am just going and I'm not going to Russia," USSR said. "I... am leaving Russia with your family."

"Why...?"

"I need to find something for my country."

"What is it?" America pleaded, but the elder was quiet indicating that he did not want to say what so he avoided to question.

"Russia already knows that I'm leaving and that he is staying with you." USSR looked at the floor not wanting to look at 13 Colonies' sad look. "Please leave me," USSR said in a serious tone. America hesitated and opened his mouth to say more but nothing came out so he shut his mouth and walked to Russia's room.

America was familiar with the house and knew were Russia's room was. He opened to door, closed it behind him, and saw Russia tieing his shoes he jumped as America entered the room, but when he saw it was him Russia smiled, waved, and finished tieing his shoes. Russia had a big smile on his face as he walked up to America but he saw that America was sadly looking at the corner. The Russian was confused,

"What happened?" America looked up at Russia, who was taller than America.

"Your dad's leaving," America said looking back at the corner again.

Russia frowned and sigh. "Ya he is." Russia looked at America, "But it'll still be me and you!" he tried to sound positive. That sentence

made America smile, "What kind of stupid things should we do?" Russia said trying to lighten up the mood. America giggled feeling better, "Oh I got many ideas." America opened the door of Russia's room and Russia put his arm around the other Country. They both entered the living room was USSR was looking at a list when the older saw the two teens he stared at them. Thay all paused and stood there in silence before Amerca broke the silence and escaping Russia's grip.

"USSR if you're leaving then I'm going to make you last days in town the best days you've had." America smiled and walked over to the tall Country who smiled back and hugged America.

"Спасибо." *Thank you.* USSR said in Russian. He wanted his last days with those he loved, *I still need to tell him...* USSR painfully thought.

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USSR left the two teenage boys at his house because he had to go somewhere and that's all he told them. America and Russia were sitting on the roof of the house, Russia's hat softly moved to and fro with the wind. America had his knees up to his chest and had his arms crossed on top of them with his head resting on them. They both watched the sunset America enjoyed it.

"I wonder if there's a land beyond Europe," 13 colonies said out loud, he just randomly thought that.

"What?" Russia said.

"I wonder if there's a land beyond Europe."

"...I'm not sure 13," Russia said, he always said that to America. "I don't know but if you ever go out to sea you are bringing me." Russia joked hitting 13 Colonies with his elbow. Colonies laughed,

"Deal," 13 colonies replied looking back at the sunset.

"But..." Russia said changing his happy tone to calm. "What about your family?" Colonies looked confused, "Don't give me that look... You have a family here. Won't you miss them?"

Colonies thought about that, *Leave or stay?* He thought. Could he leave his little brother, mother, or father? *Dad hates me, I can never be with Canada because mom says I have work to do with dad and mom is too busy with Canada.*

"Russia... I don't know." 13 Colonies said shocked at his own words and really questioned if he was right. *Would I miss them even if no one listens to me, even if they treat me badly, even if... They could have their reasons?* The voice in his head had a grip on him.

‖_____‖

All art above is mine

Ok I think I need to explain why America sneaks out so much and why England doesn't let America outside (I couldn't find a good place to put this in the story). England knows that USSR is dying and is only staying out of his own land so that he can find a cure but England sees that his son, America has been getting close to USSR and doesn't want America to find out that his friend is dying. So England forces America to stay inside a couple of times at first but when he started sneaking out England just made the rules harder. America sneaks out because he wants to see his friends (USSR and Russia) every day and hopes that his father will give him freedom but he'll come home to his father saying how disappointed he is and scold him. But after he questions, if his family loves him he starts to wonder if his family really does love him.

Sorry if going from the name 13 Colonies to America is confusing.

Also taking a quick pause so I can plan the rising action more. Will be quick promise.

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Chapter 6 - Back and Forth

USSR entered the docking area trying not to stand out and moving his scarf to cover his face more, he went down some stairs where he saw someone with a top hat and England suit, he also held a cane. The wind made his suit move with it and the sun was behind the sea, the man was staring at a big sailboat with large sails. The boat rocked back and forth with the moving waves and it creaked with

what wood was used.

"I'm here," USSR said to the English man his Russian accent thick as always. The man turned around suddenly to the voice but calmed down after he saw who it was.

"Oh, I thought you were going to bring 13 Colonies." He said frowning and his own accent is heard.

The Soviet was quiet and had no expression, he was good at that. "I'm sure with his curiosity, would make him ask why we were meeting."

England let out an excepting sigh, the Russian was right. "Shall we start..." The Brit said turning his body to face the Russian who nodded. England started walking to the boat and USSR followed behind.

They both walked in silence as they headed out to stairs that made it possible to get in the boat. The two countries were quiet and had some tension but they both didn't speak untell they both got on the ship.

"This is the boat is one the strongest we could make, and you might not have a very large crew," The Brit said turning to face the other. They both were in the center of the very big ship, which was rocking back and forth. The air was becoming colder due to the setting sun and the clouds that were covering the sky blew away making the sunset clearer to see. The sunset was yellow, orange, and red with a dark blue threw out the rest of the sky. "Most of my people don't believe that there is a land beyond Europe and if you go too far you'll fall off the world."

USSR thought about this, "Well what do I got to lose." he said trying to lighten the mood but the comment made England look at the ground sadly and USSR regretted it. "Uh... were's the crew?" USSR said trying to change the subject and England inhaled and sigh. He straightened himself and faced the tall Russian.

"They are below packing their things and others are saying good-bye," England said looking at the dock than to the sea. They stood

there in silence once again the Soviet Union didn't know what to say and he didn't need to speak. "Have you told 13 Colonies?" England asked a sad tone in his voice.

"No..." USSR paused. He opened his mouth to say something but nothing came out so he closed his mouth.

England looked back at the USSR who was looking down his scarf hiding most of his face, but only his yellow eye and eyepatch were shown. His scarf was gray and the wind came by making his scarf move with it.

"You know he looks up to you," England said it was a statement and not a question.

"He looks up to you as well," The Russian said back. The Russian saw that the other country did not believe him. "He talks about you with Russia and me," He paused again. "He says that he wants you to listen to him."

"I do... Listen to him." England said but his answer didn't sound confident. He paused for a second, "Don't you have problems with Russia?" England said trying to talk back.

USSR wasn't intimidated by the smaller country, "I do... but we talk it over," He paused and sigh, "England... I... just can't..." His voice was slightly breaking but USSR tried to hide it. "I can't... tell them... what is happening."

England changed his expression to pitiful, he could not imagine what his friend was going threw.

"I wish I could say 'I understand' but I can't so... I hope you have a safe sail to... where ever you go."

USSR smiled, that helped and he moved his scarf to show his face. "Thanks, England." England smiled back.

A cold breeze came making England shiver and look around; USSR was used to the cold. "Can you handle Russia?"

England was confused and he adjusted his eyeglass.

"Let me rephrase that, can you handle two teenagers?" USSR smirked and walked closer to the smaller country. England smiled and looked confident.

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Russia glared at America who smiled and gave a tricky look, Russia wasn't intimidated especially with what he had on. Colonies had taken off his navy blue coat and had his black waistcoat on with his white leggings and black buckle boots.

"You know your outfit doesn't look like something you would fight in," Russia teased, America then launched toward the Russian playfully, "Oh I got him angry!" Russia laughed and America tried to hold him down but the Russian was smart and kicked his chest. America grunted as he was hit landing on the padding on the ground but it still hurt.

13 Colonies slowly got up and Russia took the chance and went behind the country and put him in the chokehold. America coughed as Russia squeezed, "Tap out, Tap out." He said wanting the other give up.

"I'm... not- giving up yet." He choked out, he looked at his situation. He was sitting on the ground with his legs in front of himself while his arms were on Russia's to try and make his grip losses but wasn't working as much as Colonies wanted it to, Russia had a good grip and was on his knees with his stomach was exposed. 13 colonies had and idea: He used one arm to keep Russia from choking him and he used his other arm's elbow to ram right into Russia's ribs. Russia let go and fell using his arms to cover his stomach that was just hit and coughed but the hit made it hard to breathe. He lay on his side and shock in his gaze, before he could react or process what was going on, America grabbed the injured country and moved him onto his stomach, Russia panicked and his ribs then got a shot of pain as he lay on them, he felt his own arms forcefully move behind them. Russia hacked and coughed, his face on the foam ground and his hat fell off.

Russia taped out and 13 colonies let go. The victorious country purposely fell backward putting his arms and feet out. While Russia

got on his knees and tried to breathe properly, he let his hat sitting on the ground.

Russia and 13 Colonies were in one of the extra rooms Russia had in his house, it was used for wrestling between the two teens and sometimes USSR.

"Let this be a lesson," 13 colonies said sitting up and smiling, "Don't ever make fun of my outfit." Russia sigh at the other words, his breath was steady but he would be bruised. Russia stood up and helped 13 Colonies up, who hit his shoulder with his arm.

"Ow!" Russia said rubbing his arm, Russia saw how Colonies had a big bruise on his cheek. "Uh, 13... You have a bruise on your cheek." He pointed to it. 13 Colonies panicked and touch where Russia was pointing, he felt a soreness in his cheek as he touched it he winced at the feeling.

"I better hope that it heals overnight." 13 Colonies said moving his hand away from the bruise, he sighed.

"Well, maybe your dad will be more worried about your terrible clothes," Russia said sarcastically. Colonies starred at him, and Russia continued. "I mean do your shoes really need to have their own buckle." Colonies growled and was going to say something but he accepted that his outfit was ridiculous to him. Russia leaned down and grabbed his hat and towel to dry his sweat while Colonies thought of something to say back to him.

"Ya I guess so." he paused, "Too bad I don't have a skunk as a hat." He turned to Russia slyly.

[image]

Both were getting tired after that wrestle and it had been a long day for 13 colonies who yawned and his breathing settled.

"I think it's time for me to go back home." Colonies said, Russia nodded and they headed upstairs.

Once to the top Colonies grabbed his navy blue coat and just held it because he was hot after working hard to make Russia lose a fight.

"I'll walk you halfway let me just get my umbrella it raining outside." Russia ran to his room and 13 colonies was left alone. He saw pictures of the USSR and Russia on the walls, there was one that he liked, in the picture, Russia 13 years old in the picture (which is his current age). And it was of Russia and USSR happily taking a selfie. *They look there best friends and not Father and Son.* America sigh sadly, If only his dad could be like that... again.

«(Flashback!)«

8-year-old 13 Colonies opened the door to his room and cried in his pillow, he snuggled up with his stuffed animal Silver. Then heard knocking on the door.

"Go away!" He said his voice cracked with his sadness and he felt even more tears go down his face. He heard the door open with a squeak but he didn't look to see who was there, he just went into a ball as someone starred quiet for a minute.

"Son... what happened?" England's voice made America scared. England walked over to the edge of the bed and sat down, Colonies hid under the covers. England sigh and moved the blanket to see Colonies covering his face while whimpering and wining.

"What happened at school?" England said his Britain account sounded soft, 13 colonies sat up but looked away from the older country and stayed quiet.

"Colonies what happened?" He asked again. Colonies sniffled and whipped his eyes.

"I went to school... It was fun..." 13 Colonies sniffled, and his voice was a little calmer. "But when we had free time... Kids came up to me and asked about my eyes..." 13 Colonies started crying again.

"What about your eyes...?" England said.

13 Colonies whipped his eyes again and looked at his father, his eyes were slightly red from crying. "They said I looked like a FREAK!" He cried and covered his face with his sleeves. England gasped quietly and looked at the corner.

I didn't think his eyes were too obvious. He thinks and sighed, *They are not going to hurt my son again. I can't have him miss school so... I'll have to homeschool him.*

England then looked at his son who was still crying and covering his face.

"Oh, 13 Colonies..." He picked up the child placed him on his lap, "You are not a freak."

13 Colonies calmed down but was still sad, he snuggled in his father's coat and his father held him closer.

"Hey, do you want some hot chocolate as we did before? It'll warm up your soul."

Colonies opened his gray eyes and nodded. England smiled "Okay BUT, you have to say 'I am not a freak' out loud."

Colonies pause and said it quietly.

"Louder." England encouraged.

"I am not a freak,"

"Louder!" England said tickling the boy's stomach.

"I am NOT a FREAK!" He laughed and England took the day off to tickle Colonies and have fun.

"Come on, mom wants us to go to the park while she takes care of Canada," England said his accent making Colonies feel warm.

» (Back to present)»

Colonies was lost in his mind and jumped when he heard, "Boo..."

Colonies backed up and saw USSR to the side of him smiling his fangs slightly showing. Colonies had one of his hands touching his wrist and replied.

"You freaking Russian." He breathed, panting then he heard Russia

laugh behind him.

"13! you jumped 10 feet!" He laughed, and USSR giggled with him.

"You were really in your head there Америка," USSR spoke slow, "You okay?"

"Uh...? Oh ya just thinking," He said straightening up.

USSR's look changed to distracted and sad...? Colonies took notice of his look so did Russia who spoke.

"Dad... Are you ok?" Russia said he had a black jacket with white stripes down his sleeve.

USSR looked at them and sigh, "Boys... My date to leave before was moved to tonight."

"What...?" Russia said walking up t

"I'm sorry Russia but I'm leaving early." USSR folded his arm uncomfortably and looking away from the two countries.

‖————‖

That moment when you get a stylist for your art, change your style for country humans, get better at shading, AND see how your story is unraveling into the rising action. (¬‿¬) Also *all art above in mine.*

Sorry for the cliffhanger it's midnight where I'm at.

So... Chapter 7...

TIME FOR THE DOUBLE A:

Angst and

Action

(⌐■w■)

Chapter 7 - Cracking dreams

"What you're leaving early?!" Russia said his tone was sad and confused and his flag very softly glowed with his emotions.

"Мне жаль, son." *I'm sorry, son.* USSR opened his arms and Russia accepted the hug. 13 Colonies was just standing there he wanted to join but this was a family thing, USSR put a hand out to the smaller country and 13 colonies excepted it and the Soviet pulled him into the hug.

They all stood there in each other's arms than the Soviet Union new he had to start packing up and tell them...

"Soviet... I'm going to miss you." 13 Colonies retreated from the hug and wiped his tears.

"Я к отцу." *I am to father.* Russia folded his arms, USSR was on one knee but got up.

"I'll miss both of you." USSR tried to smile but it quickly went away and he sighs slowly, the two other boys were confused.

"There is something I need to tell you both..." USSR did not want to tell them at all but in his heart, he knew that it was for the best; he didn't want them to hear it from someone else.

"Um... I have...Been...Keeping something from...you two..." He paused and took a deep breath, "I... Am..." He feels his breathing quicken.

"Dying..." USSR shoves out of his mouth, he feels better but still, he told them he was dying.

Russia and Colonies felt like they got smacked in the face with a loud snap. Russia turned pale and Colonies was denying what he just heard.

"No... no no no no! Soviet this can't be happening!" Colonies put his hands on the side of his head and hyperventilated. While Russia was in complete shock and was too scared to say anything.

"You can't be-" Colonies cut himself off. USSR tried to stay strong but the look in the younger country's eyes was too overwhelming so he looked away.

"USSR You can't be..." Colonies repeated, looking at USSR who avoided his gray gaze and slowly pulled his glove off to show that he was breaking away. Colonies and Russia started tearing, Russia quickly ran to his dad and hugged him. USSR was surprised but excepted and Colonies joined.

:::::::::

England sigh as he heard the door close from a country, after he had talked to USSR at the dock he came home and had to meet with three other countries that he was hoping would comply but only three did and the other refused his offer. He was left alone in the meeting room thinking to himself, he wished him and USSR had a

better connection. He wasn't sure why but it was just a small though in his head. England looked at the clock, 11:00 pm USSR's boat would leave at 12:30 am.

Wonder what Colonies is going to think of USSR leaving. England thought to himself, *Would the effect last long? Ugh, I'm thinking too much I need to get some relaxing tea.*

England got up and headed passed the front door of the palace when he heard it open. He is broken from his thought and quickly turns to see that it's 13 Colonies but he looked like he was crying? *Oh no... USSR told them...* England thought. Russia came in behind him and he looked just the same but America looked more in control of his feelings.

"Colonies? What happened." He didn't get a response instead 13 Colonies ran to his room. Russia stays behind not knowing what to do, England sighs.

"Russia you can go to the kitchen. I'll talk to him." Russia obeyed placing his bag down and England slowly worked his way to his son's room.

13 Colonies slammed on the door and whipped his face clear of tears but he lost control. He started crying. Colonies was in his room's bathroom trying to dry his tears but he had been whipping his face so much that his cheeks started to burn. Colonies decided it would be better to just cry out and pray that this was a dream, that maybe he would wake up and USSR would be fine and not fading away.

Colonies was cut from his thoughts as he heard a gentle knock on the door and a faint British voice.

"13 Colonies... Let me in." Colonies let out a sad sigh that made more tears come out, he quickly wiped his face once more and slowly went to the door. Colonies cracked the door to see his dad having a pitiful look on his red, white, and blue striped face. The younger country let the older in and both silently walk to Colonie's bed.

Colonies buried his face in his hands and England sadly looked at his son. England's gaze burned on America as he quietly wished that it all could be over.

"Do you want to talk about what happened?" England began. Colonies placed his hand down and looked at his father, who gave a warm smile to show he was listening. The warm look made Colonies burst into tears again and he placed his head his father's chest in a hug. England was taken by surprise but hugged back.

They stayed there for a minute that England decided to break the silence again.

"USSR told you he was dying... Didn't he?"

Colonies gave a small, "Mhm." Then cried more but moved his head to his father's shoulder.

"I'm so sorry Col-" England was cut off.

"Wait...! Are you telling me you knew!" Colonies retreated his head and starred into England's eyes, his own burning with hatred.

"I- uh." England was trying to find words. "I- did..."

Colonies quickly looked to the floor, his thoughts racing but one voice kept repeating the same words.

I've been betrayed

I've been betrayed

I've been betrayed

I've been betrayed

I've been betrayed...

Colonie's didn't understand why he was mad but he couldn't control it.

"YOU knew! And you didn't TELL ME!" Colonies yelled, and stood

up.

"Colonies I didn't tell you for a reason." England tried to explain and stood up as well.

"I could have handled it!" Colonies said back,

"Like you are now!?" England had a point.

"..."

"You see? I was protecting you."

"Protecting me? ...How long did you know!?"

"..."

"How long did YOU KNOW!?" Colonies repeated.

"When you were eight!"

"...That...Long?" Colonie's voice was fearful and his gray eyes widened.

England sigh changing his voice from angry to calm. "When we went to the park... He told me."

Colonies was quiet not believing what he heard. "You mean to tell me... That when I first MET him he was dying!"

"..." England looked at a corner not wanting to admit it.

"Did you at least look for a cure!?"

"...Yes... We found nothing..."

Colonies wiped his face and looked at a corner, paused then looked back at England.

"Was leaving to find new land your idea?" His voice wasn't loud anymore.

"It was our only option."

"You DO know that there might not be more land out there RIGHT!?" Colonie's voice was yelling again

"I know but what else are we going to do?"

"You mean what else can YOU do!" Colonies paused. "You can't just send USSR out there just to DIE!"

"HE was DYING ANYWAY!" England gasped at his words and instantly regretted it.

"You... are... HEARTLESS!" Colonies yelled.

England was lost for words at his own son's words. "Coloni-"

"You only think of yourself!"

England was angered at the others words. "I'm selfish!? I tell you how to behave and how SIMPLE it is! And yet you always find SOME way to make me look like I can't control my son!"

"You CAN'T control ME!"

"I can't believe you! You do know your not the only one going thew this!"

"You DON'T understand ANYTHING I've been threw! You never have! You never listen to me! You never ask what I want! YOU NEVER LOVED ME!" Colonies quickly paused and saw England's shocked look but ignored it.

"I HATE YOU!" Colonies blurted out. England immediately stopped breathing and starred at Colonies in disbelief. "I HATE THE WAY YOU TREAT ME! I HATE THIS FAMILY!"

England finally took a breath and tried to not cry. "Colonies-"

"JUST stop!" Colonies was still very angry. "Just leave me ALONE!"

England felt like his heart was breaking into a million pieces, his son... His little boy hated him. Did he really make Colonies unhappy? England held his tears back and walked out and closed

the door behind him.

Colonies crashed onto bed and just cried there, he did hate the way he was being treated but in his heart, he knew he didn't mean to say those words. Colonies sigh sadly and looked out his opened window which led the cold night into his lonely room. He got up to close it but then he saw the dock from his window, he pauses and starred at the sight. He couldn't see the dock itself it was blocked by the rows of houses, but he could see the ships. He gasped and leaned out the window, this reminded him of when he was on the London Bridge and he fell but... USSR caught him. Colonies thought for a moment.

Then he stormed away from the window and grabbed a bag and stuffed in his clothes and belongings.

"It's my turn to catch him!" Colonies said out loud.

I am running away from home.

He looked at his nightstand which had his wish-book and a picture of his mother, father, brother, and himself. He hesitated... but his arm grabbed the picture even though he didn't want to. He starred at it but for some reason put it in his bag.

"Why am I packing that?" He paused. "Oh well, I'll throw it in the ocean later."

(Wait still not done)

Russia waited in the kitchen, France made him some calming tea but left because she could hear England and 13 Colonies fighting. Russia sigh sadly think about how he was going to live his life alone without his dad, he didn't have any siblings so there was now one who would understand. Except maybe... Colonies who was the closest to a brother he could get.

Then out of nowhere, he hears a loud bang from the window beside him. The Russian jumped and fell off the chair he was sitting in. He got about to punch whoever scared him. It was Colonies outside of the window he pointed to the bottom of it, indicating he needed Russia to open it to hear him.

Russia gave a confused look but opened it.

"Come on!" Colonies immediately said,

"What where?"

"To the docks. We are not living here anymore." That's when Russia saw the bag Colonies was carrying. "Meet me outside the gates." Colonies finished and ran away from Russia.

"О нет," *Oh no* Russia said in Russian. He quickly looked out the window but 13 was gone.

He ran out the door and to the front doors to grab his bag, he made sure no one saw him and he bolted it out the front yard. He saw a silhouette and knew it was 13 Colonies.

Out of breath but he still manages to say, "13 what are we doing?"

"We're going to find a cure for your dad, or in other words running away."

Russia agreed with this plan but didn't understand why 13 Colonies wanted to go. "Don't you have your own family?"

"Not anymore!" With that Colonies started to fast walk to the docks.

‖_____‖

Insert Blood Curtailing Scream Due to Disease Called 'The Sadness'

Sorry for no picture.
Stay cool my dudes.

(⌐■_■)

Why are you still here? Go home.

Chapter 8 - Leaving London

USSR saw the dock slowly shrink into sight, he looked down into the ocean. The moon made everything it touched a pale white. His gaze turned to his hand that was gloved he starred at it, he took it off to see that same thing as always. His hand was cracking but it's spread wildly. The crack was now up to his chest and his hand was fading away. He shivered and felt sick to his stomach, he thought that maybe he should go down under to get some sleep while the citizens of England worked above.

USSR headed down and found a bed chamber that he liked, then he went to the room where that had storage were he could grab his pillow and blanket for the cold night.

USSR found his bag and opened it and grabbed his stuff, as he walked out he heard shuffling and whispering. The Soviet stopped at the door frame and looked back, it was quiet except for the creaking of the boat and waves outside.

Maybe it's my mind playing with me.

The Soviet took a step then a crash was heard behind him and he saw bags on the floor, in the center was... 13 Colonies?

"Colonies?!" The Soviet turned around, 13 Colonies was rubbing his head from falling. He looked up in surprise. "What are you doing here!"

"...Well... You see- uh... Russia! You tell him!" Colonies pointed to Russia who was behind some bags and hid in his gray Ushanka.

"Wh- Russia! You too!?" USSR's Russian accent was stern and disappointed.

"It wasn't me! 13 brought me with him."

"Thank you so much for your loyalty Rush." Colonies said

sarcastically stood up and wiped himself off of dust then looked up to see USSR cold look on him.

"13 Colonies why in the shivering mountains of Russia did you come along? You know this is a one-way ticket." USSR leaned down to the American.

"I do know that." Colonies assured him, "But we can't let you just die out here!"

USSR sigh and rubbed his temples in frustration, "You...Two..." He grasped the two boys' wrists and took them to the front of the boat.

"Oi there mate, who got there!?" One of the people said from the front of the boat.

The Soviet slightly growled, "We got two stowaway. You think we could turn back?"

The person jumped down from where he was and approached the two young countries. "Not a chance was already too far out and... England is... PETER!" The citizen yelled to another.

"Wah!"

"Where is England?"

"He's back in England. Like a normal Countryhuman"

"No... Where is the land England?"

"Uh... you got me there." Peter finished turning back to his work.

"Well, there's your answer."

The Soviet growled at himself and facepalmed, "Great snowy owl claw." He whispered to himself, "I guess you two are staying." He said to the teen boys who gave each other an 'Oh ya!' look. "But! You have to listen to this man here." The Soviet Union finished.

"Well... let's lookie what we have here." The person said.

The person that spoke came up to the two countries and examined them, "Do you two know how to work a boat?" He asked sternly.

"Uh... wha-" Russia did not know one thing about sailing a boat and when he tried to talk he got interrupted by Colonies

"Easy, that there is *insert boat talk that the author does not know* and *Boat talk*"

The citizen looked impressed and raised an eyebrow then 13 Colonies continued, "I have a lot of free time on my hands."

The citizen looked back at the Soviet Union who gave a reassuring smile, hoping that the guy would find them useful.

"Well... You young'n can help with *insert boat talk*" The guy pointed to 13 Colonies.

"You can call me 13 Colonies you know." 13 Colonies leaned down to citizen who was shorter than him (Countries are taller than there citizens in general.)

"I like this kid," The guy said to his crew. "Well nice to meet you 13 Colonies."

Colonies smiled, *FINALLY! Attention and love!* Colonies yelled in his mind. "Thank you..." He slurred not knowing the person's name.

"It's Columbus, Christopher Columbus." He put his hand out,

"Nice to meet you Columbus." 13 Colonies shook his hand. "And nice to meet a young country like you."

"Oh- I'm not a country. Not yet at least." 13 Colonies scratched the back of his neck.

:::::::::

England sipped his tea hoping it would calm him down but it didn't seem to work. He was scared of seeing 13 Colonies, that last thing he said to him was that he hated him.

[image]

England sighed and put his teacup away, he walked along the halls hoping he could have a peaceful walk. The morning sun peaked threw the windows and the trees softly blew with the small breeze.

"Mon chéri!?" *Honey* England turned around to see France on the other side of the hall running to him. "Have you seen Russia?"

"What? No, I haven't. Why...?" England saw France's worried expression.

"Remember last night when I checked on you and America?" England sadly looked at the corner thinking of 13 Colonies. He nodded.

"Before I gave Russia tea but when I came back he was gone but I assumed he went to America's room but I'm not sure."

"Why are you not sure?" England looked back at France.

"...Because I just have a feeling." France shrugged. England trusted his wife's feeling so they both headed toward 13 Colonie's room.

England hesitated at the door, he really didn't want to see his son but he needed to make sure that Russia was okay.

England inhaled and lightly knocked on the door, France was behind him.

"Colonies..." He said quietly.

"..." No answer.

"Come on Son, come out..." England said a little louder, but then he saw the door wasn't fully closed. England gave France a worried look and she gave one back. "Colonies?" He said before entering.

England gasped, there were clothes on the floor and no 13 Colonies.

"He's not here!" England spun around to France,

"What! Where could he be!?"

England thought, *where would he go if USSR... Left...*

"Oh no..." He breathed, he turned a little pale.

"England what is it." France went closer to him.

"He- He... Ranaway on USSR's boat to find a new world!" England panicked. *He couldn't- wouldn't- Not my son!* England screamed in his mind. *I can't lose him!*

::::::::::

The worker happily sang a song 'they made up'. "I've been staring at the edge of the water long as I can remember..." and so on; Everyone's deep voices were calming. Russia swept the dock which was okay with him because he didn't know one thing about sailing a boat. USSR often stay under the boat and it kind of hurt Colonies and Russia because they knew he was getting weaker.

One day in a storm a piece of wood had fallen and USSR desperately tried to hold it up but his arms were giving out quickly, luckily Russia was able to hold it up for him. Later that day when the storm left USSR was quiet. Colonies and the others never asked about how much the cracks were spreading.

Russia swept the deck and he felt his father's gaze on him, he looked behind him to see his father just standing there. Russia felt like his father's presents in his life was facing away.

Wait. it literally is... Russia said to himself, he sadly sigh. He looked at his broom and kept sweeping.

13 Colonies saw USSR and Russia's look, he knew what they were thinking. Colonies was at the edge of the boat tying most with a crew member. If only they could get to land soon because USSR wasn't looking too good. He started coughing more and more and one was very violent, and while USSR tried to hide, 13 Colonies was sure he coughed up blood.

"Hey, 13." Colonies was cut from his thought as a crew member

talked to him. "Watch were your tying." He instructed. 13 Colonies looked down seeing he messed up his not.

"Oh! Sorry." Colonies quickly finished it and leaned back in the wood while going back to his thoughts.

"Wow, I've never seen such speed." The crew member kept talking. This made Colonies a little annoyed but he decided that he needed to keep his mind away from his thoughts.

"Thanks. I was told that I learn quickly."

"Aye, whoever told you that isn't lying." The crew members seemed to have a pirate accent and the person that told him that was his dad. He sadly sighs feeling slightly homesick. "Do you miss someone?"

"Hmm? Oh! No, I don't I couldn't miss him." Colonies said firmly looking out to sea.

"I can change the subject of you don't want to talk about it." Colonies nodded feeling angry at himself for almost missing his father.

"Well... I've been wanting to ask... What's with your eyes?"

This made Colonies jump at the question. If he was holding something he would have dropped it due to his surprise. "Uh-" He started studdering not find an explanation.

"I'm sorry that was rude!" The crew member went back to finishing his work.

"No! it's fine it's just..." He pauses while facing the crew member but not looking at him and scratches his neck in shame. "I never got an answer to that. Ever."

"Oh..."

"I just never thought of them as a problem because USSR and Russia were used to my eyes, and my father..." He paused again looking at the ground. "He said they were... lovely..."

"Wow... That sounds like one good father. You lucky most of us have divorced parents, or there dead, or... They hate us."

"..." Colonies was quiet. "Ya guess I am..."

He really did say they were lovely. Colonies shivered and shook his head. *I DON"T MISS HIM! He tried to control me!*

‖_____‖

All art above is mine

So I listened to 'How far I'll go' (For reasons) and I realized that it was perfect for The Runaway.

¯\(°_o)/¯

EDIT: I'm sure why America's eyes are such a big deal anymore

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 9 - New World, New Me

[image]

13 Colonies tossed and turned in his bed, he couldn't go to sleep. He was used to the waves crashing on the boat so that's not why he was still awake. Colonies sat up and saw half the crew sleeping, the other half were out and about making sure the ship didn't sink. The small country got out of his bed and headed outside of the boat.

Colonies went to the edge of the boat and looked to the horizon, the sky was a light blue then faded to black with the morning stars. He inhaled the familiar salty vapor. He thought about what was happening to him, he had random flashes of people in... different clothing than what he knew, they had brown skin and danced around a fire. He told himself it was just dreams but he was sure it was something else. Colonies looked down at the waves.

"Can't sleep?" He heard a Russian accent behind him, he turned and saw USSR.

"Ya... I've just been having dreams." Colonies replied looking back at the water.

USSR took an interest, "What do you mean."

"Well... I just get flashes of people I don't know."

USSR did a "hmmmmmm." Like he was thinking but it was out loud. Colonies looked up because he felt USSR's yellow gaze on him, he turned to him and the older country was grinning while starring at 13 Colonies.

"What... are you doing?" Colonies felt uncomfortable.

"Mmmm... Nothing." Colonies could tell that USSR was studying his flag colors.

"Uhh..." Colonies tried to ignore the Russian.

"Can I ask you something?" USSR was still smirking, Colonies starred back at him still not understanding what he was doing.

"Why...?" Colonies lengthened his words

"Because I need to check something."

"Not untell you tell me what you're doing."

"I'm-" USSR cut himself off to cough into his sleeve. Colonies panicked,

"Ok, ok, I'm listening."

USSR let out a weak giggle, "Can you tell me were land is?"

13 Colonies was confused. "What...?" He didn't understand. "How would I know that?"

USSR didn't answer but directed 13 Colonies to the ocean. Colonies muttered to himself then looked out to sea.

He didn't understand what USSR meant but he decided to try and guess. 13 Colonies scanned the area, nothing but waves and open ocean. Colonies pointed to a corner of the ocean that interested him.

"There...?" Colonies looked back at USSR but still pointed into the direction he guessed.

USSR looked were he pointed, "Hey Columbus!"

Columbus was on the other side of the boat but somehow could hear the Country. "What!"

"Land is that way!" USSR pointed to were Colonies pointed. Then Colonies panicked,

"Wait! What! No, don't have us go there. It was just a guess!" Colonies tried to stop the Soviet.

"You sure?!" Columbus replied not hearing 13 Colonies, and USSR ignored the teen boy.

"Yes!" USSR turned to the panicking boy, who was also super confused.

"What are you doing?" Colonies said to him as he felt the ship turn.

"I am trusting your judgment," USSR said slyly.

"I totally guessed!" USSR didn't say anything. Colonies growled and walked down to the sleeping quarters because he knew

Everyone was mostly up because the sun peaked threw the ocean and the ship was turning. Colonies sat on his bed (Which was just a blanket and pillow on a sheet of wood) he mumbled to himself and buried himself in his hands in frustration.

"What happened 13?" Colonies looked up to see Russia getting out of his bed.

"Nothing." Colonies growled and laid back on his bed.

"Doesn't look like nothing," Russia said, his Russian accent sounded curious.

"You know your family really is snoopy when it comes to my life." Russia was confused but tried to take it as a compliment. "I told your dad, I was having dreams then next thing I knew he turned the boat to where I thought the nearest land was." Colonies complained.

Russia let out a "hmmm" just like his father and muttered, "He thinks he's ready?" Colonies sat up and saw Russia examining him.

"What!? Your dad did the exact same thing."

"Well..." Russia stood up and put his hand on his chin. "I don't want to spoil anything but... It's a coming of age thing." Russia's reply made him smirk.

Colonies went red, he knew that humans had 'a come of age thing'. Girls and boys had it different from each other, and the name for it

was...

"Wait! Do you mean puberty?"

This made Russia cringe, "What!? No!" He paused, "Well maybe..."

Colonies covered his face in embarrassment, while Russia tried to explain. "Not like human puberty but a... Country puberty..." Russia blushed slightly, Colonies groaned.

"I can't... Believe... We are actually talking about this." Colonies said to Russia, they both laughed but then they were cut off.

"LAND! LAND IS IN SIGHT!" Colonies and Russia jumped then looked at each other then rushed up to the tip of the ship and saw a very small edge of land. Everyone cheered and hugged each other.

Colonies turned and saw USSR smiling, "How did you know?" Colonies asked him.

"I didn't know anything you did." He replied putting his hands behind his back.

Colonies faked laughed and was really was still confused, *what does he see in me?*

:::::::::

13 Colonies and the rest sat under a palm tree, they were unpacking their stuff and the hot sun made them all retreat to the shade. Colonies was next to the Soviet and he dicided that know was better than ever to ask him, "So how did you know that I knew were land was."

USSR slightly laughed, "Well... you said you were having dreams of people. Right?"

"Yes..." Colonies wasn't sure where the Russian was going with this.

"Well... There comes a time in a country's life..." USSR tried to explain, "Uh... Basically-"

USSR was cut off from movement in the bushes, this made the crew alert stand up, and stare at the moving bush. Out came a small bunny, the crew sigh and laughed at each other for being scared by a bunny.

Suddenly people in brown clothing with feathers in their black hair ran out of the bushes. They all had arrows, spears, or any other kind of weapon. The crew was totally outnumbered and instantly were surrounded.

"¿Quién eres y qué quieres?" *Who are you and what do you want?* One of them yelled.

"Uh... We don't speak stupid." one of the crew members said.

"¿Quién eres y qué quieres?" *Who are you and what do you want?* He repeats, clearly not one person understood each other. Well... not everyone. "Nosotras te mataremos." *We will kill you* The person said and the other brown clothed people came closer to the strangers (The crew). USSR gave a threatening look and put his fists out if he needed to fight, Russia closed his eyes and a spear touched the tip of his nose while Colonies was more away from the group and closer to the Indian that talked.

"¡No estamos aquí para lastimarte!" *We are not here to hurt you!* Russia opened his eyes and turned to who spoke, he saw 13 Colonies with his hands out to show he didn't have a weapon. Colonies didn't even realize that he was speaking Spanish. Everyone looked at Colonies in confusion, even the Indians. Colonies and the Indian leader didn't notice the looks of the others.

"Entonces, ¿por qué estás cerca de mi tribu?" *So why are you close to my tribe?* The leader said.

"Nosotras somos viajeros."*We are travelers* Colonies replied and paused. "No luchadores, bueno ... el hombre alto y ruso puede." *No fighters, well ... the tall Russian man can.*

"Veo." *I see.* The Indian yelled in his language to drop your weapons. Colonies sighed in relief, and some of the Indians retreated into the bushes. The leader stayed with two others next to

him.

"13! What did you tell him?" Russia approached Colonies, who still wasn't aware he talked in Spanish.

"What are you talking abo-" Colonies cut himself off as he grasped his neck as he realized he spoke Spanish without learning it. His flag was a slight white from his shock. "Oh my... I spoke a language without learning it or realizing it."

Russia slightly giggled at 13 Colonies' reaction. "You sounded like it was the only language you knew."

Colonies then turned to USSR who had his smirk back. "You knew I could do that didn't you?" He said to USSR and standing up.

USSR didn't reply but the answer was clear that he did. Colonies was going to question the older Russian more but Columbus interrupted him.

"Alright that was cool but could you ask the feathered person if we're cool with each other?" Colonies turned to the Indian who just stood there but he looked like he was examining the different clothing the travelers had.

"¿Somos aliadas?" *are we allies?*

"Sí, y tal vez puedas ayudarnos con algo y podamos devolverte el favor." *Yes, and maybe you can help us with something and we can return the favor.* Colonies looked back at the crew.

"What did he say?" Russia asked.

"He said we are friends and that maybe we can help them." Colonies replied.

"Well, what do they need help with?" USSR said back, Colonies turned back to the Indian and asked him.

"Ven." *Come* The Indian leader leads the crew to their camp.

The walk wasn't too long for Colonies or the others but the Indians

were running and the crew was very unfamiliar with the forest they were in. They finally stopped and there was a clearing in the trees were larger tents were hanged with people that looked like the Indians. They were doing all kinds of work and chores but most of everyone stopped when they saw different people, and three of those had colored faces that they were unfamiliar with. The Indian leader told his people that these strangers could not harm them, the group reacted by coming close to the newcomers and looking at their unique clothing. The Crew was uncomfortable as they were being talked to in a language they didn't know and were being touched. 13 Colonies, however, was overjoyed at the unfamiliar world. But then again these people looked exactly like the people in his dreams, so not much of it was too unfamiliar. A little kid came to Colonies and he gave him a necklace that had beads and nuts on it. Colonies happily excepted it.

"Entonces, ¿qué está preocupando a tu tribu?" *So what is troubling your tribe?* Colonies said to the leader,

"Tenemos algún tipo de gema que ha estado dañando la vida a su alrededor. Y amenaza nuestra vida y niños." *We have some kind of gem that has been hurting the life around it. And it threatens our life stock and children.* He replied, he seemed worried.

"¿Usted me puede mostrar?" *Can you show me?* The leader signaled him to come, Colonies quickly turned to Russia and USSR and explains it to them.

"Russia! USSR! I found what is bothering them." He paused and the two other countries listened. "He said they have this kind of gem that is sucking the life around it." He finished.

"Great, does it kill Countries?" Russia said sarcastically.

"It shouldn't," USSR said.

"Wait! have you seen this kind of thing before?" Colonies asked USSR.

"Yes and so has Russia." USSR put his hand on Russia's shoulder,

"We have?" Russia said with confusion, he paused then gasped as he remembered. "Oh right, we have," he said energetically.

Colonies rolled his eyes and didn't question it because they weren't going to tell him anyway. The three followed the tribe leader, the forest they were in was somewhat familiar to 13 Colonies but he wasn't sure why. Then the tribe leader stopped, Colonies shook his head as he saw a floating gem that was white. Though it kept changing its color to a light blue then light red then back to white. Colonies starred in a trance at the object. Russia waved his hand in front of him because h was starring at it for a while.

"What is it?" Colonies asked.

"It's what I suspected," said USSR. "It's a Country Gem." Colonies looked at USSR in confusion and Russia nodded at Colonies.

"It's what?!" Colonies asked him.

"A Country Gem." He repeated USSR walked closer to the floating gem, Colonies walked next to him and Russia stayed where he was at. "A Country Gem is what every country gets when it is formed or gain independence. When a Country gets it they are instantly connected to the land and its people." USSR explained.

"How do we know whose it is?" Colonies asked starring at the gem. USSR smiled again, and Colonies could feel his look on him.

"The only one here that doesn't have one, and the only person with its symptoms," The Russian replied.

"Symptoms?" Colonies broke his gaze at the mysterious gem to look at USSR.

"Those dreams you've been having?" The USSR said. Colonies finally understood what the Russian meant, Colonies was becoming a Country

Guess it is like a Country Puberty, Colonies thought.

"So... what do I do with it?" Colonies asked then realized that USSR had backed away.

"You grab it," USSR said having the Indian leader, Russia, and himself hide behind a boulder close by.

Them hiding made Colonies nervous but he shook his head and stayed focused on his main goal: To become his own Country.

Colonies breathed then slowly reached his hands out, he was expecting to get burned or shocked by the gem but when he touched it, the glowing gem was cold. It also would have fallen but Colonies grip was good enough. He opened his eyes and saw that the gem wasn't glowing or changing color, it was just a fancy crystal now. Then he noticed that his hands were glowing, he panicked and moved the gem to one hand and looked at the other. The glowing spread threw out his body, it felt like cold water was in his veins and spreading threw his other organs.

Eventually, the glowing stopped and 13 Colonies calmed down. He turned behind him and the three behind the rock came out of hiding. USSR approached him and checked to make sure Colonies was okay.

"So... How do you feel?" USSR asked dropping his knee to be Colonies' hight.

"I feel... New." Colonies replied, his flag colors brighten with his emotions.

:::::::::

Colonies sat out in the clear field next to the Indian camp, it was night time and the stars were amazing. He had his legs close to his chest and his arms were resting on them. His flag was natural to match his calm emotions, Colonies liked that he could see what the Tribe was doing without being there. USSR told him what will happen to him if he doesn't protect his people, he could fade away. Which... also lead to him telling why he was breaking apart, he was a symbol of rebellion in Russia and his people were breaking apart. Colonies sigh thinking about that, which made another thought come to his head,

They asked the Indians if they could help heal USSR but they had

never seen a Country human before, but they did have different herbs and medicinal plants that might help.

[image]

None did anything. USSR was quiet the rest of the day and distant, he told everyone that he was going to enjoy life while he could.

Colonies started to silently cry to himself as he imagined a world without USSR.

No, I'm not going to cry I'm going to spend the rest of his time by his side.

With that Colonies got up and started walking to the camp, but something stopped him. A feeling.

13 Colonies felt like he was being watched, the feeling made him uneasy. He could feel the person's gaze behind him but only a couple yards away in the field. He quickly turned but nothing was there.

Weird...

He shook his head and continued to the main camp.

When he entered he felt a heatwave hit him, the Indians had lit a giant fire and were dancing around it. He examined what they all were wearing, they wore their same brown animal clothing but they hade more beads and feathers in their hair. Some were dressed as animals.

Colonies saw that his crew members weren't there, they might be with the boat they sail on. couldn't blame them these people had a unique culture. Though when Colonies had become a country he felt very connected to the people. Heck, he felt connected to the whole land.

Colonies woke himself from his thoughts and walked to a tent that were he was sure the Soviet was in.

‖_____‖

Okay, I read some of my chapters, I am amazing but need to do some editing sense I change some of the story parts but never changed the chapters so some updates on the chapters are coming. So while you wait for chapter 10 maybe... re-read the chapters. Or don't you can do that as well...

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 10 - Last time Together?

(...I am Stupid. In the middle of writing this chapter! I realized that UK/ Britain and England were two different things/people. I am not going to change it though... I'll work with it. BUT I REALIZED IT ON THE FREAKIN 10th CHAPTER!

Ok Story Time.)

England held his newborn in his hands, and his son was sleeping peacefully. England was in awe, he couldn't believe he had a new baby son.

They both were in the baby room of the Palace they lived in, France was taking a nap because of birthing stuff. The room was small and light blue wallpaper cover the room. The door was a nice white color and a drawer was next to it and it had baby stuff such as diapers and baby bottles. there was a rocking chair in one of the corners, which was were England was sitting. The rocking chair was next to the crib where the little boy slept. The blankets were a nice yonder blue (light blue-gray) with a white crown pattern. Next to the blue crib was a closet with stuffed animals.

England still had his eyes on his sleeping son who wiggled a little in his blanket then he started to whimper then cry.

"Hey hey!" England tried to calm him down, "It's okay. What do you need?" England felt a little dumb for asking a newborn a question that they couldn't answer. England looked around then grabbed a bottle and tried to feed the child, but the baby denied it. The adult country groaned and changed the kid's diaper.

Still, the baby cried, England sigh and ran out of options. Then an idea popped in his head.

"♪Come stop your crying, it will be alright,♪" England held the child on his shoulder and sang *(Yes, he is singing)*. "♪Just take my hand, hold it tight. I will protect you from all around you, I will be here don't you cry.♪"

(The song ↓)

https://youtu.be/h3f5qJZKAP4

The baby calmed down and stopped crying. England moved the baby back onto his lap and saw his tears still on his cheek. England smiled warmly at the baby and it smiled back, England giggled and kept singing. The baby made small baby noises while he did.

When he was finished the baby was asleep.

"I love you America..." He whispered to the baby.

. . .

England fluttered his eyes open and realized it was just a memory. He was laying on his desk and his back hurt from sitting uncomfortably, and when he sat up he realized that his cheeks were wet from crying.

He wasn't sure if it was from crying in his sleep or from before. The woken Country looked around and saw that it was dark in the room and outside. England instinctively looked in his coat pocket and pulled out a small picture, it was of him and 13 Colonies. He felt a tear go down his cheek as he remembered when he sang 13 Colonies to sleep. France and himself didn't have too much of a problem with taking care of their two baby boys because they had maid take care of them. Though sometimes America would just cry for no reason and when France held him he still cried however when England held him he would calm down. *Guess he was a father's boy*. He pulled himself out of his thoughts and he put it away in the pocket he was previously in. He looked at his pocket watch and it read: 1:00 am.

He felt his stomach growl, makes sense he hasn't eaten all day. Not that he didn't want to eat he just didn't have an appetite.

England stood up and walked slowly to the kitchen taking in his surroundings. He sighs and looked in one of his coat pockets, he pulled out a picture. It was of himself and America.

He felt hot tears coming down his cheeks and when they fell to the ground he shook his head put the picture away. England looked up and saw the door that leads to the kitchen, he wiped his face clear of tears and went in.

The lights were off and it was dark. England turned on the lights and saw a plate on one of the tables with a letter next to it. He read it.

Dearest England,

*I'm am worried for you la chérie *Honey*, I know your grieving for dear America but please eat. It's pork with a lovely barbeque sauce.*

-France

England put the letter down and ate what he could, he thought he ate enough when there were only two bites left. He placed his plate by the sink and walked out.

England headed to his room and he quietly opened the door to not wake France who was most likely sleeping. He slipped in and as he entered the light turned on.

France was sitting in a chair next to a light she turned on.

"England, we need to talk." She said standing up and approached England,

"What do we need to talk about?" England hoped he could play dumb.

"We need to talk about...America." She put her hand on his shoulder. England stayed quiet, "We need to talk about our feelings because we can't continue like this."

England sigh, "I know." He paused, he couldn't believe 13 Colonies had been gone for one month now, one month of him feeling like a chunk of him was gone. "I just miss him so much..." His voice cracked as he felt like crying again.

"You know I do too." She said sweetly but was about to cry herself. She hugged England and he hugged back.

"England..." France let go from the hug and looked him in the eyes. "I'm pregnant."

:::::::::

America (Finally he is considered America and not 13 Colonies, sort of) heard knocking on his door.

It's been a full month in the New World and becoming a country

that he proudly called America, he liked having land that was named after him. The original crew and the three countries started making cabins for themselves, America actually liked the log house and he enjoyed the lake he lived next to. Life was very peaceful. I mean almost.

America was cooking bacon, which was food he discovered. He stopped and walked to the door. It was Russia.

Oh, no is something wrong? He questioned in his head. Russia had a nervous expression, "Is something wrong?" America asked worryingly.

"Uh... No, but yes." Russia said not exactly knowing how to put it into words. "Maybe it's better if I show you." With that, he reached to the side of him and America poked his head out of the door and saw Russia pull back a. Country?

"I found this," Russia said, the country or whoever it was looked a little frightened when he was pulled but when he saw America he calmed down.

"Hi, there!" It said putting his hand up.

"Who are you?" America asked the person.

"I'm-..." they cut themselves off as they questioned it in their head. "I actually don't know. I was never given a name." He shrugged with his shoulders.

"Uh... Ok. Russia what do we do with it?" America asked.

"I'm not sure I don't even know if it's a country or something else." Russia was still grabbing the flagged person and it was trying to get him to let go.

"I'm not an 'it'." They said, "I'm a girl."

"Well, maybe I could keep an eye on her untell we find your father," America said, Russia panicked at his words.

"Why? What? When? Where?-"

"Woah Russia. I didn't mean it like that!" America calmed Russia down and the Russian let the person go. They ran behind the American and hugged him for safety. America ignored her for a second. "Hey, it's okay." Russia was starting to cry.

American looked back at the little girl, she was way smaller than the two countries. "Do you think you could give us a minute? I'll meet you inside." The girl nodded and walked inside the logged house. America turned back to Russia,

"I'm sorry 13, it's just..." Russia wiped his eyes. "I know I'm being a wimp." He sighed.

America hugged him and Russia excepted it. "Russia it's okay I'm your friend." They stood there in silence but then America let go. "Okay. Russia, go find your dad and we'll fix this... Thing." He said obviously talking about the lost person in his house. He was grabbing Russia by the side of his shoulders and pulled him close so that he would listen. He gave a smile back even though a tear went down his cheek.

Outside was cloudy and the air was filled with water vapor, the pine trees outside made America's house look like a cabin and not a home he lived in. He lived on a very small hill surrounded by pine trees except for the backyard. The back yard had a flower meadow that reminded him of-

Nevermind that's not important.

America waved as Russia walked away into the pine trees and to the Indian camp that was deeper into the forest. America turned to the open door behind him and saw the person he was keeping an eye on, starring at the meal he made.

"What are you doing?" America said walking up to her. She jumped and blushed when she realized she was caught.

"Sorry, I'm hungry." She rubbed her neck.

"Well... Hi hungry I'm America." He grinned at his joke while the small person sighs and giggled under her breath. "I'm kidding, I'll

make you something."

America made both of them some breakfast. The silence made America Uncomfortable so he might as well ask about the little girl.

"So... You don't have a name?" He questioned.

"Uh, ya." She lifted her head up at the country,

"Well, I'll happily give you a name."

"Alright what do you got?" She challenged him.

"Um... You look like a... V-Virgin-ia. Virginia! There you go."

Virginia smiled at her name, "I love it!" She laughed and America laughed with her, he then heard a knock on the door again.

"Oh Virginia, I think that's my friend. He's going to help us find out who you are." America got out of his seat, Virginia nodded and followed him.

He answered the door and USSR was there with Russia, America smiled at the familiar faces. "Hey, guys!"

"Hello America, Russia said you have someone we need to see?" USSR's Russian accent was thick but friendly.

"Oh! Yes, she's over here." America gestured behind to a small girl hugging him. She gave a small wave but was internally scared of the very tall Soviet country. The Soviet went down and looked at her.

"I know what she is." He said. *Of course, you do*. America said in his head, USSR continued. "She is a state." He finished.

"What's that?" America said having Virginia let him go.

"A state is like... A part of your territory." The Soviet explained. Virginia was happily bobbing side to side then looked deep in the forest.

"Do you think we could go there?" She pointed to the forest.

"Um... Sure. But let me grab my coat." Virginia nodded and they both started to go inside.

"We'll meet you there," Russia said, both Russians turned and headed for the forest.

America looked in the kitchen where he left it while Virginia looked in the living room. Two picture caught her eye. One was of the two Russians she just saw and of America who looked like he was having fun. On the other, she saw that is was of America and an unfamiliar country, he was red, white, and blue with a top hat that had folded ribbon around the hat that made it look like a crown. She picked it up to see if she knew the person but couldn't recognize them.

"Put that down!" America spoke not sounding harsh but direct. Virginia jumped but made sure that the picture didn't fall. She quickly put the picture down and turned to the country.

America looked like she was going to scold her but he saw her frightened expression. "I-I'm sorry Virginia. I just-" He directed his gaze to the picture and quickly grabbed it and walk it to a bag on the floor and put the picture on there. "I just don't like people to touch that." He faced the bag and not he state behind him.

"I-It's okay," Virginia assured him and approached him.

"I didn't mean to yell at you. I'm sorry." He turned to that state.

"It's okay. Really."

America slightly laughed and so did Virginia. Then something popped in her head, "If I'm a part of you... Are you my dad?" She asked.

America jumped at the question and stammered, "Uh-uh-um-w-well-"

He was cut when he heard yelling outside. America and Virginia both heard it and America ran outside while Virginia followed

behind.

He opened the door and his heart stopped for a second.

USSR was laying on the grass and in his position, America guessed he passed out or fell. He looked at Russia who was over his father yelling for help. America ran to USSR praying he was still alive while Virginia was too confused to know what to do.

America fell to his knees and started shaking and yelling for USSR to wake up. "Virginia!" He called, and the state ran to him. "There is a village of native Americans down in the forest you need to call for help!" He directed her and she nodded then ran to the village yelling in Spanish. America was relieved she knew the language but he looked back at the USSR who hadn't moved. Russia was crying and pale.

This can't be happening! I need more time! I still want to tell him!

:·:·:·:·:·:·: (haha time skip suckers)

England was reading a newspaper in his room with France brushing her hair. He then had a feeling, he couldn't explain it but he felt like America was in trouble. He put his paper down and looked around. France saw his worried expression.

"Êtes-vous d'accord mon amour?" *Are you okay my love?* She sat by him and put her hand on his.

"Um... I just... Have a feeling." He wasn't sure if that's what he was worried about.

"What about?"

"I... Just have a feeling that he's in trouble." He shook his head as the thought he was being ridiculous.

France didn't exactly know how to respond, "Uh... Well, how would you know?"

"I-I'm not sure." He spoke slowly. "I just feel like somethings wrong."

He thought in his head for a second, then questioned:

USSR...?

:::::::::

https://youtu.be/1FbZvDba6ew

(This is for the mood)

America sat quietly on a hill that overlooked the ocean, nothing in sight. USSR was next to him and Russia was next to USSR. They sat there in silence for a while untell USSR turned around to face both of them.

"Dad...?" Russia breathed, his voice breaking.

USSR sigh, "Boys... I have something to tell you..." How he spoke they knew he was saying his last words, America denied in his head that this was happening and so was Russia. "I... Want you both to hear... My last words."

Russia covered his mouth in disbelieve and started crying, while America continued to deny. "USSR... Don't talk like that! We just need a little more ti-"

"America..." USSR interrupted him and he had a sad expression. "I can't fight anymore..." America softly gasped then hugged USSR, Russia joined him.

The three of them cried together, and at that moment nothing else mattered. The crashing waves, the forest behind them, the only thing that mattered was their last moment together.

America didn't want this to be real, he didn't want the person that had his dream of traveling to... fade away. *Please don't let him go away... I'll do anything...*

Russia couldn't imagine a day without his father guiding him threw the day. Without his father who was going to lead their home country. *I'm not ready to be without you...*

"Russia..." USSR let go of their hug and faced his son. "Russia I'm so... proud of you. You are going to lead our homeland to new heights."

USSR put his crumbling hand on Russia's cheek and Russia touched his hands and nodded slowly.

"America..." He let go of Russia and turned to the new country. "I want you to go home someday."

America was shocked at his words, "Wha... But... I..." He stumbled threw his last memory of his father. "I... told... My dad...I hate him..." He cried.

USSR put his hand on America's shoulder, "As a father..." He glanced at Russia who whipped his cheek, "I can say that you never want to lose your son... No matter what they do." He said sadly but direct.

America nodded and thought of USSR's words, but before he could get far USSR hissed at the pain in his neck. He touched it with his hand and felt a little blood, his creaks were leaking. He softly gasped at it and turned to the boys.

"I love you both." He hugged them again and they cried harder. They squeezed USSR's body for the last time...

But when they did they didn't feel any resistance, he was gone... but his voice echoed in their ears.

"Soo much..."

[image]

Was that our Last Time Together?

‖_____‖

PLEEEASE tell me you all cried! I spent as long as I could to make this sad. SO FEEL THE FEELS! For the picture, I'm not sure if the raindrop effect is too much so here's the picture without the raindrops:

[image]

Also while finding how to make this sad, Google gave me this:

[image]

"How to make readers feel emotion."

...

You guys feel emotion right?

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 11 - Shadow voice

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

(Okay enough memes, storytime!)

England desperately looked threw all his paper not sure what he was looking for. He had tears in his eyes as he looked threw the papers on the floor.

"Sir..." England heard a voice behind him he pricked up and looked back not hiding his tears. He hadn't realized how dark it was in his office because when the country opened the door the room instantly became lit. The papers he was looking in were maps and notes of cultures and other things about the world. "What are you doing...?" The country's voice was gentle.

"I-I'm looking for him..." He picked up one of the maps and started looking threw it, his expression was a mix of shock and sadness.

The country slowly walked toward him, "Are you hurt from France's words?" She gently put the paper down for England.

"I-I..." He studdered looking for words, "I can't believe she wants to give up!" He turned away from the other country. "S-she just wants to assume he's dead!"

"Sir she didn't mean it like that. She wants to move on." The country twitched her wings.

"But he's still out there! Lonely and scared!" He turned to Wales and more tears went down his face. She put her hand on his shoulder.

Wales opened her arms and England hugged her and sobbed on her shoulder.

After a while, he let go and whipped his eyes with his hand. "Thanks," he said. Wales smiled, "I think you should let out all your

emotions and come out when you're done."

"...Okay," He said quietly. Sniffling.

She walked out the door when she finished but looked back at England who was looking at another paper. She sighs but let him be.

England looks at the small paper, it was his picture of him and America.

"I-I don't understand..." He told the picture. "Why did you leave? I'll be better... I Promise."

He sat down on the floor and stared at the picture.

It had been a while but England was done crying, he wanted to get things done. He entered the room where he guessed Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland were. He passed by a mirror and stopped in his tracks to examine himself.

He looked messy, which was most likely a first. His tie was very loose, his hair was uneven, his face looked tired and his eyes were a slight red from crying.

So before walking to the conference room he walked to his lonesome room and fixing himself. He was able to look presentable know and not like he had a rough night. He felt tired even though it was noon.

He walked by the room's door and immediately heard yelling, *one of those days again.*

He opened the door and it went quiet and England saw that Wales and Scotland were across from each other (both standing up)and Northern Ireland (sitting down) was next to Scottland. England sigh, "What is it?"

"Uh... Nothing sir." Scotland studdered sitting down in his chair. Wales followed.

"No, it's fine just tell me." England sat down at his chair. Scotland

glared at Wales.

"I think we should start an Empire. "

"No!" Wales yelled standing back up out of her chair and her wing slowly flapped in anger. "We are not doing that!"

"Wait, Wales, let's hear him out," England said lifting his hand. Scotland smirked and relaxed in his chair.

"Our people are well educated, our army is strong and new land was found just a week ago. Spain would most likely want to claim it." He smiled wider and rested his head on his hands playfully. "And France," he said under his breath.

"Wait, what was that?" England was thinking when Scotland's word could sight his attention.

"Um... You didn't hear? France became an Empire herself. She's sent some ships to the New World."

England felt his blood run cold, with anger. He didn't hesitate one bit, he stood up and stumped out of the room.

"Nice going, Scotland." Scotland turned his head and saw Northern Ireland slightly smiling.

England angrily walked to one of the rooms in the palace where France was. The room was a library and France turned at her husband when he loudly opened the doors. She smiled but saw he angered face.

"Is something wrong?"

"You know what's wrong!" He yelled at her. France stood up and England stood in front of her. "You are invading the New world!"

"I-" She cut herself off and rubbed her shoulder with her uncomfortableness.

"Why didn't you tell me you became an Empire?"

"I... Knew you were still grieving..." She tried to hold his hand but he brushed her off.

"You lie!" He said back. "You knew that I was going to become one so you tried to stay one step ahead!" He pointed at her.

"No, I wasn't!" She started to cry.

"Then what was your plan?"

"..." She looked at the corner of the room and England growled. "My people don't like me being with you anymore... They think you can't be trusted with your... Grieving. " She choked one that last part.

"I'm not sure what you mean..." England said a little calmer.

"...You have a shorter temper and... I know you're starting to become... Power hungry." France looked him straight in the eye.

"You have no proof!"

"Oh ya! Then where are you during our family dinner? Where are you when I need help with Canada? Where are you! When you still have a family here!" She yelled. England glanced at her growing belly then walked out without another word.

He walked angrily down the halls muttering to himself, denying what France said but then he stopped by the door where Scottland, Wales, and Northern Ireland surprisingly weren't yelling at each other.

Inside they were trying to talk casual, well Northern was.

"So if it's tourist season why can't we shoot them?" Northern said to Scotland who buried himself in his hands and Wales rubbed her temples.

"Why are you speaking?" Scotland turned to Northern who was confused at his answer.

"Sometimes, I wish we had another girl in this group..." Wales sighs.

Suddenly the double doors swung open and England walked in and slammed his hands on the table.

"Scotland!" All three countries were shocked when England came in.

"Y-yes?" Was all Scotland could say.

"Where would you like to start?" England grinned.

(One week ago)

America stood on the sandy beach as some of the old crew were packing back to England. America was staying behind, even though USSR told him to go home.

He cringed at the thought of the USSR and hugged himself while the cold wind blew past him. He looked up and saw Russia packing with them, he walked up to his best friend to help him. America help grab a bag that Russia was going to drop and Russia looked back and saw America's face. Sad and looked like he was crying a little before.

[image]

"Thanks." He said glancing at his friend, they both walked to the boat in silence. America and Russia packed the boxes on the boat. Russia starred at the boxes for a minute before turning to 13 Colonies, who sigh and looked at the Sandy beach.

"Wanna take a quick walk around the beach before I go?" Russia said rubbing his shoulder in discomfort.

"S-sure..." America glanced up at his Russian friend.

They both walked in silence, Russia wasn't sure what to say or do, while America was trying to enjoy this moment with Russia before he left. They eventually walked up a hill that overlooked the ocean. They both stood there, Russia folding his arms while America had his hands behind his back.

Russia was finally brave enough to speak, "You know... For a solid eight years of my life, I didn't know there was such a thing as a

sun." Russia joked this made America giggle and look at Russia.

"Well now.." America looked at the sea. "It's all you can 'sea'" they both laughed.

America sigh and turns to Russia, "I'm going to miss you..."

Russia gave America a hug and said, "Me too."

They released their hug and talked sitting down on the soft grass, enjoying the view and weather for a minute but then Russia paused.

"...Why aren't you coming with us? Don't you want to..." Russia knew that 13 Colonies knew what he was talking about. *Why aren't you coming with us, to fulfill USSR's last wish?*

"I... Don't know. Something or thought is keeping me here."

Russia didn't understand but didn't pressure him. He sighs and looks at the boat they are leaving on, he is called over by one of the crew members. He stands up and so does 13 Colonies.

"Can't you stay here longer?" Colonies pleaded.

"13, I have my own country to fix, after my father died my country needs a new start." Russia glanced at a bundle of flowers while he spoke.

13 Colonies hugged him and cried, and Russia just held him.

"Goodbye, 13."

"Goodbye, I'll miss you."

Russia saw land slowly head away from sight, he could see a tiny silhouette of 13 Colonies who didn't leave the hill they said goodbye on. Russia didn't leave his spot untell he couldn't see anything but ocean and sky. He walked away from the edge and felt his heart become heavy with longing. He missed his friend already and they weren't even that far.

Russia tried to ignore it but he still had his own father's grief on

him, *I should have never left.*

America saw the boat head out of sight. He slowly walked to the nearest Native American camp to find Virginia talking with them and making bead necklaces with the kids.

(Side note: Countries/states will age with how much they prosper/gain land. EX: America is going to start aging from a 13-year-old to a young adult because he starts claiming more land.)

She started to age with how much her Natives were prospering. Though she was still a kid, America smiled when he saw her but it faded when he felt guilty for feeling like he should be sad because he least the main three people who were important in his life.

His father, USSR, and Russia.

America shook his head. He walked to Virginia and sat down by her, she smiled at him and showed him her artwork.

"I made these with all the Indians." She paused as America half listened but was distracted by his grief. "The Indians are so good at making these. It's a miracle I can do it."

America just did a, "mhm."

Virginia took notice of his expression, "Did he already leave?" He nodded. "Oh... You can go home if you need to."

America knew she was talking about the small house threw the trees but America thought of his home in England.

Maybe it wasn't just grieving he was going threw, maybe it was also homesickness. *No that can't be right.*

:::::::::

It's been one week since Russia left, America was laying on his bed that wasn't like the ones in England, These ones weren't as comfortable. More states formed because after Russia left more and more boats came to the New World when the people came to their

original flags changed to his flag. Though he did notice that he could speak many other languages now, he enjoyed it. His states started to age to younger teenagers, and like teenagers only needed small things from America. Though they were still very independent. The 14 *(13 states and America)* of them were a good family, having a family dinner on the weekends.

The grieving was slowing going along but every time he felt like moving on he felt guilty for being happy without his family.

He groans in frustration because he still feels like he shouldn't be homesick

I said my words to him and they were the truth. So why am I still thinking I'm homesick.

America sighs and sits up to look at the picture he left on his nightstand. It was the picture of him and England. Just the two of them... Happy.

America cried again but this time he let himself.

Suddenly he heard laughing. This disturbed him and he looked around, nothing or no one. The laughing was familiar; The laughing wasn't like one of his states, it was an adult's.

America was creeped out and thought he was imagining it so he placed the picture down then walked to the bathroom to wake himself up. He washed his face then looked in the mirror.

He didn't notice that his reflection wasn't mirroring him, he was grabbing on to the side of the sink while the reflection was resting on one of his hands while the other was dangling from into the sink.

"**Hi, there!**" It said, the voice echoed in America's mind and it was loud so he jumped and fell to the ground.

"What the-?" he whispered to himself and curled up into a ball while processing what he saw.

"**Didn't mean to scare you there.**" America looked up in shock as a

shadow was hovering over him. America was shocked and tried to get away from the thing. "**What? Scared of your own shadow?**" It giggled.

[image]

America recognized the giggle, it was his own but it didn't echo in his own head. "Who- What are you?"

The shadow went closer to him, the shadow was formless besides his head. He was a black color and his eyes and mouth glowed a pale white.

"**Well, I'm you...**" It smiled and circled around America while he was trying to avoid the thing. "**But I'm every dark thought you have ever thought of.**"

America gave a confused look, "**Don't believe me? Listen to your own words.**"

The shadow started speaking of America's past thoughts that he knew well and they yelled and echoed in his head.

"I've been betrayed..." (Cracking dreams)

"He never denied that he didn't love me..." (Day to day schedule pt.2)

"Ugh, I'm such a wimp thinking wishes are everything." (Day to day schedule pt.2)

***"I am running away!"** (Cracking dreams)*

America covered his ears and yelled for it to stop. The shadow stopped speaking and put his face in front of the American. "**You see? I'm here to help you.**" The shadow retreated to the mirror forcing America to see what it was doing.

"What do you mean?" He asked his reflection.

"**I know things that you don't.**" The shadow took the form of America but moved differently than him, proving that America wasn't in control of the thing.

"Like what?"

"Oh! no-no-no. I'm not letting you go that easily." The reflection giggled again and even though it was the third time he laughed it was creepy how he did it. **"And you didn't let me finish."** He paused and looked America in the eye. **"I know things you don't AND I'm willing to do things you won't."**

America didn't like the sound of that, what things were he not willing to do? "What am I not willing to do?"

The shadow didn't say anything he just smiled wider then disappeared, America's reflection was mirroring him know.

Again, before he could put thought into it he felt dizzy, he was sure that the Shadow wasn't doing it since he disappeared. America put his hand on his head as the dizziness increased to the point where he fell to the ground. America was hoping it would go away soon but it didn't for a while.

Finally, after half an hour of the dizziness, it went away and now America wanted to throw up. He got up but then he felt something in this throat making him start coughing and his throat burned the more he coughed. He covered his mouth with his hands. His coughing became violent but after a minute it settled down. America felt something warm on his hand, he looked and saw... Blood?

America was confused but then knew what it meant, his people were suffering somehow. He closed his eyes and saw flashes of the Natives running and yelling in their natural tongue. They were being chased by people he couldn't recognize but then he realized it when he saw their clothing.

Their clothing was exactly like his own but there was red instead of navy blue. They had muskets and were invading, the natives tried to fight but were never introduced to guns.

America opened his eyes and started to run to the beach where the attackers were.

He approached the beach but stopped behind a tree to observe the attackers better but then someone unfamiliar to America had a gun to Connecticut's head. Connecticut was on the ground and on the back of his arms facing the enemy.

America didn't hesitate and ran out to help his state, he pushed the gun out of the person's hands. Then he realized he was surrounded, he looked around and gave a threatening look. Connecticut started backing away and toward the familiar country.

"Estás bien?" *Are you okay?* America spoke in Spanish so that the others couldn't understand him.

Connecticut nodded and America helped him up. "Donde estan las demas?" *Where are the others?* America whispered to him.

"They took them." Connecticut pointed to a flagged person.

America didn't realize that there was another country, the attackers had made a full circle around the two and a country was off to the side. He moved threw his men and approached the two. America moved Connecticut behind him so that the country wouldn't touch him.

America glared at the unfamiliar country who didn't seem intimidated mostly because he had them surrounded and the country was taller than the newer one.

"Well... Look what we have here boys." The country laughed. "One state..." He looked behind America to see Connecticut who whimpered when the country looked at him. America moved Connecticut and growled at the country. "And one Country... Or are you?" He asked.

"I am a country. This one!" He growled again.

"Well... You're not anymore. You. Are mine." The country grabbed America by the collar and lifted him up, America gasped at this and Connecticut panicked. "And what's mine is the Britain Empire's. So get comfortable..." The country dropped him. America lost balance and fell to his side, Connecticut went to his side. America quickly

looked up at the country's flag. it was blue with a white X across his face.

"Because Scotland, has taken control."

‖▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁▁‖

du du daaaaaaaaaa.

What is that? Three plot twists?

[image]

Oh dang, stuff getting real.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 12 - Wild Heart

[image]

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(True story ↑)

(And finally finished my charater's outfit and design.)

America lay in his bed not catching any sleep, so much was going threw his head.

Scotland had claimed America as his colonies, his states and himself were at Scotland's mercy. The shadow wouldn't stop bugging him about how worthless he was for not doing something about this. That nightmare he had as a kid was back and he had it every time he slept. It's been one whole month like that.

America tossed and turned but couldn't get any sleep. He gave up and sat up, he wasn't in his familiar log house he lived in. Of course, he knew that. The room he was in was dark but you could see that the room was made out of log. America's bed was in the center of one of the walls, a door, and a window on both sides of him. In front of him was a small closet with outfits that Scotland had brought from where he was from. When you come from a city filled with fancy people your not very fond of those who wear the same thing every day. America used to wear his same navy blue outfit but after claiming some land he aged from a 13-year-old to an 18-year-old so his old clothes did fit. He now wore a larger version of his navy blue soldier outfit but it was more for combat and made to last. America wasn't planning on wearing anything different every day though some days he would wear something different.

(Still on the rebellious side of life.)

Scotland needed to make sure that he and his states didn't revolt so he made them all sleep in the same house but could leave during the day. They would be punished if they did, though sense 13 Colonies still had the heart of a teenager he would sometimes sneak out. Colonies was born to revolt from birth.

13 Colonies opened the window and the cold breeze felt good in the warm house. He was only two stories high so it wasn't a problem for him. All he needed was a little grip. 13 Colonies looked behind him and saw his blankets.

That will work. He thought.

13 Colonies wrapped the blanket around one of the bed's legs and checked to make sure that it wouldn't move too much as he escaped.

He looked down before taking a breath and jumping down still grabbing the rope/blanket to break his fall.

13 Colonies landed on the grass quietly, looked around then walked to the woods while thinking to himself.

He was a little surprised that he didn't fall faster but then again ever

since he landed in the New world he wasn't as well-fed as when he lived in England. Even underweight. 13 Colonies wasn't unhealthy skinny, but still, he was skinny.

13 Colonies knew how to hunt in the wild because here if you don't live in a group you will always have to go find your food. If you live with a group and you can't hunt or farm some can take your chores intelligence you can work again. If you were on your own you would be forced to hunt. This reminds him of when he was new to this all.

It was weird to think that he didn't know how to start a fire because here fire is important for survival every day. It took him a while and when he tried to start a fire but failed he often felt helpless. Luckily he learned how to start a fire. Colonies was quick to learn to throw knives and shoot a bow. Problem because you didn't have to use patients, well you did but differently. Colonies could easily keep himself from boredom while hunting, he just looked as his unique surroundings. Which he needed to do when hunting. Before Scotland took over he would spend of his time outside throwing knives, and nothing was more satisfying than when the knife would be silent when it but the wood.

He wasn't much of a harvester, berries in the wild looked the same to him so if he was low on food, harvesting wild unknown berries was his last option.

America sighs as he continues deep in the woods, he hadn't seen Natives in a while. He guessed that most of them went deeper into the unknown so that the Europeans wouldn't kill them all. Also, smallpox from Europe was quickly spreading threw Native to Native.

America was cut from my thoughts as he heard a branch break somewhere a little east of him. The wilderness instincts came in and told him to duck and make sure that whoever broke the branch wasn't a threat. The wilderness instinct America has was just feelings of what to do when you feel unsafe. Such as: climbing a tree when you see something chasing you, get a weapon out when you feel like you being watched, make sure you aren't being watched, etc.

America hid in the ferns and behind the thin birch trees, make sure to not step on a branch. He knew he was getting close when he heard the person talk to themselves or that what he hoped. If it was two British soldiers he would easily be caught, mostly because all he had was a knife in his coat pocket and they had a musket at all times.

America inched forward and didn't see British soldiers instead he saw one of his states who looked like they were stuck in something.

"Rhode Island?" He called out making sure he had the right state.

"Dad?" He called back looked threw the bushes and branches but his gaze went right past the older country.

America went out of his hiding spot and approached the small state, Rhode Island was a very younger teenager; resembling a human 12-year-old. He was a little sensitive child often avoiding Scotland or any other British person, he was very skilled in hunting though.

America saw that he was caught in a snare he set not long ago. "I thought I told you to call me America," He said bending down and helping. Rhode Island didn't say anything and just shrugged. "Why are you out here?" America questioned him.

"Well... Scotland doesn't feed us enough so I thought I could try and catch something." Rhode's foot was finally loosed and he stepped back and wiggled his foot to make sure that nothing hurt. Another instinct you learn in the wild, always looking to make sure you weren't hurt or a small wound you don't feel will become infected and unbearable.

America sigh, it was true. One of Scotland's ways of keeping the states and country in line was giving them a restricted amount of food and if you were bad you wouldn't feed all day.

"Well, all I brought was one knife. Not much I can kill with it." America pulled his knife out, it was nothing much but it was better than a pocket knife. The knife was a nice silver with leather handle the blade had jagged edges in the center leading to the bottom.

America sole it from Scotland when he wasn't looking, he didn't think Scotland would notice because he had British soldiers close by all the time so no need in protecting yourself if others are there.

America turned back to Rhode Island who's navy blue eyes glimmers with happiness as they were going to hunt. This makes America smile.

Rhode Island was a definite father's child or countries' child for that matter since America didn't like being called 'father' or 'dad'. He wanted to see his states as friends or co-workers because he didn't think he was good if one of the states had a personal problem. Though they were still a family and looked out for each other when one was being punished by the Brits. Like one time, Scotland was thankful that none of them ate with their hands but that made America smile and all the states knew what he was thinking. The rest of the day they ate with their hands.h

And to think I used to only eat with silverware.

"You can hunt with only one knife!" Rhode island pointed out, "You can throw a knife better than anyone!" He paused and walked to a bush. "I did bring a bow and a couple of arrows. I threw the bow and arrows because I got caught in one of our secret snares." Rhode Island came out of the bush with a wooden bow and three arrows. America knew it was Rhode's bow because it had carvings that resembled his flag, stars followed by an anchor.

"Alright, let's get going before the sun comes." America had Rhode lead the way down a path, both of their eyes adjusted to the light that wasn't outside. Only the moon and stars would light the path.

:::::::::::

America and Rhode Island caught three bunnies and Rhode caught one fish before the sky was starting to lighten.

"Come on we still need to find a way inside." America and Rhode ran quickly threw the woods making sure that they weren't heard or seen by any country or human.

They reached America's window but needed a way up and when they got up there they needed to hide the food.

"What are we going to do?" America asked. Rhode just looked at him but then had an idea.

"Oh! The food will smell and someone might find it... So we need to hide it out here." Rhode paused. "But were?"

America put his hand to his chin then got an idea. "Well, Scotland lets us come out during the morning so we just need to hide it until we can find it again."

"Great I got it!" Rhode said turning to the woods. But stopped when America grabbed his arm.

"Wait!" America said loudly and when he realized it he covered his mouth and looked around. Nothing just the morning birds singing. America looks back at his state, "I'll stall Scotland but I don't know how long so hurry."

With that Rhode Island ran back to the woods following the path. America sighs again and looks up at the rope coming down from his room. *Or prison.*

Wait, that's a familiar thought. Nevermind. America jumped and grabbed the rope, he climbed up with ease. He pulled himself up on the window seal and pulled the blanket up with him. This reminded the American that after he got the crystal that made him connected to the land, he noticed that he had super strength but he never knew why but it came in handy many times. Like, know. He stepped quietly on the wood floor, America untied the knot on the bed. He fixed his bed but then messed up a spot where he pretends to sleep to it looked like he slept there.

America was going to look out his window to see if Rhode Island had made it back yet but he heard footsteps down the hall. He knew it was Scotland or a British soldier coming to make sure that no one left during the night. So America quickly laid on the bed and closed his eyes.

America heard the door creak open but he held his position.

He felt the eyes of the person who entered, on him. They looked around the room then shook him 'awake'.

"Oi! Blue." He knew the accent all too well. America opened his eyes to see Scotland in his face.

"Ugh, get out of my face," America grumbled at him, then sat up. America pretends to yawn and he was already stretched out from hunting but he pretended to stretch anyway.

"So." Scotland began pulling a paper out. "I need you to collect tax from all of your citizens for the British Empire." He paused and looked at America who was done fake stretching. "And Blue... Please tell me you plan on waking up from the wild."

"Uh... What do you mean?"

The Scot sighs, "Are you going to get your head out of the woods and start acting like a proper country?" Scotland had annoyance in his voice.

"Aw, you don't like it when I go feral?" America teased.

"Yes because you don't know how to behave like a proper person." Scotland talked back.

"Geez, thanks dad," America looked at the corner of his room as he said that, the homesickness came back again.

Scotland face-palmed himself and murdered, "I can't stand you sometimes Blue."

"Stop calling me Blue, and leave my room." America groaned.

Scotland growled but left closing the door behind him.

Ugh, another day of no freedom. America groaned. *Wait!* "Shadow get out of my head."

America glanced at his shadow and saw it form into the one and

only living shadow. America noticed how he was starting to go from a cloud with white eyes, and mouth to more solid. He saw the light from the room touch it and he sprouted arms.

I hate it when you call me that. Shadow echoed in his head, not speaking out loud so that Scotland or any other person heard them.

"What else am I going to call you? Cloud?" America teased him. Shadow didn't take it very easy.

I just want to have a normal name and not one that makes it sound like I live in an abandoned attic. He complained Shadow was very good at explaining his mood. He was floating as if he was in a chair and resting his legs on a table with his arms crossed in annoyance.

"Well, it's not my problem just tell me when you find a better name than the one in my brain." America looked out the window not looking at the dark cloud of teen angst and smirked at his own words.

He heard Shadow growl then go silent, America didn't see Rhode Island still so he looked behind him and saw Shadow in his face.

Don't disrespect me! America hissed and covered his ears because Shadow was yelling in his mind and the echoing turned to ring. **Or I will show you everything you fear!**

America fell to his knees covering his ears as the voice of Shadow became disoriented and twisted. He saw flashes of memories he never wanted to remember.

[image]

(Can I just say that this took me a long time to draw and edit)

Stop! He yelled in his head *Stop, please stop!*

The ringing in his head went away and America released his hands. He didn't look up because he could feel the dark gaze of Shadow staring down on him.

Have a nice day, little Colonies. Shadow disappeared.

:::::::::

"Finally almost the end of the day," America said to Maryland and Delaware who both nodded. They spent the whole day filing taxes and the day went by slow. Some of their people couldn't pay much because they were poor.

The Sugar Act (*"which levied new duties on imports of textiles, wines, coffee, and sugar"*), Currency Act (*"which caused a major decline in the value of the paper money used by colonists"*), and the Quartering Act (*"which required colonists to provide food and lodging to British troops."*) were making America go insane. The amount of taxes was unbearable.

But finally, the day was over and he could look forward to eating the rabbit Rhode Island and himself caught, he only had breakfast and his stomach wasn't satisfied but you know. Scotland's rules.

Maryland and Delaware were talking back and forth while the three of them walked threw the small town to the house Scotland imprisoned them in.

"America are you okay?" Maryland asked this caught America out of his thoughts.

"What? Why do say that?" He replied.

"You haven't been talking very much like you usually do," Maryland said.

"Uh, I didn't sleep well last night." America was busy having a shadow poke him with a stick and nightmares. America gave a nervous smile but he wasn't sure why he was nervous. Maybe it was that he didn't want younger people to know that a young adult was having nightmares.

They walked to the familiar place they slept in but when America went inside followed by his two states there was uneasiness in the air. America looked around and saw Scotland over a pile of papers, he looked exhausted and burned out.

"Uh, you to go to your rooms." America told them, "And have Rhode get the dinner we caught." America whispered that last part. The two states nodded then went up the stairs leaving the two countries to themselves.

America sat in the chair across from the Scot, "What happened?"

Scotland sighs, "War. that's what happened." Scotland wasn't looking at the colonist but instead was looking at the paper in his hand.

America gave a shocked look and kept listening.

"The British Empire is at war with the French Empire, The British are suffering money loss."

America felt worried, the French Empire sounded like his mother but she would never become an Empire.

"So..." Scotland put the paper down and looked at America. "I hate to do this but... I have to raise your taxes."

America felt his blood run cold then a shiver went down his spine. He stood up out of his chair. "Wait. What!" America paused, "You can't do this. My people can barely pay as it is."

"Not my problem." Scotland looked back at his papers.

"Can't you tell your Empire that my country can't do it!" America pleaded.

"It's not your country, it's his." Scotland was monotone due to his tiredness.

"No! I got that gem! I am connected to this land and he's connected to... Whatever land HE is!"

"I AM TOO TIRED FOR THIS 13 COLONIES!"

America growled then walked up the stairs to his room. He closed the door behind him, he didn't have an appetite for food right now. He wasn't sure if it was because his people were always hungry.

After all, their money was being taken or if he just wasn't hungry.

America sat on his bed and looked out the window, outside was a light blue-purple that faded to a dark blue. A couple of stars were coming out and the trees were all a silhouette.

America sighs and feels like seeing how his people were handling things. The country closed his eyes but didn't see anything.

"**I found it!**" Shadow said this made America jump.

"What?"

"**I found a perfect name for myself.**" Shadow looked proud. He was floating in the air and leaned down to be America's hight. Shadow saw America's look. "**Bad timing?**"

He nodded.

"**Well, I'm telling you anyway,**" The dark cloud paused. "**Confederate!**"

America gave a confused look and leaned back because he was in his face again. "What kind of name is that?"

Shadow gave an offended look, "**Confederate means, united, combined, group of people joined by an agreement. It's also illegal.**" Confederate smiled at that last part.

"Oh, then yes. It fits you well." America rolled his eyes.

Then the two saw flashes of something. America closed his eyes to see what it was and it was his people. They got 13 lanterns and put them on a tree, they spoke saying that the British couldn't tell them to do anything. They were their own country and people.

"They're right." America opened his eyes. "We can't let Britain just push me around."

What are we going to do?

"We're going to get Independence."

::::::::::

"That country we're ruling is becoming a pain," Wales told the figure.

"Which one?" The figure smiled at Wales.

"No need to brag. It's the New world one. Scotland here says that he's starting to rebel." Wales looked at Scotland's letter. "Oh, and he wishes you well in the war with your wife."

"We broke off Wales. We are not married anymore." The figure snapped and gave a threatening look.

"Sorry."

He sighed, "It's fine, it's just the war is making me... Sick. To put it."

Wales only sighs.

Then the doors opened and someone entered. "Hey, I'm going off to bed."

The Empire sighed "Okay, Canada I'll be there in a minute."

Canada left but when he got to the door he hesitated and looked behind him at his father and his co-worker.

No need to lie. I know you still miss him too much.

‖_____‖

All righty this were the Fathers day special comes in so if you want to re-read it you should because the next chapter happens after it and a little before.

Small side note America doesn't care anymore if someone calls him 13 Colonies such as, Russia, Englnad, Scotland, a state, and the Author herself so... But he does care if you call him America. He only wants people close to him to call his that.

My personal goal:

[image]

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Chapter 13 - Bloodshot

(Hehehe cool title and meme)

(Alright time for historically accurate stuff so... I hope this is accurate.

Also, I need to clarify things. I should have read more about the American revolution because when America comes back from working Scotland says he's raising his taxes when The French war starts but, historicity, the war ended and a little greedy king comes to the throne and raises the Colonies' taxes then Revolution. So I will be editing that in this chapter.

Plus, America is presumed as dead in The UK because the old crew that came back were told by the Amerian to not tell anyone he was still alive so...)

1760 September 8

"I don't know about this," France said coldly. The room was awkwardly mixed with tension as if any one of the two countries in power were going to attack each other.

"Come on France. This will end your pressure with India." Britain said pointing to the paper in front of her, it was the Treaty of Paris.

"Why?"

"Because we can end a war formally."

"Oh formally..." France said under her breath.

" I beg your pardon! " Britain threatened and gave a glare.

"Oh formally! Is what I said." She slammed her hand on the table in front of them. "No wonder he le-"

"Don't speak of him!" Britain grabbed France by her bandana and pulled her close. France was surprised but stayed calm and showed the Empire she wasn't afraid.

Britain signed and let her go. "Let's stay focused." Britain sat in his chair behind him and grasped his hands in front of him. France hesitated but followed. "This is to make you end your war on India and," He paused. " To remove all your French people off of my Colonies' territory. "

Britain signs the paper then glances at France who signs then signs of herself.

"There happy?"

"Very," Britain grinned. Now that France wasn't in his British Colonies his British groups weren't in danger.

"Anything else I need to sign for you?" She said coldly.

"No." Britain paused and looked at the corner of the room. France for up to leave until Britain stopped her. "Wait." France looked down at her hand that Britain grabbed, he realized then released quickly. "Sorry." He said under his breath. France looked away from her former husband. "It's just... How's Australia and New Zealand?"

France hesitated but answered. "Fine."

They just stood there avoiding each other's gaze. "Well, Canada is good as well."

"Good."

Suddenly Wales came in. "Sir!" She looked at France, "Ma'am. Uh Britain, King George II passed."

"Oh." Britain walked out with his fellow country, Wales, but stopped

at the door. "France." This got her attention. "I-I'm-" he stopped himself from saying it. "Have a good day." Britain closed the door letting France escort herself out.

"C-can I g-go now?" India asked under the table.

"Yes, the treaty was signed. Your free form me." France didn't look at the Indian but starred at the door.

Meanwhile, with Britain and Wales, "Uh, Britain we are facing a lot of money problems, have a solution?"

Britain thought for a minute, "Well those Colonies we claimed in the New World," He pauses and looked at Wales, her red dragon wings fluttered. "They can pay for them. Just raise their taxes. Call it the Stamp Act."

1773 December 16

"Say that again but slowly..." Britain said to Wales, she said she had news from Scotland.

"He. Said. Your. British. Colonies. Threw. Tea. Into. The. Ocean."

Britain took a moment to process, "Wait, What!"

Wales frowned, "Do I need to say it again?"

"NO!" Britain turned away from Wales and looks outside.

"I told you to stop at the Stamp act, but no. You needed to set the Townshend Acts which made it so British soldiers had to be fed with already poor Colonists."

"Thank you! Wales." He said sarcastically and rubbed his temples. "Just set a law where they can't do that OR resist us."

"I'm not so sure-"

"DO IT!" Britain yelled. Wales quickly walked out and did as she was told.

Britain sighs and collects his thoughts, he felt slightly bored just thinking to himself so he walked out of the darkroom to the unlit hallway, the clouds outside made the room a dim light gray. He walked threw the hallways wishing that the Palace wasn't so empty.

Britain was thinking to himself when his thoughts stumbled to... *America*. Britain felt a wave of grief hit him again. He keeps his tears back and tries to occupy himself, but like always everything seems to remind his mind of his dead son.

Then he saw Northern Ireland, "Hello, Northern."

"Hi..." Northern stopped in his tracks, he had his arms folded but lifted one to wave, his expression was drained and sad.

"Is something wrong?" He approached the other.

"Uhm... Ya just..." Northern trailed off as he didn't know what to say.

"It's okay. You don't have to tell me if it personal. I can leave you alone." Britain turned back but Northern grabbed his arm.

"No!" Northern called out, "I mean it's not too personal." Northern let go of the older Country. Northern turned away and felt a little embarrassed but his tired look showed Britain otherwise. Britain faced the North country and gave a confused look, and Northen saw it and groaned in his hands. Britain wasn't sure what to do.

"Um, do you need a minute?" Britain lightly touched Northern's shoulder, Northern reacted by lifting his head with tears.

"N-No... I'm fine." Britain guided Northern to a couch nearby, Northern tried to have a quiet sob but his emotions got the better of him. "I-I'm sorry I'm being emotional."

"N-No it's okay. Tell me what's happening," Britain said calmly and gently.

"When Ireland and I first were apart of you... I liked it, everyone was friendly but." He paused. "Ireland didn't like it and started becoming independent..." Britain touched Northern who flinch but

relaxed, Northern let him rub circles on his shoulders. "I-Ireland made me chose... Him or You..." Britain looked at the corner of the hallway, he was unaware of this. He looked back at the northern Country who continued. "I didn't think it was a big deal but when I chose you... He yelled at me..." Northern burst into tears again but letting it all come out. "He said I was selfish, stupid, a poor brother...!" Northern laid on Britain's chest who was surprised but let him be. "He hated me!"

Those last words got to The British Empire... *I HATE YOU!*

Northern's words faded to 13 Colonies voice, *I HATE YOU!*

Memories came back in, *Protecting me? ...How long did you know!?* 13 Colonies voice yelled in his mind, *I could have handled it! YOU knew! And you didn't TELL ME, You mean to tell me... That when I first MET him he was dying, You DO know that there might not be more land out there RIGHT, You can't just send USSR out there just to DIE!*

Britain felt like his world was dark and Colonies was in front of him saying all of that, **"You sent me there to DIE!"**

Don't go!

I'm sorry! Britain yelled in his mind.

"Britain?" Northern's voice woke him.

"W-What?" Britain looked around and saw he was back in the poor lit hallway with Northern Ireland.

"You seemed like you were out of it..."

Britain shook his head back into reality, "I'm fine. You just remind me of someone I knew..."

"Oh, sorry..." Northern cuddled up to Britain who wrapped his arm around the young Country, Norther Ireland looked like he was 18-years-old but he acted like a kid sometimes. Britain didn't like being this close to someone but...

For a second...

He looked like 13 Colonies...

"I wish Ireland would come back and tell me he loves me..." Northern paused, "I wish you could understand."

"More than you know... I lost someone too."

[image]

(I'm not drawing right now so... untell I want to draw take this)

April 18-19 1775

America stood with his minutemen, they faced British soldiers who were armed and loaded. Both sides held their breath waiting to see who would fire first.

America had enough of the British, first, they taxed his people untell they were broke, second after they threw tea into the ocean, they took Massachusetts. One of his people woke everyone up and said the British were coming.

America had a plan, a group here, and another were going to snipe the British to hopefully find the taken state.

But unaware to both sides there was something, no, someone not that far into the pine trees. He walked in circles examining the tall trees close by him sometimes would walk up to touch them. The silhouette then scanned the area to see if anyone was there. They didn't see anyone so they pulled out a pistol and pointed it to the sky.

"BÄ̤NG," It said out loud, it pulled the trigger and multiple other shots from the background.

It begins.

July 4th, 1776

America had his adrenaline fading as he started to feel tiredness sweep him but he tried to focus on what he was doing.

♪All my wolves begin to howl
Wake me up the time is now
Ooh
Can you hear them drumming
Ooh
There's a Revolution coming♪

America turned to his right and saw Confederate singing an unusual song he didn't know. Never the less he gave a, 'really?' look.

Confederate still looked like a shadow, he was still all black with white eyes and mouth but he had dark gray eyes and was fully formed. He had legs, arms, and all the other things a body needs since he was fully formed he wore the same thing as 13 Colonies.

"What? I think the song is good for this kind of scenario."

"Thank you, Confederate." America rolled his eyes then went back to writing on the large paper.

"Oh, you trust me now?"

"Sort of... You're nice to talk to..."

"Oh! You sweet little biscuit out of the fire." Confederate hugged America who felt Confederate's touch.

"Wow, someone is forming." America looked at Confederate who let go. "Wait. If you fully form are you going to... Become an independent country?"

"Well no, we are the same person so... I'm stuck with you." Confederate paused, **"Sadly, I would miss your conversations with yourself."**

America laughed, "I guess that's true." America turned to the page and finishing what he wrote.

"What is this?"

"Something that will permanently make me independent from the Britain Empire." America scanned threw the pages, "It starts with,

'We hold these truths-"

"That seems nice in all but do see how long this is?" Confederate pointed to the long page.

America laughed at Confederate's comment. "Also happy birthday to us..."

America frowned at that last part, **You don't seem happy about that.**

"It's just... First birthday without... The important people in my life."

Don't you just hate that? America gave a confused look, **Your father just... You didn't think running away from home was a big deal... And apparently it isn't.**

"What?"

There are no, 13 Colonies lost reward... In England, I flew there recently. America's heart dropped, **You weren't important to him, you don't hate HIM, he hates YOU!**

America then heard the doors open behind him, he turned and saw Rhode Island enter the room but stop at the doorway.

"Are you talking to someone?" Rhode asked.

"Wh- No." He lied, "I was just looking threw this, America showed his state the large paper.

"What is it?" Rhode come up and looked at the paper.

"I call it 'The Declaration of Independence." America smiled even though he wanted to cry out, *I want to go home! I miss you dad! I don't hate you! Please don't hate me!*

In England

Britain read every last bit of the Declaration that was sent by the Colonies.

"You mean to tell me... They sent me 29 inches by 24-1/2 inches paper calling for their independence?"

"Wow, he's good," Wales said to Northern Ireland next to her. Northern just nodded.

"And brave-"

"Wales!" Britain yelled. "Send our army to the New World to get the so-called independent country."

December 24, 1776

America laid on Rhode Island's bed, he had just been found almost frozen to death. The other states assume that he was the only one to escape from Scotland's clutches. New Jersey wasn't found yet and Massachusetts was still conquered by the UK.

America felt himself dozing off... He shook his head but when he placed his head back down his eyelids wouldn't open when he closed them...

America opened his eyes and he instantly knew where he was, in his dream/nightmare.

"Oh, no... Not this place." He whispered to himself, he looked and he was holding the usual red, white, and blue flowers. America kept them firmly in his hand and looked around.

America was sure that the nightmare was on pause because the flowers did fade yet, the wind's direction didn't change.

13 Colonies looked behind him and saw a large willow tree, he walked to it and looked threw the trees. Silence except for the rustle of the branches and leaves. It was weird that no birds twittered. Colonies looked at the valley, the sun shined at the top of the sky, the grass was very long with dandelions tied in them. The valley was slightly fogged and a river was running threw the mountains.

13 Colonies turned back to the tree and heard snoring, he looked closer in the trees and saw who the thought was Confederate.

"Confederate!?" He called and questioned.

"What? Can't a man sleep peacefully?" Confederate groaned and turned to his other side ignoring America's call.

"What are you doing?"

Confederate growled softly, **"I'm sleeping since you can't get enough of it."**

"Well... Ya, because I'm tormented by this dream every night!" America started climbing up the tree to the Confederate.

"Just ignore it..." Confederate was drifting back to sleep, America pulled himself on a branch and faced the other, America realized something.

"We're in a dream world... We're already sleeping."

"Dang it..." Confederate whispered to himself. America slightly laughed under his breath.

"Can we at least see if we can stop me- us from having this nightmare?"

Confederate sat up.

"Fine... Where do we start?"

America looked at the three flowers, "Well, what do you think the dream is telling us?" Confederate shrugged, "Wow, you... you are a lot of help today." America turned back to the flowers.

He looked closely at the blue flower, "What if I think hard about whatever the flowers represent?"

Confederate groaned and rolled his eyes. America ignored him and thought closely about the blue flower closing his eyes.

He didn't see anything at first then he had a memory play in his mind,

I HATE YOU!

The memory of his last word to his father, 13 Colonies didn't think that his words were that harsh but hearing that and being so far from home made him think otherwise.

"T-The blue flower..." America paused, "It represents my father..." With that the blue flower blew away, America reaches an arm out to grab it but it left. "...He... Blew away..."

Confederate got bored, **"To bad. So sad. Continue."**

America ignored him again and slowly looked back at the remaining two flowers, red and white. He closed his eyes and focused on the red flower, the second one to leave.

I love you both...

America gasped slightly at the memory, "Red... Is, USSR..." The flower cracked, "He cracked... And crumbled away..." The red flower was gone.

America starred at the white flower lost in his sad thoughts.

"NEXT!" Confederate yelled in America's head.

"...Stop...Doing that." America told Confederate. America looked back at the white flower and thought again,

Goodbye, 13...

"Russia..." America saw the flower wilt, "I didn't go with him..."

"Hmmmmmmm, could'a, should'a, would'a." Confederate fell on his back, **"Know that you know the dream. Know what?"**

"...Well, know I know why I was haunted by it so much."

The wind started picking up, "Oh no... I'm waking up."

"Don't worry. I'll still be here..."

I'll still be here...

:::::::::

America woke up to someone hissing in pain. He looked up and saw Rhode Island in pain as he sat up,

"Woah there son." America cringed at his words but had it pass away. "You took a beating."

Rhode looked at him, "What makes you say that?" He choked out. America rolled his eyes and sat on the bed, he put his hand on his cheeks looking at his face to see if he was okay. The two locked eyes and America saw Rhode calm down when they did. America smiled at him.

Then Rhode started coughing violently, America panicked but relaxed when he stopped. Rhode laid back due to his weak state. America wanted to make tell the State he was going to be fine.

"Your lucky to have little injuries." America was slightly interrupted when Rhode sneezed. "But you got a cold."

"Better than NJ-" America saw his state go in a state of shock, "NJ!" America tried calming him down but he kept panicking. "Where, is he? Did you find him? How is he-"

"Woah Woah slow down Ocean State." America touched Rhode's cheek while he started crying. Rhode was talking but America couldn't understand.

"Ocean... OCEAN!" America saw the tears in his eyes, America feared the worst. "Where did you see him last?"

"I-I- uh, um." America felt worried in him grow like a weed. "Trenton!" Rhode finally said. "Trenton New Jersy."

"Ok, good..." America looked to the side in his thoughts and when he glanced at the side he saw Confederate smile, then put his fist in his hand not saying out loud what he meant but America knew what he was saying, 'Are we kicking butt?' America very slightly nodded. Confederate giggled then faded away back into America's

mind.

"We're going to save NJ don't worry," America said as he looked back at the whimpering state.

"Dad, I'm s-sorry." The state started crying again as he moved his legs up to his chest and hands on his face, he could feel the confused gaze of his father on him, "I-I hid from the e-enemy, and w-when I s-s-saw him... NJ... I want t-to save him." He paused, "But I was too s-sc-cared."

The country was shocked but couldn't blame his child. The state was still young and so was the country himself, both had never experienced war or needed to prepare for one. The country thought about when he was a kid and was scared of the dark but know he was scared of gunshots and losing his states.

The states sobbed and the Country sigh, "Ocean I don't blame you for anything."

The state looked up and suddenly felt his father hug him, "I blame the Britain Empire, not you Little Rhody."

The state giggled, "I like that nickname better than Pennsylvania's"

"Really?!" The Country let Rhode Island go and tried to sound shocked, "I think Oil is a good name for her."

They both laughed.

December 25, 1776

New Jersy was drusy from... He wasn't sure. He was fading in and out of conciseness, he moved his head around and tried to move but he couldn't move. NJ's focus was getting better little by little but not fast enough and as he tried to understand what was going on. He realized he was sitting in a wooden chair, his arms were wrapped behind himself, and when he moved he could hear a jingle so he assumed he was wrapped in chains. He moved his head up sloppily and he didn't understand why he was so tired and weak. As he looked around his clothes caught his eyes, they were covered in his blood.

NJ didn't like the sight and was starting to panic as he finally was understanding what was happening to him.

I'm captured! I need to find a way out!

NJ moved his arms and hands but he couldn't get lose. He heard laughing around him and at first, he thought it was his blood loss getting to his head but he looked around. He was surrounded by people and not anyone, the enemy.

NJ saw Scotland himself in front of him laughing as NJ tried to free himself, NJ felt powerless, physically and mentally. His body felt sore, his rising conciseness made him feel pain and his blood loss made him scared.

He felt his head thumping with a headache and not to mention the pain he was feeling where he had scratches, cuts, and he might have had a couple of bullets skin him, or not just skin him...

"Well, well, well." Scotland sloppily walked over to NJ, NJ realized that Scotland was drunk. "If it isn't a..." Scotland was very sloppy with his words and thoughts, "A state- child- thing of... My good friend, Blue." Scotland bent down in front of the state and his focus on the state wasn't all in.

"America will find me!" NJ yelled at him.

The people surrounding him laughed, making NJ nervous. Then he realized something, *Rhode Island!* Rhode was sent as help but they lost either way.

Rhode was the child of the 13 Colonies, always staying close to America and calling him, 'dad' and 'father'. NJ and the rest of the colonies never called America those because America never tried to get at a father's level of love for them. America wasn't a bad person to them but they saw him as a mentor instead, he taught them everything they knew. Hunting, sailing, taxes, fighting and following your heart. Though Rhode seemed to always wanted America to see him as a son.

"Where's Rhode Island!?" New Jersy yelled, Scotland just closed his

eyes and looked to the side as New Jersy screamed. After the state was done the country just smiled.

"It's below freezing out there if my men didn't kill him..." Scotland was processing, "The cold would."

New Jersy panicked and was lost for words, *Rhode can't out there on his own, he can't make it!* New Jersy looked at the ground holding his tears back but they came out anyway. Scotland scoffed and put his hand on New Jersy's chin making the small state look at him.

"You Americans don't know when you need to give up. My Master never likes it when I fail." Scotland let the state go and he looked back at the ground. Scotland walked around the state's chair still slightly stumbling, and still drunk but he could handle it. Well, his walking not his words.

...

New Jersy had been tied to the chair with drunks around him for half the day, he saw something catch his eye. One of the bartenders was a young girl; when she was giving him food he rejected because of his grieving and blood loss when she whispered something to him.

"Tell me what to do... I hate these people." New Jersy slightly gasped at her words then had an idea.

"Alright, listen." New Jersy looked around and saw another girl bartender looking at the two of them, she looked like she was with them as well. "Get them extra drunk and when night comes send word that I'm here with a pile of Brits."

The girl nodded and ran to the back to do her instructions. New Jersy then had a spark of hope in his chest. He felt like his family could win, even though they lost a battle, they hadn't lost the war.

New Jersy then had a strange feeling like he was being watched, though he wasn't surprised he was in the center of the room filled with about-to-pass-out-Brits. But it was something else, the thought made New Jersy look around the room then up and he wasn't sure

what he was looking at. There wasn't much light on the ceiling but New Jersy saw two white eyes and a frowning white mouth, the state couldn't see its body he felt like he should have if it was a person. It saw New Jersy looking at him then smiled, then it looked like it laughed but New Jersy couldn't hear it. Mostly because of the noise around him. The thing leaped down and flew to the door opening it when it left as if it was solid, New Jersy saw that the silhouette was all black and had its black haze followed around it. Make it seem like it didn't have legs.

New Jersy has the thing's smile burned into his mind, *I'm going to have nightmares.*

...

Finally, it was night and most of the people were passed out. New Jersy hoped that no one would try to talk to him since he still felt weak and cold from his blood loss, he started to think he should have given himself food while the girl tried to give him food.

Scotland then came up to the weakly state in such a drunk state, New Jersy had an idea come in his head that America taught him.

"So..." New Jersy smiled because he feels like he has the upper hand even though he was still in chains. "This all-mighty Empire you call Britain, he must have some kind of weakness. Right?!" Scotland processed.

"Waa... No, why would I tell you~?"

New Jersy felt frustrated but kept trying. "It's me, your friend you tell me everything!"

Scotland came up to New Jersy and grabbed him by the shoulders, New Jersy smiled but was scared that Scotland wasn't drunk enough.

"Northern~? Is that you?" New Jersy had no idea who that was but went with it.

"Yes~!" He lied.

"You know... There was only one time I can think of... When The British Empire failed." Scotland laughed and let New Jersy go who thanked the sky that Scotland let him go. "Britain... Had a son." New Jersy flinched at that part, *Son?* "Britain always said they were close... But... Because of Britain's stupidness~" Scotland paused and walked around the state again. "His son went to the sea... And never returned. Most likely dead." With that Scotland took another shot then fell on the floor.

New Jersy had a little sympathy for the Empire now. Losing someone is hard, Rhode's memory floated around New Jersy.

New Jersy sadly sighs then realized how quiet it was, he looked up and saw everyone was drunk and passed out. New Jersy took the chance and tried to get out of his chains but it was no use. New Jersy looked around for the bartender girl but nothing so New Jersy had no other choice but to keep trying to break free. New Jersy thought about what America taught them when they are in this situation.

Before New Jersy could find the right thing to do he heard a loud BANG! New Jersy knew that type of bang, canon fire. The room woke up and the Brits half awake, half asleep either ran outside to fight or stay inside and glared at New Jersy.

New Jersy smiled then felt the strength course threw him as he took the chance of surprise to try one more time to escape. New Jersy thought outside the box like Ameria taught him so he stood up and smashed the wooden chair he was in. His arms were no longer tight so the chains fell off.

New Jersy rubbed his writs in a bragging way and Brits immediately charged at him, the first one tried to punch him if the face but New Jersy was quick enough to move to the right side of them and pushed them from the backside. The Brit still in a drunken state fell onto the floor, the second attacker came in a sprint and hoped to tackle the state but the state turned to the second attacker and did a roundhouse kick. They instantly fell on their back and covered their face. New Jersy didn't see the person behind him and they tackled New Jersy and they both fell on the ground, New Jersy felt one of arms pinned behind him. Before the

person could get NJ's other arm he used the rest of this strenth to roll on his back making the person let go and New Jersy tucked his knees in and kicked the person in the face with both his boots.

New Jersy panted and took the chance to run out but as he ran for the way out another cannon fired (Not that they stopped) and the house he was in fell.

New Jersey heard ringing in his ears and he opened his eyes to darkness except for flashes of muskets and canons. New Jersey realized that the roof was on top of his body but his shoulders and head were free. New Jersey tried to pull himself out but then sharp intolerable pain was felt in the back on his left leg, New Jersy felt all his energy go away as he yelled in pain. He collapses on the wood under him, he could feel his warm blood pour out of him in his leg wound and his head. He felt his head and saw blood coming out, as he saw it he felt so tired. He already had blood loss before this, losing more would be fatal. As he lay there he wished that someone would find him but his thoughts felt like they were taking the last energy he had. New Jersy's eyelids felt heavy and he wasn't sure he was going to make it but then he felt the weight of the roof on him release.

At first, New Jersy thought he died but he looked up and saw America lifting everything off him.

"Come on! Stay with me!" America yelled, picking him up and shaking his state awake. New Jersy let out a weak groan America gasped and cradled New Jersy and took him to safety.

New Jersy took slow breaths as he saw the wreckage around the two of them, his eyes closed even though he knew he needed to stay awake.

America needed to take cover as the firing intensified, he went behind one of the houses. He looked around and saw it was okay to check on his state. America looked at New Jersy his eyes were closed and his breath was shallow. "No no no no!" America lifted New Jersy and tried to wake him but he didn't give a response. America ran out of his hiding spot and ran to North and South Carolina who were trying to help others.

"North! South!" America lay New Jersy on one of the empty beds. South came to New Jersy and looked scared.

"Oh, no!" she said, America felt scared.

"What do you mean?!" South grabbed bandages and started wrapping NJ up. She noticed that he was sensitive to his left leg.

"He has severe blood loss!" South saw a shard wooden piece in NJ's left leg, "North!" She called. North came and saw NJ's condition,

"What do we do?" North asked.

"Hold NJ down while I get this wood shard out of him." America panicked at her words and North obeys.

"America you might not want to see this..." South said to the country, America hesitated but walked out of the tent. South lifted NJ's leg up but before she did anything she looks at her brother and he gives her a nod. South breaths then grabbed the shard, NJ immediately screamed, South hated to hear it but continued to pull it out. It would be easy but the stick was staying in NJ's leg and he wasn't helping either, North held New Jersy down while South knew she had to pull harder. As she did NJ screamed louder, "STOP!" He pleaded. South ignored him and finally pulled the stick out of his leg. North let NJ go and grabbed the bandages to block the blood from gushing out. South starred at the stick with blood at the end of it, she shivered but her heartbeat was still racing.

"Are you okay?" North asked South,

"We need to help him first." She threw the stick and they both helped NJ heal and calm down but every time he breathed he let out a whimper of pain.

America heard the screams of NJ outside and it was very unpleasant, America wasn't sure how North and South could do that to someone. Pull something out of them and listen to their pleads to stop, see all their blood on you. America shivered with his thoughts.

In your thoughts again? America hears Confederate floating around him.

"Ya... We found NJ."

But he's in extreme p̈äïn̈

America sighs, "Theres nothing I can do... Confederate. I feel so..."

Powerless?

"Yes!" America looked at the ground while Confederate stood in front of America.

I have something that can help

America looked up, "What?"

We are the same person, and we can switch control. Instead of you being in control and I'm the shadow. I'm in control and your the shadow.

"That doesn't sound good."

It's not bad! Trust me! If you ever need a little ḧël̈p̈... Tell me. Confederate sounded friendly and sencere.

"Okay... I will." America smiled and Confederate smiled back, "But one question Confederate."

Yes~?

"How did you know were New Jersy was?"

Conferae giggled and that made America nervous, **I looked around. I'm not always in your shadow there are so many other people in the world that I would like to see.**

"Such as?"

No one! Confederate faded away.

America groans to himself while Confederate doesn't say anything to America.

Some people just need to be moved in the right direction, such

as... Oh what was his name... America didn't hear Confederate's words.

‖▁▁▁▁▁▁▁‖

THIS. IS. LOOOONG!

This was soo long I need two parts! UUUUGH!!

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 14 - TEMPTATION (Bloodshot pt.2)

[image]

(This chapter is sponsored by your daily dose of YonderBlue's memes)

[image]

[image]

https://youtu.be/WKJZv5b7R-Q

Animation and memes by me

(These memes are stupid)

December 25, 1776
Location: Russia
Time: 6:30am

Russia tossed and turned in his bed but he wouldn't go back to sleep, Russia's room wasn't lit by any candle but outside with the rising sun and the snow gave a little light. Russia sighs thinking to himself when he feels someone watching him, he wasn't sure where but it burned on him. He sat up and looked around his room but no one was there. Russia grew frustrated then he lay back on his bed and looked at his ceiling. Russia froze at the sight, a silhouette with stabbing white eyes and frowning white frown but when Russia saw it, the thing smiled and flew down closer to Russia a few inches away from the country.

The thing smiled wider then quickly flew threw the door, Russia was still shocked but followed it.

Opening the door and grabbing his grey scarf and followed the shadow which giggled and it echoed threw out Russia's head, he shook his head with the sound but kept running around his house still seeing the shadow.

It turned a corner and disappeared, Russia panted and peered out of the corner. The shadow was facing away from Russia and just

standing there, Russia stepped out of his hiding spot and stood a couple of feet away from the shadow.

Russia stood there with the shadow still not facing him or even thinking he existed.

"Hello...?" Russia said The shadow turned his head,

"Got your attention Russia?" *How does he know my name?* Suddenly the shadow turned his whole body toward Russia and flew in him.

Russia jumped and when the shadow went threw him Russia felt coldness follow it, Russia grabbed himself and saw nothing happened. He looked behind him and saw the shadow disappear in a picture it fogged.

Russia coughed then walked up to the picture on the table, he rubbed the fog clear then jumped again at the sight.

The picture wasn't altered by the shadow. Russia felt his heart race. The picture was of Himself, his father, and 13 Colonies.

The shadow is trying to tell me something. Russia thought for a minute, *13, I need to find him.*

December 26, 1776
Location: 13 Colonies
Time: 9:00am

New Jersy groaned as a light shone on his eyes, he sat up but his stomach was sore with hunger so it slowed him down. NJ looked around, he's in a tent on a bed and no one was in sight. He felt so hungry and thirsty NJ remembered his blood loss and he cringed when he thought of the pain he felt when South had to pull out a wooden shard. He looked at his leg that was stabbed by the wood, it was bandaged good and it was stitched so the bleeding would stop. NJ was surprised he didn't remember getting stitches but it was probably for the best.

"NJ! Your okay!" New Jersy was caught by surprise when a familiar voice called him and wrapped their warm arm around him. He was

confused but then saw their flag.

"R-Rhodey?" NJ gasped. Rhode Island let the hurt state go but grabbed his shoulders.

"It's me, Brother!" Rhode's navy blue eyes gleamed and for once New Jersy wasn't bothered by Rhode's word choice. New Jersy gasped again and quickly hugged Rhode Island back.

"Ow! Not there!" New Jersy let go and Rhode rubbed his shoulder that was bandaged.

"I'm so sorry Rhodey!" New Jersy had panic in his voice but he was relieved the Rhode was still alive.

"It's fine! You're still in one piece so that's all that matters."

"I'm still in one piece!?" Rhode giggled at New Jersy's words, "I thought Scotland's men killed you, or you froze, or you had blood loss, OR-"

"But I'm still here!" Rhode hugged NJ again, NJ sighs then hugs back and was careful of Rhode's shoulder.

"Are you hungry?" Rhode released,

"With no appetite..." New Jersy finished and frowned.

"It's okay! Just eat what you can!" Rhode smiled broader and that made New Jersy slightly smile. "Just lay here and I'll tell everyone your okay just hungry." Rhode turned back and disappeared out of the tent.

NJ yawned and stretched but not his bad leg because he didn't want to make it worse.

NJ didn't have to wait long for Rhode to come back with food after America and the rest escaped from Scotland they were all eating much better but still were sometimes hungry. NJ ate a little, his stomach told him to stop while his mind told him to continue. He didn't want to reject the food in front of Rhodey but if he ate too much he would throw it all up.

NJ finished with half of his meal eaten.

"Is that all you can get?" Rhode asked. NJ sighs.

"Yeah, I feel like I'd throw up, whatever it is I'm eating." NJ looked at the half-finished food.

"That is likely the be squirrel, Virginia was hunting today."

NJ just let out an, "Oh." He paused, "How's everyone else?"

"Uh, well, last night- battle took a little tole on us." Rhode paused, "But we won!"

NJ smiled Rhodey sat by his brother and they talked a little longer.

"We're still in Trenton so that's what's going on outside."

"Oh, I was wondering what was happening outside." NJ looked away from Rhodey for a minute.

"Who knew Scots and Brit got this drunk on Christmas?"

"Wait! Yesterday was Christmas?" NJ paused. "I thought I slept passed it." Rhodey just frowned, "But we got a Christmas miracle." NJ smiled.

NJ looked at his injured leg, he wasn't sure how but his thoughts went to the thing he saw when he was tied up, *the shadow.*

"Hey, Rhodey..." NJ said Rhodey pricked up when his name was called, "Have you ever seen... A... Living shadow?" NJ felt uncomfortable, "You know what nevermind it was probably my blood loss..."

"You saw one of those too?" Rhode asked this made New Jersy nervous, "I'm not sure it was the same one you saw but it... Was disturbing... The vibe was terrible..." Rhode quivered but continued. "I saw it when I was first found from after the battle we both had with Scotland. America just left when I saw... It..." He paused, "It... stared into my soul then left when it detected that I saw it." NJ put his hand on Rhode's none bad shoulder and pulled him close in

comfort.

"Weird..."

"I know... What is it?"

September 11, 1777
Location: 13 Colonies (Pennsylvania)
Time: 10:28
Battle: Battle of Brandywine

America scanned the area to make sure that the British didn't do a sneak attack on them. Though he couldn't see that far because of the dense fog. America sat on a small hill and not paying any attention to his surroundings or looking for the British for that matter. The sun above him but the thin layer of clouds made it so it wasn't too hot. The settle breeze was cold like always, some trees had a lighter color then they naturally should because of the autumn season coming. America had his legs to his chest and his arm on the top of his legs.

America (in his view) was in his dream again. He started going there more, the flowers still went away but that's not why he went there. America went there to think to himself. Himself being him and Confederate.

America sat in his usual place in the long grass field, the red, white, and blue flowers were beside him. He felt like they were asking him to pick them up and make them fade away. He ignored them.

Why so down? Confederate floated above him.

America ignored him and just signs tiredly, he put his head on his arms.

Oh, come on! Confederate complained. **The nightmare is coming night after night deal with it!**

"Go away..." America grumbled. Confederate groaned then floated next to America, groaned louder then put his head on America's shoulder. "What. Do. You. want?"

I want to tell you something important! Confederate stretched out and heavily squishing America under him. America frowned,

"Don't you have anything else to do?"

... Confederate thought for a minute, **well there is one other thing I can do- but I don't want to do that right now.**

"Well then... You can tell me."

Confederate giggled, he straightened himself up. **I visited a certain Russian!**

America prick up when he heard this, "Really? What was he doing?"

That parts not important, I wanted to tell you about what I didn't see. Confederate floated above America and spun around while talking, America was guessing that he had a lot of energy.

"What do you mean?" America's eyes followed his other half.

I did not see one picture of you or... Confederate trailed off, **the country with a hammer and sickle.**

"USSR?" America questioned.

Yes! Him... Confederate trailed off again. **So do you know what that means?**

"No..." America had a bad feeling.

He's trying to FORGET YOU! Confederate yelled in America's head, he was hit with a wave of sadness.

"H-He couldn't- wouldn't." America paused as he felt tears go down, "Not Russia..."

America looked at the white flower beside him, he grabbed it and it immediately wilted. Confederate seemed surprised as well, **I guess we made him unhappy...** Confederate faded away after that.

America opened his eyes and he was back in reality. He sighs

shakily and starts crying to himself.

But as he sat there to himself he heard something quiet. America held his breath for a second and listened, it sounded like running.

Oh, no... the British! He yelled at himself, he got on his feet and looked threw the fog the spotted something he wished he didn't want to see. Silhouettes of the British. America ran back to the camp where part of his army and his state Pennsylvania was.

"Their coming!" He repeated his words, "THEIR COMING!"

:::::::::

Canada walked threw the empty halls in his mother's home, he was walking to his room to have privacy and to complain to himself.

Canada sometimes wanted to scream in frustration with his complicated family, he went back and forth from France to the UK every week. He hated both.

France, his mother, was busy with her work to take care of his brother, sister, and himself. Canada knew she hated New Zealand and Australia because they had their father's flag on them. He, however, was loved by his mother and he hated how the two twins had to do everything for him or their mother would do terrible things to them.

Their father wasn't any better, Britain was usually never seen for days when they were around, and when he was around and the three of them wanted to do something but he would say he was too busy.

Canada grumbled with anger with his thoughts, he just hated both his parents. He wasn't sure his parents knew this but... He still remembers his older brother... 13 Colonies. He hated his older brother, he was the reason this was happening to them. Canada had to be the one to soothe New Zealand and Australia when his parents were fighting even though he was scared of them himself. He protected them from their mother and gave them attention when their father wouldn't.

Canada only had one friend, Ukraine. She was from out of town, she said she was from The Soviet Union but Canada wasn't sure where that was even before it crumbled away. She had to go back to her home to fix things, Ukraine wasn't specific on what kind of fixing to do but she said she needed to find someone. Someone she didn't know existed. Canada was sad to see her go but maybe she'll come back.

Canada opened his door and lay on his bed, he jumped at what he saw above him. A form of a person was on his ceiling, it was all inky black with white eyes and mouth, it giggles childishly then flew around the room, Canada wasn't sure if he should scream or stand there, he chose standing there. The thing moved threw the door and Canada followed it. He wasn't sure what he was doing but he followed it anyway.

The thing went threw another door and Canada opened it, he was in a storage room. Canada saw the dust cover boxes on boxes, he looked for the shadowy thing but it was dark in the room he went threw the room seeing old chairs, desks, and lamps. He then saw it the thing was looking threw the boxes, moving the tops of the boxes to look inside. It threw the tops in random directions not caring if he hit something, Canada hid behind one stack of boxes. The creature looked around then went in a box and disappeared, Canada guessed it found what it was looking for. He walked up and looked in the crate the thing went in, he saw that they were old pictures and believe it or not.

One of the top pictures was of 13 Colonies and him, this made his heart stop for a second then his thoughts trailed off to...

I need to find 13 Colonies, or maybe he'll find me...

Confederate giggled when Canada left with the picture he guided him to, he was satisfied and went threw the floor to a small ballroom.

Not being in a rush he looked around at the detail, spinning around like a girl showing off her dress. But then he heard it.

"You need to stop doing this." Confederate jumped at the voice, he

turned at the figure that spoke.

Oh, it's just you... Confederate tried sounding annoyed but seeing the person made him want to cry.

"You don't need to do this." the figure moved closer to Confederate in a peaceful manner.

Yes. I do Confederate shot back.

"This is not going to help you..." The figure spoke calmly as if he was trying to soothe the shadow to sleep.

Yes, it will!

"No, America it won't"

That's not my name!

"Do you prefer 13 Colonies?"

Stop! Confederate screamed and covered his ears. **Stop calling me that!**

"You're calling yourself something your not, why? You have nothing to fear when you hear your real name..."

I call myself Confederate because 13 Colonies is a hurt boy who thinks his father is going to come and make everything better~!

"Are you referring to yourself or the other half of you...?"

...My old self... My other half will turn to me eventually.

"Why are you so obsessed with that?"

Because he is too weak! Confederate turned away from the figure, **We split because he has dark thoughts in the back of his head. He might look like your sweet little American but-** Confederate turned grabbed the figure by the collar but he didn't pull the figure up because he was taller than the American. **I want you to**

remember I will always be there!

"That doesn't mean your the darker version of him." This made Confederate let him go forcefully and let a 'huff' out. Confederate turned away from the figure.

The figure gave Confederate a pitiful look, "How come you stopped yourself from going home...Like I told you..."

Confederate sighs, **I... Stop asking me questions!**

"You know I'm right, Confederate... You are not alone... You are not a bad person for having bad thoughts... You were given to America for a reason... To help him..."

Confederate turned to the figure with tears but then he brushed the glowing figure aside, **I will help him... Make him not so weak! Father hurt me! Canada doesn't need me! Russia left me without looking back! You broke away!**

"You are tearing yourself apart... Your lying to yourself."

No, I've seen it!

"Then made it worse in your head."

I am going to go threw it... whether you're with me or not!

"What happened to that curious, adventurous, kid I knew?"

HE'S DEAD! He died when he realized he messed up! He couldn't save you! He couldn't save his family! His current family with Russia was fading!

The figure slightly gasped, *"America..."*

LEAVE ME ALONE! Confederate covered his face after he screamed that. **Leave me like you always do. You were Already Gone...**

"Why can only your other half except I'm dead?"

Didn't you hear me?! LEAVE ME ALONE!

The figure faded away, leaving Confederate alone... Like he wanted to be.

I just want to stop hurting...

February 6, 1778

Location: 13 Colonies

Time: 9:38pm

America groaned quietly as he was given how many of his troops had died in the last battle they were in. He couldn't take any more of their deaths, the hope of being independent was fading and he was suffering from battle after battle. Losing so many lives was making America have cold-like symptoms.

America was trying to focus on their next plan but he felt like something was missing. Not in his plans, his head.

Confederate? You there?

Nothing. America sighs then felt his stomach start to turn, he groaned and lay on his desk. He felt like he was going to throw up again. Suddenly he heard his door open but he didn't want to look and see who it was.

"America?" He recognized the voice, New York. NY had worry in her voice, either something was bothering her or she was worried about the older country.

"What is it, New York?" America looked up.

"I have some news."

"If it's bad... I don't want to hear it."

"N-N-No! I-It's good." New York put a note on America's desk he was laying on. America sat up then picked the paper up, and read.

Dear, British Colonies

I am an enemy of Britain himself, I would like to send some of my troops and one of my son's to help you win. We will stay anonymous so that Britain will not know that I helped you.

In return, we don't ask for land but help when we riot against Britain.

"Wait... Someone wants to help..." America looked up at his state.

"Yep! They will arrive today."

America stood up out of his seat. "Really?"

"Yep!" America picked New York up and spun her around.

"Say it again!"

"Yep!" America put her down and smiled.

"Finally... We have some hope!" New York giggled.

:::::::::

America was waiting on the beach for the incoming anonyms country helping, he felt joy when he saw ships in the distance. He hadn't felt this good in a while.

Finally, the ships came to the ocean, the group stayed on the ship only one person came off. Or country for that matter.

"Salut, j'ai été envoyé par un pays qui voulait vous aider à battre la Grande-Bretagne." *Hi, I was sent from a country that wanted to help you beat Britain.* The country was a boy and America had the feeling he knew the language but then again, he could speak any language just by hearing a couple of sentences. The country that spoke to him put his hand out.

America smiled then took his hand, "Merci de votre aide." *Thank you for your help.*

"Wow, tu parles ma langue?" *Wow, you speak my language?*

"I speak much more than..." America trailed his voice off as he

hoped that the country would tell him.

"Sorry, mate you ain't get'n anything out of me." America was surprised by his accent, he had never heard one like that.

"I'm surprised you know English, I thought only... English people spoke it." America was trying to test the country to make sure he wasn't a trap.

"Well... Great Britain himself owns me but so does... The country that sent me, but I side with them." The country had a tricorn hat and when he took it off America could see his flag better.

His flag was a navy blue with six white stars and... America's father's flag. America had a shocked look and the other country notice.

"You alright mate?"

"Uh, yes." America looked down and rubbed his neck.

The six stared country looked back at his troops and signaled them to come down.

"Well since I can't give you my real name you can call me Tasmania." (Tasmania is the island Australia lives on, also Australia isn't a just English country, they speak many other languages).

"Call me 13 Colonies."

:::::::::

America lay on the grass tired to from the battle they went on with his new friend, Tasmania. America sighs.

"You said it, mate," Tasmania says next to 13 Colonies. "That was a rush of adrenaline," He pauses and sat up. "Was your first battle that exciting?"

America sat up with him, "Wait that was your first battle?"

"Well, my first real battle... I had training before this." Tasmania

looked up at the night sky, no light pollution to block the stars, but it also seemed like everyone was blocking them out. Life was making everyone feel like looking up at the stars was a waste of time, and who knew maybe someone was looking back at them.

Tasmania looked back at his new friend with 13 stars and stripes, "Why do you look at me like that?"

America blinked, "What?"

"You look at me like a lost puppy."

America looked away from him and thought for a minute before answering, "Your flag just... Reminds me of someone..."

"Oh... Sorry mate." Was all he could say.

"N-No it's not your fault." America paused, "It's mine."

Tasmania felt uncomfortable and tried to change the subject. "Do you consider yourself independent from o'Britian?"

"Uh... I guess since I'm no longer in their control." America was still looking down and around the forest that surrounded them but not at the stars.

"What's it like..." Tasmania looked back up at the stars while he talked.

"Well... Do you know what a Country Crystal is?" America looked at Tasmania but he didn't look at the other.

"No..."

"Well, basically it's a country puberty." Tasmania looked at 13 Colonies in surprise and confusion. America laughed at his look. "I'm joking... sort of" He whispered that last part, "Basically when you find one of those and when you touch it, you're instantly connected to the land you claim." Tasmania nodded as he listened. "You have to do everything in your power to keep your country strong."

Tasmania was a little quiet in his thoughts.

"Why did you ask?" America said.

"...I'm... Thinking about going away from my home..."

"You're running away!?" America covered his mouth after he yelled.

"How did you know?"

"I'm American, not stupid..." America gave a, 'duh' look. "and I did the same thing."

"What?" Tasmania turned his body to 13 Colonies, curiosity went threw his bloodstream.

America hesitated, "I-I... Listen. I haven't told anyone this story. If you know me, you either don't know my real history or you lived with me threw it. You can't tell a soul." America leans closer to Tasmania to make sure he's listening closely to his words. Tasmania nods. "I... Am a Runaway."

Tasmania was confused then understood what he meant, *he ran away from home*. "I... Was young... I didn't understand fully what was happening." America paused and he spoke slowly and quietly, Tasmania wasn't sure if it was due to him wanting to keep it a secret or if the story pained him. "I came here happy... but then, I realized what I lost."

Tasmania looked at the forest in front of him and thought to himself. "If you want to run away... That's fine, it's your choice." America continued. "But if you do... bring the people close to you, with you." America looked at Tasmania with pain in his eyes, Tasmania looked at the American. "You never realize what you lose... Untell you lost it."

Tasmania and America sat in silence for a minute, "Thank you... I'll keep that in mind."

January 17, 1781

Location: 13 Colonies
Time: 5:00am
Battle: Battle of Yorktown

America waited quietly hidden in the forest hoping he wasn't going to get found, America and his forces had finally surrounded the last of the British in Yorktown and they were doing a sneak attack. America was waiting for the British to come by.

America, New York, New Hemisphere, and Georgia close with him but they were indifferent trees, and yes, they are in trees. They were above a trail that a British patrol was going to pass by. America's other states were elsewhere either with Tasmania or in their group.

America could hear the three states whispering to each other, "Shhhh." America told them and then he heard silence. America looked down from the branch he was on, he didn't see or hear any British coming.

Are you there Confederate?

Yes, why wouldn't I be?

I don't know. Just sometimes you don't respond.

Well, what do you need?

Can you float around and see if the British are coming.

Sure, USA~ Confederate taunted

Shut up and do it

America saw a dark figure go down from him to the street, it was Confederate. He looked side to side then went down one side of the trails.

America softly groaned it was early, and sleep is never his friend. The sky was a light blue but other then torches coming from the nearby city it was dark. America had one hand on a branch to balance himself while the other gripped a musket. He was squatting down on the branch and slightly shacking from the morning air and the fear of falling out of the tree.

I see them. Their coming in close. Confederate flew back up to

America and went inside him, America quivered when Confederate did that.

"Psst! States of America!" America said quietly but loud enough for the states to hear him.

"What?" New York called back.

"The British are coming. Get ready." He heard nothing so he assumed that they heard.

America then heard stomps from a group and America gripped his musket tightly and lean forward so he could jump off easily.

Waiting...

Waiting...

Waiting...

Still waiting...

BASH...

America jumped off his branch and landed on the horse on of the generals were on, before anyone could react America shot the rider (who fell off) then tried to stay on the horse as it went wild with the sound. He let out an "Eep." as the horse ran off. New York followed the country but landed on the side and started shooting, New Hemisphere, and Georgia were right next to New York.

Finally, the group was dead. New York sigh in relief but then didn't see America. She turned to New Hemisphere and Georgia who high fived each other. "Were's America?" Both shrugged then New York panicked when she heard galloping from a horse behind her, she turned and faced the sound with her gun pointing at it but put it down when she saw it was America riding it.

"Sorry about that... This horse got a little wild." America stroked the horse's mane. New York rolled her eyes but got on the horse along with Georgia but New Hemisphere was stopped.

"Woah Woah, little girl. You need to be at least this high to ride the merry-go-round." America joked, NH frowned, and got on anyway. NH was the second smallest boy beside Rhodey. NH was also taunted as a girl for pure entertainment. NH was a male.

"Sometimes I wonder why I can't be tall." NH sighs, Georgia pat his back with pity.

"I wish I could go back to bed but we all don't get what we want." America rode off.

They paused when they heard gunfire but after considering where to go they continued.

The gunfire right threw the thin trees, America decided to leave the horse there and they walk into the battle.

"That sounds bad... To just walk in?" Georgia said hopping off the horse.

"Well, Theodosia would runoff," America replied.

"You named it...?" New York said.

"Yes, after Aaron Burr's wife/daughter. I can't name it Hamiltion, that guy won't stop singing. Or writing. Or writing while singing." America looked to the side wondering if he should get Hamiltion help.

Yes, please... My ears still hurt from when he sang Helpless.

America ignored the Confederate.

"Come on, Tasmania and the rest are cornering the British." America grabbed his musket and so did his states and they ran toward the gunshots.

America didn't have a plan when they came in but they improvised, America saw a Brit on top of New Jersy so he shot the Brit and the two took cover by a fallen tree.

"Don't lose your leg," America said going out of his hiding spot and

firing before coming back down.

"That was one time!" NJ pauses to fire then turns to America, "And I didn't lose my leg."

America laughed then ran out of his hiding spot. NJ smiled before going in the opposite direction.

America ran toward Tasmania who was cornered by two Brits, America put one hand on a bench that Tasmania was close to, America jumped over the bench and kicked one the Brits while having his other hand bash the other Brit in the face.

America panted and helped Tasmania up, "Thanks, mate." America smiled and looked around ignoring all the gunshots mixed with canon shots.

"We might just win this," America said.

"Don't get your hopes up." Tasmania joked. America laughed then ran off.

America was closer in the town with his troops, Tasmania's troops, Tasmania, and his states following and taking down the British.

America was hiding in an alleyway hoping to cross over to the other street to cut off any Brit trying to escape but then he felt... Something.

Were's Scotland? His troops are failing, he's the leader. He should be here.

America watch out! America turned around quickly and saw Scotland punch him in the face.

America fell to the ground and dropping his musket, America's vision blurred but he shook his head and saw his musket three feet away, America reached for it but got kicked in the face. "Ah!" America covered the side of his face and got on his knees. When he touched the mark on his face it sting and blood came out of the side of his face. He took deep breaths to help with the pain as the stinging faded but his head was thumping.

America felt his hair get grabbed and pulled, America yelled and grabbed Scotland by his arms hoping to get the pulling less painful. America was being dragged out of the alleyway and back where he came from.

America was being dragged too fast to make himself get up and before he knew it Scotland picked him up and put him in a chokehold with one arm. America moved his hand on Scotland's arm choking him and tried to pull away, he was sure he would be able to with his strength and Scotland using one arm but then he heard it.

A gun cock.

America's heart stopped for a second with terror. America glanced to his side and saw Scotland with a gun to America's head.

"NOBODY MOVE!" Scotland yelled. "OR YOUR REVOLUTION IS OVER!"

America was facing the side but was jerked to the front so that his companions could see his face.

America saw his followers look at his in horror as their leader was pinned. He gave a scared look back.

America saw every one of the 13 Colonies and Tasmania's group drop their gun while the British cheered but America couldn't hear.

Everything was muted out an America only saw his 13 Colonies' faces.

He saw Rhode next to New Jersy both horrified and close to each other, they had a good a bond after the battle of Trenton. Virginia, the first, the one who was patient with him when USSR first went away. Tasmania his first close friend after Russia and he always help him with getting nothing in return. New York, the hard worker. South Carolina, the one hit the hardest in this war. North Carolina, always helping his sister when she needed it.

America felt something hit his head hard on the side. He blacked out.

January 17, 1781

Location: 13 Colonies (Yorktown)

Time: 7:00pm

"Wakey! Wakey! Little American!" America slowly opened his eyes then saw...Scotland.

America remembered what happened he was sitting so he tried to stand but his arms were tied behind him. He wouldn't let that stop him but he didn't budge.

Scotland laughed then smacked America across the face, "There is no point in struggling." He paused as he moved closer to America and looking to his in his gray eyes. "I think it's time to stop your little rebellion." Scotland backed away.

"Where am I!?" America demanded Scotland turned away from America to a table.

"Still in Yorktown, just in the street you blackout in." America felt pain in his head when he said that, America assumed that Scotland didn't shoot him but hit him with the gun.

America felt a soft wind where he was and could smell the ocean in front of him. They were in the rocky street and houses were on the side of them with their lanterns lit for light. The lanterns were the only light source but both countries could see just fine. Behind them were boxes filled with the 13 Colonies' guns and weapons.

America struggled again as Scotland had his back turned away and mocking America's silly plan to have a revolution.

I got you, let me see... Confederate went out of America then looked at the chains he was wrapped in. **Oh~ Chains, me likey <3. Move to the right.** Confederate instructed.

America obeyed his shadow but watched Scotland making sure he didn't turn. He didn't listen to what Scotland was saying.

Left... Up... Left again... Right, a tad... Okay, you just need to

grab the chains so it won't fall to the ground.

That's okay because I'm going to tackle Scotland where he stands. America dropped the chain and they made a clatter then America ran for Scotland but then he heard something he wasn't expecting.

Bang.

America breathed then felt intense pain in his side, he fell on his knees and his hand grasped where the pain was, blood was gushing out and it hurt to breathe.

America was wide-eyed as he looked up and saw Scotland with a pistol in his hands, smoke was coming out. America gasped with each breath and he shook as he saw the bullet hole in his side.

America whined and felt tiredness sweep him, he was in serious pain, his heart was beating fast, he shook with shock and pain, he fell on his side. Still gasping for breath but his lungs didn't want to breathe anymore, he coughed and it hurt his gut which was on fire and his throat which was warm as blood came out his mouth. He lay there praying for it to stop.

"I'm sorry Blue... But orders, are orders." Scotland's words spun in America's head as dizziness came in with blood loss. He desparingly covered his wound for dear life and closed his eyes with pain and tiredness.

Remember... I can help you... Confederate floated in front of America's view. **Let me...**

No... I know what you'll... do...

But the pain would stop... Isn't that what you want?

America inhaled half choking on his blood coming up his throat, then exhaled shakily.

Fine... Do it...

America blacked out but heard Confederate laughing all around him.

He wasn't sure what was happening, it was like he was half awake, half asleep. America giggled as he felt the pain release and his strength come.

Why am I laughing?

He stopped covering his wound and get on his hands, he looked at the ground and his vision cleared, one of his hand was covered with his blood while the other wasn't as bloody. He could hear again, and he heard Scotland gasp.

"How...? You're bleeding out!?" Scotland saw America look at him with a crooked smile and put one of his feet down and got up. He wasn't very balanced but after a second he was steady as if he was never shot.

Scotland took a step back with shock but pulled himself together and raised his pistol and pulled the trigger but America was quick and dodged it by leaning to the side.

Scotland gasped again and America watched the bullet race past him and heard it whistle. He saw it hit a box behind him, America looked at the box fall of the stack then looked back at Scotland who was lost for words.

America stared at him with his eyes burning with anger.

America and Scotland ran to each other in hand on hand combat. Scotland tried to punch America but America ducked down and Scotland lost balance for a second, Scotland realized he missed so he turned to face America then tried to run-punch but America did the same thing. Scotland was angered so as America was behind him Scotland tried a roundhouse kick but America grabbed his leg. Scotland gave another shocking look as America used all his power to throw Scotland into the box of guns.

America coughed as wood/dust came out of where Scotland had been thrown, America walked toward Scotland who had a wood shard in his shoulder. America waved his arm to move the dust out of his face and Scotland grabbed and pulled the shard out of him he yelled as it came out. Scotland looked at the wood with anger then

drop it and pulled his pistol out to shoot America again. Before Scotland knew it, as he shot America moved Scotland's arm out of the way making him miss, America punched Scotland in the face. The gun dropped and America pinned Scotland on the boxes. Scotland faced America and tried to not show his pain, he struggled but America had one hand on Scotland's wrist and America used his other arm to push Scotland's chest and arm. Scotland tried to move his hand but when America saw Scotland move it he grabbed a strong wooden shard and thrust it into Scotland's hand.

Scotland gasped then yelled in pain as the wood went threw his skin, he fell on his knees and his non-hurt hand grabbed his wrist close to his hurt hand.

"You shouldn't have tried to kill me"

Scotland looked up and saw America grab his shoulder, but America's eyes were pitch black with dark gray eyes. Scotland was sure that America's eyes weren't that way but then he felt the ground disappear as he was thrown into the chair America had previously been tied to.

Scotland felt a sharp pain in his hand, elbows, and shoulder. Scotland was too weak to move so he lay there.

He then tried to move and he was able to sit up but then saw America holding the chain he was previously tied to. America had an angry look with those dark eyes. Scotland panicked and tried to crawl away but then felt a whipping sound and he felt intolerable pain in his back, his back was bleeding and so was his shoulder, hand, and he had scratches everywhere due to being thrown around. Scotland fell to the ground and tried to focus on his breathing to help with the pain. He hoped someone would help him.

America starred at Scotland's unmoving body, he felt panic, *did I kill him?*

No, not yet, I want you to...

America felt awake like his body decided to wake up for the day.

I can't do that! America gripped the chains tightly.

Yes, you can!

He doesn't deserve it.

Come on champ!

He didn't do anything wrong.

He imprisoned you! Just like Father!

America paused and put his hand on his head as he talked with Confederate who was yelling and echoing in his brain.

Dad wouldn't have me do this...

America opened his eyes and glanced at the chain whip and dropped it.

Dad taught me better.

America starred down at Scotland who still hadn't moved, he examined every injury he had knowing that he caused it. America walked slowly to Scotland who opened his eyes and turned on his backside but as the pain set in he sat up and starred at America in fear.

Scotland closed his eyes ready to feel death but he didn't feel anything. Not pain at least.

Scotland opened his eyes and saw America had his hand out, Scotland watched for a second then took his hand.

America felt Scotland's weakness so he put Scotland's arm on his shoulder, they did this in silence. Not a word.

America walked Scotland away from the town an to a hill. They both fell on the cold grass. They overviewed the quiet ocean and fireflies flew around and they lay on an old oak tree. The grass was a nice cold. America didn't see before but the sunset was still slightly there. Beyond the sea, there was an orange that faded to a

dark blue, and the blue faded to black. The light pollution wasn't too strong so the two could see the stars.

"Thanks..." America heard Scotland say. America nodded in acceptance.

"You know... This is where I come when I'm homesick." America moved his leg close to him and rested his arms and head on them. "I come here often."

"That... Sounds nice..." Scotland paused, "I miss my home as well... The rain mostly. Here is only rain normally."

America weakly laughed. Then they both turned back to the sea and stars.

"SCOTLAND!" America and Scotland turned to the side of them and America saw an unfamiliar country coming toward them.

Scotland saw who it was and stood up he stumbled a little America tried to help but Scotland turned him down. Scotland was able to walk to them, "Wales...? How did you get here?"

"I have wings that work!" she paused, "What are you doing!? Britain told you to surrender three days ago then we get a letter from you saying, and I quote... 'NO'!"

"Hello, Wales! Bleeding out!"

The two talked- yelled for a minute and America slowly made his way to them but then he felt it again.

America took a step then fell due to his sudden weakness and pain. He glanced down and saw his bullet wound bleeding again but faster.

Everything went black.

America opened his eyes and he was in a pitch-black room somehow standing, in font his he saw his shadow.

"Confederate...?"

The shadow had an angry look then America saw color come to the country. He had a flag know, a blue X with white stars following it and the rest was red but between the red and blue was white.

Confederate turned away, walked away, then faded away.

America was back to sleep... Wondering what Confederate meant with that look.

I don't know if your listening... But I want you to hear me...

America is too stupid to realize that you are the one invading us. And you don't realize your United Colonies is us. And to think Scotland almost killed us.

I don't want to kill or hurt America, he is me, and we feel the same pain. Physically and mentally.

Confederate looked at his hands, feeling the tears come.

Like the same pain, we felt when we fought you. I was all honest when I said that I hated you! You said you loved me when I was a kid! Said that I was perfect! But You were telling lies!

Why else would you send USSR to his demise instead of telling him to stay and spend the rest of his life with people he loved!

You must have been jealous that I was so close to the Soviet, I told Soviet everything! I escaped your prison to be happy with Russia and USSR!

Sending USSR away was the only way to get you to love me.

He clenched his fists in rage.

But that wasn't enough for you...!

You want the world!

America is too weak for his good. I am different from him. I am strong, clever, in the shadows, there when you think you're

alone, but most importantly... Willing to do what the 13 starred Country isn't willing to do.

What is that? He smiled

Put his misery to an end, he thinks he needs to find his dear loved ones- But NO! He needs to end them!

Kill them slowly until their last words are them begging for mercy!

Especially THAT! Excuse for a father! YOU PUT ME IN THE DARK! HURT ME FOR YOUR OWN HEART'S CONTENT!

The rouge country breathed to calm himself. He spoke in a calm voice.

LISTEN TO ME WHEN I SAY!

Dear old father,

When I come to the UK... You are not going to be the one...

PULLING THE STRINGS!

E N D O F P A R T 1

‖———‖

THIS DOES NOT MEAN THE RUNAWAY IS OVER!

this means it's the end of part 1.

I have 2 parts as a whole. I separate my stories in two parts for 2 reasons:
1. To be organized with the plot.
2. To tell myself that part 2... Needs to get real crazy! And it will.

So in the meantime, I would like to do a Q&A. I think I should do this because I might not be making sense with some parts so I would love to hear if y'all have any questions about The Runaway or even about ME, (just nothing too personal).

And if you want I'll do a couple scenes drawn out or made into memes. Just request which ones you would like.

And thank you for reading this book and every one of my weird author notes! Y'all are the best.

Last thought, Part 1 inspired by this song:

https://youtu.be/oWA4TddxXG4

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 15 - Coming Home

[image] [image]

I told myself to make this chapter short... But that didn't happen.

??? ??, ????
Location: ???
Time: ?:??

Britain walked threw the garden he had with the Buckingham Palace. He enjoyed the blooming flowers that grew threw the ivy and bushes. He doesn't come threw the place much anymore but he was glad he decided to visit for a while.

the sunny air mixed with the cold breeze made the moment perfect. Birds tweeted in the trees and a birdbath wasn't far, the spring air told everyone that baby birds were cozy in their nest waiting for the food to come. Britain didn't pay mind to that because he had his own to find.

He moved passed statues, bushes cut into square shapes, openings in the garden that lead to more and more places to be.

Britain turned a corner and he saw a little boy sitting on a bench that faced away from Britain. The bench faced a clear field with a couple of flowers here and there. The boy looked like he was looking at the clouds, Britain sighs quietly, walks to the boy, and sits by him.

The boy looked at Britain in surprise, then smiled when he saw who it was.

"Hi, Dad!" Britain smiled back.

"Hello, America." He paused and they both looked at the clouds. "What are you looking at?"

"The clouds!" America pointed up. "That one looks like a boat!"

Britain looked and saw it.

"Oh, Yes, it does." Britain looked back at his son, he looked slightly bored. "Is something bothering you?"

America sighs, "I keep having this dream..." America glances at a blue flower close by. "It scares me."

Britain frowns, "So you've been having a nightmare every night?"

America nods.

They sit there in silence. Then Britain thinks of something.

"Come here!" Britain says playfully then scoops America in his arms. America shrieks then it turned into laughing, Britain started tickling him. "No nightmare can stop me or you!"

America giggles, "How?"

Britain thought for a minute, "We'll fly away!"

America smiled wide they both laughed together. "What are we going to see first?" Britain put him down beside him.

"Well, there are waterfalls, oceans, mountains and so many more we have to concur!"

Britain pulled America close.

Their words were about where they wanted to go, but then they faded away.

:::::::::

Britain sat up fast due to his dream. He gasped, and started panting, he touched his chest and realized it was a memory. Britain looked around and saw he was in his room alone.

Britain looked at his hand and saw it was shaking, then a teardrop fell onto his hand. He slowed his breathing then he pulled himself onto a ball and cried.

Why can't I let you go? You're gone. I need to accept that. Britain cried more. *But I just can't seem to think your dead.*

January 18, 1781
Location: 13 Colonies (still Yorktown)
Time: 9:00am

America slowly opened his eyes but then the sunlight made him cover his eyes with his hand then sit up. His eyes took a minute to adjust when they did he looked around and saw that he was in a room. America was unfamiliar with the room, there was a window

on his right side and the shone right threw, warming the room. America was on a bed with a nightstand on his left side and an unlit lantern was on it with bandages and medical tools. America shivered as he looked at the bloody tools, he sort of remembered people around him trying to get the pistol bullet out of him. America pushed the memories out of him. He kept looking around, a closed-door was on the left side of him and that was it. The room was dull.

America felt his hand on his side and when he looked he remembered what happened. He was shot and blood was gushing out, America let out a shaking breath as he remembered. America looked at his wound, it was covered with bandages and he could see some blood-stains on the bandage and his clothing. America looked at both his hands and could feel how weak they were. *Blood WAS gushing out*, he told himself.

America sighs and hugs himself as he feels cold. The door opened and Amerca sort of recognized the country that had talked to Scottland before he passed out.

"Oh... I wasn't expecting you to be awake yet." She said America saw the dragon wings behind her.

"Uh... Well... I am." He gave a weak giggle. She gave a nervous laugh. She walked up to America.

"How are you feeling."

"Uh, weak, hungry, tired... and wondering what happened and who are you?" America rubbed his neck, he didn't feel very comfortable.

"Oh! Of course, I'm Wales, I'm apart of the Britain Empire. Who surrendered." Wales smiled seeing 13 Colonies' comfort. She slightly jumped when he started yelling.

"Wait, what! You surrendered?!" America smiled.

"Um, yes... So congrats to your independence-"

"Hahaha! Take that Britain am I too much for you?! Oh! I wish I could see your face!" America paused as he looked at Wales. "Uh, no

offense."

Wales sighs, "It's fine." Wales said boredom was in her voice.

"Also hows Scotland." America settled down and decided to go casual for the conversation. After he asked he started to get worried, Scotland wasn't in the best condition when he passed out and they were just becoming buddies.

"Well... He's better than you to be honest. His hand will heal since Countries are part starfish, he has some of his back torn open, he looks like he was tossed around endlessly." America let out a 'hm' to try and act like he didn't throw him around. "A couple of scratches but other than that, he's okay." Wales smiled. America felt a little disturbed by this.

"Thanks, Wales, are any of my states injured?"

"Not really," Wales assured him. America sighs then tries to get out of bed. "Woah! Woah! Woah! What are you doing?!" Wales went to America's side.

"Uh, getting up." America was confused.

"You have severe blood loss! Not to mention you got shot!" America felt surprised, no one had ever cared about him in this kind of way. "You need to take it easy," Wales said calmly.

"O-Okay. What can I do then?"

"Blood loss in the 1700s can only be cured by one thing." Wales was talking like the cure was rainbows.

"What is it?"

"Rest," Wales said seriously.

"Oh. I thought it was a blood transplant." Wales ignored him.

"You need to rest so that your body can make more blood."

"Fine..." America complained then lay back on the bed, Wales sigh

then walks out to the door, she stopped and looked at America. "You surprised me... you had blood loss, and a wounded that looked painful...but you lived anyway... You're tough... You must have a strong will to live." Wales left.

America thought about her words, looking up at the ceiling and guess who was there.

"Confederate?!" He tried to be quiet. "Are you part spider? You hang on the ceiling a lot."

Confederate rolled his eyes and didn't answer. America kept trying to get Confederate to talk but Confederate turned away from him being inches away from the ceiling.

"Come on Confederate talk to me." The ghost felt angered then quickly flew down in front of America's face.

You want to know why I'm ignoring you!? I told you to kill him but your heart got in the way!

America didn't understand why he was this angry.

"I can't just kill someone!"

Yes, you can! You just do it!

"No! You can't just do it!" America shot back.

You wimp!

"Name-calling? Really?"

It's true! You need to GROW UP! Father isn't ever going to come and save you! We hate him! He hates us!

America was quiet and they both looked at each other with hurt eyes; America's were more hurt.

Just leave me alone! Confederate flew higher in the air then disappeared.

America curled himself up in a ball and softly cried and murmured to himself. "I-I don't hate him anymore... I want to go home... But how?"

:::::::::

Tasmania watched the French starting to pack to go back to their homeland, he didn't want to leave yet he had so much fun with 13 Colonies. He was going to go home to a boring family and New Zealand but here he had someone who understood him. He couldn't understand.

"Hey!" Tasmania turned and saw it was 13 Colonies, he looked tired and he had bandages on his side that had a faint sign of blood.

"Uh, 13 Colonies are you supposed to be here?"

"Uh... screw Wales! I don't need to rest!" 13 Colonies didn't sound right.

"Is that blood loss getting to your head?"

"Maybe..." 13 Colonies was losing balance, Tasmania helped him stay up. "Thanks, Tasmania."

"It's all good mate, you not that heavy, maybe even a little light."

"No, I mean thanks for helping me win the war." America was able to stand on his own, he felt a little pain in his side as he moved. He held his side. "I couldn't have done it without you."

Tasmania smiled, "Aw shucks mate, it was nothing." He paused, "I have to thank you."

"For what?"

"For teaching me about life. I will go home and grab my sister and we'll both runaway free."

"What about your parents?" America was now focused.

"They both don't care about me or my sister, they like my brother

more." Tasmania frowned, 13 Colonies put his hand on his shoulder.

"If your sure, then go for it!" both smiled. 13 Colonies put his hand out. "It was nice knowing you Tasmania."

"Hehe, call me Australia," he replied.

"Australia?"

"That's my real name mate."

"But I tho-"

"I don't care, I just hope our paths cross again." Australia took 13 Colonies hand.

"Well then Australia, call me America, MY real name."

"Oh! I new 13 Colonies wasn't your real name."

"Not you didn't..." America and Australia let go, America laughed.

"Yeah... Your right." Australia shrugged. They stood there in silence for a minute.

"As I said before, I hope our paths cross again."

"Me too," America watched as Australia ran down to the boats to leave.

January 20, 1781
Location: France
Time: 12:00pm

France grumbled under her breath.

"Is everything Mom?" France turned and saw Canada.

"Oh, yes everything is fine." she paused so that she could stand up and face him. "Just a couple of problems with these Colonies your father has."

Canada processed, "What's going on?" They both started walking

threw the halls.

"Nothing much but they luckily got independence from Britain. I'm hoping they might be able to help us when we attack Britain."

Canada smiled unsurely, he didn't want his parents to go to war even though he hated both of them. "I hope everything works out fine." France smiled at her son.

As the two walked they walked toward the front double doors they saw New Zealand waiting by the door.

"What are you doing Zea?" Canada and France stopped. New Zealand turned her head to them.

"Oh waiting for my cue!" She smiled, France was about to scold her but was cut off.

The door in front of the three countries was slammed open to reveal- oh- Australia.

"Guess who's back!" Australia yelled. New Zealand smiled while the other two were confused.

"Hi, Australia." Canada greeted.

"Ahoy, mate," Australia replied, he looked at New Zealand who smirked at him. France was angered when he whispered something to her. New Zealand ran off to another room.

"What is going on?" She walked toward the smaller country.

"Beeeeefore I get to that," Australia paused and reached in his pocket. "How are you?" Australia was acting weird.

France was caught by surprise. "Uh... Okay? The United Colonies isn't going to help me with my battle with Britain."

"Good you do that..." Australia trailed off as he heard New Zealand.

New Zealand came screeching into the room with two bags in her hands. France was confused, as well as Canada who had just been

watching.

"What is this?" She said coldly.

"I am going away." New Zealand punched his arm, "I mean we are going away."

New Zealand started laughing, "Oui, are leaving." the twin started laughing their heads off. (Admit that was a good one)

"What do you mean. Leaving!?" Canada approached the two who calmed down.

"We. New Zealand and I are independent from you because if that rascal I met can get independence. So can I- We."

"You can do no such thing!" France yelled at them, Australia and New Zealand just smiled.

"Oui, can." With that, the two grabbed the two bags that were on the floor and ran off laughing at each other.

"COME BACK HERE YOU TWO!" France yelled but the two kept running. She sighs then turns behind her. "Canada, I'm sorr-" She stopped herself when she didn't see him. She looked around the room but she didn't see him, two guards came into the room.

"What happened ma'am?"

"Two of my kids ran off, send others to make sure they don't get far."

The two tall humans did as they were commanded. France sighs then heard doors open and close on another side of the house. She walked toward it and found herself in front of Canada's room door.

She knocked lightly then heard, "Leave me alone..."

"Canada, come out."

"No!"

"Then let me in."

"..."

France sighs again. "I'm sorry if Australia and New Zealand going away reminded you of... Him." France couldn't hear anything but a little rustling. "I'm not sure you even remember him..." France talked slowly to think about America was still hard. "I wish I could heal our family... There are so many things I wish I could just...Fix! But the world doesn't work that way." France paused. She still didn't hear anything so she looked at the door nob. "Canada...?" She opened the door and was not expecting what she saw.

Or didn't see.

Where's Canada? She looked around and saw clothes on the floor and the window wide open. *Oh, no. Not again.*

:::::::::

The cold air of January was frigid and there was snow on the ground, soft laps of waves crashing on the dock followed by boats coming and going, in and out of France.

Australia and New Zealand waited in line nervously as others bored the boat. They both knew that France would try and hunt them down. Australia looked down at his sister, she was scared, constantly looking around. He sighs hoping that they can make it on without anyone being suspicious. New Zealand and Australia locked eyes, Australia wasn't sure what to do, he wanted his little sister to be calm but he wasn't calm himself. He smiled and New Zealand softly wined with nervousness. Australia pulled her close.

"I promise no one is going to touch you," Australia whispered to her.

"How can you be sure? France is going to hunt us down." She wailed inaudibly.

"Remember when we hid every time France was going to hurt us?" New Zealand nodded. "This time we're getting a better hiding spot where she won't find us."

New Zealand softly laughed, "We were terrible hiders." Zeal half-joking, half-serious.

"You mean Oui, are terrible hiders." They both laughed then heard a commotion behind them the both turned in fear.

"Did she find us already!?" Australia hid Zeal behind him while he tried to see what was happening.

Someone stepped threw the crowd.

"Canada?" Australia said in disbelief, he had his usual brown, yellow, orange sweater for the January winter. He had a bag over his shoulder.

"Why didn't you two tell me you were leaving?" He complained.

Australia looked at Zeal and she looked at him. Australia rubbed his neck, "We weren't sure that you would want to come." Canada gave a confused look. "Look, mate, Mom loves you more than anything and if we told you that we were leaving... We were scared you would hate us and tell her before we got the chance. We understand if your here to take us back to her..." Australia looked down.

"I am not going back!" Canada told him, he walked closer to his brother. "I love mom, our home, how I'm treated...but if she can't love you two the right way and I'm not doing my job to help you like the big brother I am... We don't belong here."

Australia and Zeal smile and the three of them hugged. When they released Canada smiled, "Fine, oui don't belong here." Zeal giggled. "Also," Canada said reaching into his bag, "You don't want to forget this." Canada pulled out a dark brown digger hat with a blue and orange feather on it.

"Oh! Thanks, mate," Australia took it and put it on his head. "I knew Zeal was going to forget it." Australia playfully glared at Zeal.

Suddenly someone was on the boat calling to all the people in line, counting the three countries.

"France has commanded us to look for her three children! If you see

them tell the officers immediately!" Two strong-looking people were behind the captain and they glared at the people in line. Murmurs were surrounding the three, Australia wished countries didn't stand out so much from regular humans. Zeal hid behind Australia in fright and grabbed his hand with both of hers

"Come on!" Canada ran out of the crowd and Australia held on to Zeal as he leads her away. Canada looked around and hoped that he didn't take a wrong turn that might corner them.

They stayed close to the docks hoping that there might be a boat they can get on. They were running threw ally ways passing boxes and other people.

Canada kept running forward but glanced behind him to make sure that Australia and Zeal were behind him, they were. Australia wasn't sure where Canada was going and he was worried that the two of them wouldn't be able to keep up so he held Zeal's arm tight. Zeal looked back still being half dragged and saw people chasing them.

"Australia!" She pointed to the guards running after them, Australia panicked and started running faster.

The three turned a corner and had to quickly stop. They were at a dead-end, Canada looked around and saw boxes leading up to the roof of the buildings. "Come on Zeal!" Canada picked her up and lifted her onto one of the boxes and she began to climb.

"Careful!" Australia yelled at her while Canada helped him up. The boxes wiggled as they pulled themselves around and up.

Canada was about to jump up on to the crates but then felt someone grab him, he looked back to see one of the guards had caught up. Canada yelled and tried to get himself free but the guard had a good grip on him.

Australia and Zeal made it to the top but heard Canada yell, Australia turned and saw they caught Canada.

"Australia we have to help him!" Zeal told him.

"How?" Australia asked. He looked around and then he saw it.

Canada was struggling more when the second guard caught up, Canada was ready to give up but then heard Australia yell to him. "Canada! Duck!"

Canada hesitated but then saw something in Australia's hand so he tugged and was able to duck down.

He heard one of the guards grunt as he heard something hit him then yelling. Canada felt the grip on his realize so he got up then climbed up the crates.

Once he got up he panted, "What did you do?" Canada realized that the twins were looking over the edge and laughing at the guards. Canada followed them and understood what happened.

One of the guards had a spider on his face and a big one, the other was beating his buddy with a stick trying to smash the spider.

Australia gigged under his breath the spoke, "They'll be here forever." Canada laughed with Zeal.

"Come on." Canada guided the two away from the edge and to the other side of the roof, then down to the ground.

They walked slowly because they felt relaxed. They were right by the ocean and the docks looking for one boat to hide on. Australia and Zeal were laughing about their usual twin jokes.

"Did you hear about the identical twin police officers?" Australia asked.

"No." Zeal replied.

"They were... cop-ies." Australia and zeal started laughing hard.

"That was a good one Copy." Zeal said to her brother.

"You to Paste." Australia punched Zeal's arm.

While Canada was thinking about what France said before he

jumped out the window. *I'm sorry if Australia and New Zealand going away reminded you of... Him.* France's words repeated in Canada's mind. He understood who she was talking about. 13 Colonies.

Canada felt anger and sadness, it was hard to have emotions. He hated him for leaving but he just had sadness for leaving as well and he was dead. Canada softly groaned, "Are you okay Canada?" Australia's voice woke Canada.

"Oh, just worried about, stuff..." Canada left the details out.

"Wow! very specific." Zeal said. Canada just softly laughed it off then he hears yelling behind him. He looks behind him and it's the two guards again, "Those two just don't give up!" Zeal said before running with her brothers.

After running for a little bit Australia saw that Canada was looking around frantically, "Canada where are we going?"

Canada hesitated, "I...I'm not sure." Canada looked ahead and saw one small boat that they might be able to hide on and escape. "This way!" Canada saw Australia grab Zeal again. Canada turned a corner into an alleyway, many people moving around and shuffling boxes it was a perfect advantage to slow the two people chasing them. Canada made sure that he took an easy enough way so that Australia and Zeal could make it threw and the two people would be slowed down.

Finally, they were able to get out of the crowd but they had to hurry, Canada leads the twins to the boat that they could hopefully get on.

Australia is unsure about going there but they didn't have any other choice, the three of them hid behind a wall as people passed by, Canada held Zeal close and he held Australia's hand. Canada wasn't sure if it was him, keeping Australia close, or the fear that he would be swept away.

"...Canada?" He heard Australia ask. He turned his head, "Are you sure we'll be able to get on? We don't have a backup plan, and if someone recognizes us-" Australia cut himself off and whined in

fear. "We're done for!"

Zeal hugged Canada when Australia said that, "It's okay you two." He paused to look around to see if they had an opening to run on the boat. "We're not going to get caught."

Australia didn't believe him but kept his doubt to himself. Canada saw a future opening so he had Zeal grab his head and Australia's so they made a line that they would be quick. Canada held his bag over his opposite shoulder and he looked back at his sister and brother, they had their bags in a tight grip.

Canada looked back at the crowd, breathed then ran out when the crowd had a large gap between itself. Running fast, Canada saw that no one was in front of the piece of wood that leads onto the boat, so Canada felt encouraged.

Suddenly someone jumped in front of them. A tall country with red, white, and black stripes on their flag and a military suit that none of the other three had seen before.

"What are you doing?!" He yelled Zeal and Australia huddled close to their eldest brother who was hit with a wave of fear. He glanced back and saw that the two guards were asking around where they were.

"P-Please. They're going to hurt us." Canada wasn't sure what else he could say. He saw the country give a surprised look then saw the two guards then he gave a sympathetic look.

He thought for a second then sighs, "Germanys!" He called back. Canada glanced where he called, one head poked out that was black, gold, and red. The other country looks at the tall country that at them. Abruptly, another country poked his head out and that made the other fall down. the new country looked the same as the other but had some kind of golden symbol. They yelled at each other then the taller country grew impatient. "Germanys! Get these three hidden well!" The two countries looked at the taller, nodded then the tall country had the three runaways go to the two. "I'll take care of those two," he said. Canada nodded then smiled.

Australia and Zeal let Canada lead them inside the boat, they weren't holding onto him but they stay close to him. Canada while following the two strangers made sure that he remembered the way out in case this was a trap.

The five of them entered a room, or one leads them inside while the other was the last to enter. Canada panicked but tried to keep it to himself.

Australia jumped when he heard the door behind him close, then he thought he was being kidnapped so he let out an "eep!" and run to Canada forgetting about Zeal. Canada didn't say anything but held Australia close, Zeal walked backward to her family while watching every corner of the room.

The room was dark but Canada assumed they were in a bedroom, the only light was the natural light coming from the door that had a small opening in the shape of a rhombus. Canada felt uncomfortable, he knew that the second country was watching to door sense you could see outside threw the little shape *but where is the other one?*

Then the four of them heard a click as a match had been lit, the four watches as it dances around then touch a candle to reveal one of the countries with his tongue out and he was on a table.

"Boo..." He said creepily, Canada, Australia, and Zeal shouted in fright while the look-like just frown disappointingly.

"West! Don't scare them. They were already shaken up!" the one by the door scolded the other. The one that scared them just giggled and kept his tongue out.

"Whatever, East!" He taunted.

"You can't call me that."

"That's your name." West jumped down then walked to East who ignored him and kept watching his father confuse the two guards outside.

"But you can't call me that untell you get a brain." East taunted

back.

"Really? You're calling me dumb?" West rolled his eyes then turned to the frightened and confused Countries. "Sorry about that, I'm West Germany and that's East Germany." West approached them.

"I'm Canada, this is Australia and that's New Zealand." Canada began.

"Call me Zeal for short." Zeal approached West, he was taller than Canada. She felt nervous but West seemed friendly enough.

West went down to Zeal's level, "Do you want me to call you that because you're short?" West joked Australia laughed behind her. "Hey are two twins?" East pricked up when he heard his twin.

"Yes, we are!" Zeal said.

"Wow, East and I are twins as well." East nodded.

Canada and East Germany watched the other wild three talk while they kept to themselves.

"Where are we going?" Australia asked.

East and West Germany looked at each other and smiled.

January 21, 1781
Location: Great Britain
Time: 9:00am

Britain walked along the halls with the German Empire who had come to visit and came back with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Canada told him that they couldn't go back to their mother and Britain had no problem with that. Now the three of them just usually hang around doing things with each other, they usually didn't bother Britain with his work, not that he would be bothered if they came to talk to him but they never did. The three were with East and West Germany doing who knows what.

"Thanks for keeping my kids safe." Britain began. They both stopped walking and face one another.

"No problem, they just...Kind of showed up." German Empire explained. "I'm glad they found their home." He smiled. Britain gave a weak smile which caught the German's attention. "Is there something on your mind?"

Britain looked to the side, "Remember what I told you about my eldest son?" He said and the pain was heard in his voice.

"Ja."

"I..." Britain hesitated. "I'm still grieving him..."

German Empire was quiet, not in a nerve-racking way but more of 'in your thoughts'.

"I...I see." the two were quiet again. "I can't say I relate."

Britain sighs then look up at the tall German. "I didn't think you did." Britain tried to walk away but the Empire stopped him.

"Hold on Britain."

Britain brushed him again, "It's okay German Empire, I know how you cant relate." There were yells of laughter outside and it was the children of the two. "You have two sons that seem very loyal to you... And love you..."

German Empire gave a surprised look but then relaxed.

"Britain." the smaller Empire looked at the other, "I'm not trying to relate, I could never imagine what you going threw." He paused and put his hand on the other's shoulder. "I just what to say... You have another chance." Britain looked up with hopeful eyes. "You still have Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. They love you and want you to love them back if you keep making yourself guilty for what you did in the past, you don't open yourself up." Britain looked outside to see his three kids playing around with each other. "I'm not saying forget him... but don't let what happened to America happen to them."

Britain felt the hand of the Empire let go.

German Empire's right, I need to move on, I can't change the past.

"Thank you..." Britain wiped his eye. I'm not supposed to cry in front of someone.

"Oh, sorry Britain, I didn't mean to make you cry!"

"No... It's fine." Britain heard loud and quick footsteps down the hall. Both Empires looked back and saw it was Canada. German Empire excused himself away so that the two could talk but then whispered to Britain.

"This is your chance."

Britain smiled, then saw Canada walk up to him. "What do you need Canada?"

He hesitated so Britain could tell he was nervous. "Um... I was asking if... Australia and Zeal want to walk around England... Do you want to come?" He had pleading eyes. "If your busy you don't have to come!" Canada shook his hands.

I'm not making the same mistake twice.

"N-No, Canada. I would love to come." Britain gave a sincere smile. Canada smiled back.

"Y-You will? I-I mean! Thanks!" Canada ran off and disappeared and Britain could hear Canada give himself little cheers. Britain laughed to himself.

He just stood in the hallway thinking to himself. *Silly Canadian.*

January 21, 1781
Location: 13 Colonies (New York)
Time: 10:30pm

Silly Americans. America thought to himself as he watched a group of his citizens getting drunk after winning the war with Britain. America heard the door to the small house they were in creak open quickly and in came Wales.

"Oh! Hi America." She greeted then she looked where he was facing. "What are they doing?"

America turned to where he was previously looking. He sighs mixed with a groan. "Just my two singing, loud, drunk, founding fathers. Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson." Loud rapping was heard in all of the room, "Those two mixed with Aaron Burr would make quite a lot of noise or a play."Wales gave a slow nod. "So... Did you need something?"

"Oh, yes. We are packing up to leave."

America was startled, "Wait What!?" America and Wales walked outside. "You guys... are leaving already?"

Wales sighs, "Yes we are. We can't stay here, we all have our responsibilities in all of our countries we have overthrown."

America gave a surprised look. "I just... Time flies."

"Well, I've only been here three days."

America gave a weak laugh, "I guess that's true."

:::::::::::

"Hey... How are you doing?" America sat in the clear meadow, the night air was a good cold. Dandelions were scattered around the dark green grass and they all gently swayed back and forth. In front of the country was a stone. "I've been thinking about what you said to me... About going home." America pauses then sighs, "I'm sorry I haven't done that yet."

Nothing but silence.

"I guess... I'm too scared." He pauses again. "Why? Because I... Just don't know what I'm going to go home to. I'm not even sure Dad would forgive me and is he even the same?!" He covers his face with his hands. "I have." He just waits there even though he knew nothing was going to happen. "How can I choose? I want to go home but I'm scared, but I want to go home." He pauses. "How would I even get there? My country is still trying to clean itself up.

Can't really worry about making boa-"

He cut himself off as he remembered Wales and Scotland were going to back to Britain.

"I can catch a ride... And work from there!"America stood up. "I'm going home! I'm going home Soviet!"

America started running to the beach, the wind blew hard as he ran against it.Then he finally saw the beach with Wales and Scotland both talking to each other.

"Wait!" America called

"What wrong America?" Wales was given a quick answer.

"I'm coming with you."

Scotland gave a quiet laugh, "America you can't come with us. You have never been to Britain."

America was panting but gave a clear response. "I wasn't formed here!"

Wales and Scotland were caught by surprise, "Y-You weren't?"

"I was born in England. So I am coming with you, one way or another." He paused. "I... Am going home!"

‖▁▁▁▁▁‖

♪I'm coming home
Coming home
Tell the world I'm coming home
Let the rain, wash away, all the pain of yesterday
I know my kingdom awaits
And they've forgiven my mistakes♪

I'm sorry I have a headache. I can draw the chapter's picture right now.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 16 - Welcome home

[image] [image]

January 22, 1781
Location: In the middle of the FREAKIN' OCEAN
Time: 5:00 am

The creaking boat in the distance was swaying with the waves, men were on the dock working and checking the knots to be sure that they wouldn't come loose. One Country-Human watches from the crow's nest, he leans forward to look down and he rested on his arms. He had a blank expression but so many thoughts came threw his mind.

Will everyone even recognize me? I've grown taller and matured since I went away. Will they pretend to not know me? Will not forgive me?

Who's Britain? Is he a new Empire? I've had to research many things for my study, fallen Empires included. If he is a younger Empire that would explain he's part spoiled behavior. I'm not looking forward to meeting him.

I hope the States can manage themselves, especially with the Founding Fathers trying to decide what Government we should have.

Has England itself changed?

Will you please shut up!? Your thoughts are giving me a headache...

America looked up and saw Confederate floating above him, he had the same annoyed look America knew all too well.

"I'm panicking!"

Whatever. It's not like father is going to remember you.

"Shut up..." America looked away from him.

I'm only speaking honestly... Confederate rolled his eyes then disappeared.

[image]

(Wow a picture by me! I hate fingers)

America sighs then looks out to the ocean, the sun was rising over the sea. A lovely pink mixed with light blue covered the sky and the sun was a pale yellow. The water was a fine blue that reflected the sky, pink and yellow waves went back and forth. The sun was warm with the cold breeze flowing by.

America inhaled the relaxing air and let the breeze move his hair back and forth.

He exhaled and then looked back down at the dock, Wales was down there talking to one of the crew members. America could make out her large, red, dragon wing on her back she looked up, and the two locked eyes.

America felt slightly panicked, *should I wave?* America just stood there but Wales waved him down. America looked around him and saw a rope that leads down.

An idea popped in his head.

America grabbed the rope tightly with his hands, jumped then wrapped his legs around the rope. He yelled with excitement as he spun around and down.

"WWWWWWOOOOOOOOHHHHOOOOOOOO!"

America thumped onto the main deck and in front of Wales. America stood up straight and smirked.

"Wow, impressive 13 Colonies. Falling down a rope yelling like a 5-year-old is only something you can do." She said sarcastically. America laughed.

"Did you need something?" America relaxed.

"Oh! yes, Scotland, and I thought it would be necessary to show you where exactly we are going."

America agreed, both of the countries walked down into the captain's cabin.

Wales opened the door for America, "Thank you."

"Your welcome."

The captain's cabin was so small that with only two lanterns to give the room enough light. Even though it was a little dim due to no natural light. Scotland was leaning over a map.

America approached him and examined the map, Wales stood beside him and showed him where they were going.

"We assume we are here." Wales pointed to the middle of the ocean, "We are heading threw the St. George's channel into England." *Wait... What?* America thought. "Now America..." Wales looked at him. "I'm not sure where you are heading-" She was cut off as America left the room.

"Where does he think he's going?" Scotland asked. Wales shrugged.

America tried collecting his thoughts as he stormed out of the room. He tried denying in his head but everything started making sense.

Such as, why his father was talking about uniting with other countries before he left.

America went up some stairs and was now above the captain's cabin and at the edge of the boat. He groans at the ocean.

"How could I be so stupid!?"

I know!

America turned and saw Confederate facing the ocean like him but not looking at his other half. Then the Confederate looked at him.

It was so obvious! how could you be so stupid?

"...I know!" America groaned again and started pacing back and forth while Confederate just turned around and watched America. "Wait... did you know!" America stopped in front of the other. Confederate rolled his eyes.

How could I not?

"You little-" America tried to grab Confederate but he faded away then reappeared behind America. "Why didn't you tell me?" America said turning toward the other.

You didn't ask.

"Why would I need to ask about that?!"

...

America sighs, "Is there anything else important I need to know?"

Confederate hesitated, **Don't think so.** He didn't sound very confident. **What other things could I supposable know?**

He vanished.

America mumbled to himself before turning back to the ocean, the sun higher up and warming the air, the pink and light blue had faded away and turned into a slightly darker blue. America wasn't paying attention to the clouds scattered across the sky.

America leans over the boat to look down at the waves, his reflection looking back at him. This reminded of so long ago when he was just a boy distracted by the colors of the water. Now... He's just someone who just sees the color blue.

America sighs, *Things just got harder.*

Suddenly thunder was heard from a distance, the wind started picking up, and even though the boat sails by the wind, the thunder clouds would catch up.

Correction... Things got a lot more harder!

January 22, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 9:48am

Britain stood in front of a mirror, adjusting his firey red bow with yellow in the center. He felt excited, Wales said that his United Colonies wanted to converse about his surrender, well was it a good thing to be excited about?

Britain stopped and thought, he did try to that country for full control. *But maybe if I get them to like me then they'd try to come back into my rule.*

Britain smiled with the thought and looked at himself in the mirror even though they wouldn't arrive untell a week or less.

"Hey! Dad." Canada poked his head in the room of the Empire.

"Hello, Canada, do you need something?"

Canada walked in and stood in front of Britain and looking at himself in the mirror.

"No, I was just seeing what you were doing." Canada makes faces in the mirror, Britain giggles.

"You're very good at making humorous faces." Britain ruffles his son's hair, Canada groans and tries to fix it.

Britain laughs again then hears the fluttering of a bird by the large window to his left, he looks and sees it was a little European robin with a note in its beak. This is how Countries send mail fast; Countries can usually talk to their national bird and/or animal to send letters or notes.

Britain grew concerned the only time Wales would send word was if

something was wrong.

Britan took the letter and the small bird hopped in the room and waited for Britain to sen her off.

Britain scanned threw the paper, Canada turned and saw the bird and letter. "Is something wrong, dad?"

Britain hesitated, "Uh, it's Wales. She says they ran into a strong storm, she thinks they might be able to make it out." Britain started expanding concerned it took a lot to get Wales nervous but her wording was doubtful.

"Might?" Canada asked.

Britain didn't answer he just turned to Canada and sighs, "I hope they make it out."

Britain heard loud fluttering out the same window he turned and saw an eagle he wasn't familiar with, it reminded him of a White-tailed eagle in Europe and Asia but it had a white head and darker coat.

It squawked at the small gray and orange bird Britain owned, then turned to Britain and turned its head.

Canada walked behind his father, "What's that doing here?"

Britain groaned without looking at the letter, "It's the United Colonies' national bird."

Canada let a "huh," out. They both watched the giant bird bother the small European Robin. The Bald Eagle poked at the small bird but it ignored the larger bird.

I hope Wales and Scotland come back soon.

January 22, 1781
Location: Just in the middle of a storm
Time: 1:03pm

America grunted as another giant wave hit the boat making it got

up then crashing down. Rain falling hard, thunder boomed, and lightning danced in the sky. He fell forward and almost falling into his knees but he kept himself up. America and the rest had been in this storm for a long time, he grew tired but he needed to make sure that the sails didn't close and leave them stuck in the storm and wild waves.

America adjusted his positioning and pulled the rope that held the sail, he grunted as the sail moved but he used his strength to hold it in place.

Another wave hit and it splashed into the dock then releasing back into the ocean and bringing barrels and people with it. Yells of warning and instructions were heard from the humans. America wasn't sure where Wales and Scotland were with worried him but he couldn't look for them, he felt powerless and stuck.

The rope he held was still tugging and it was giving him rope burn, *this is what I get when I try to go home.* America complained in his head.

For the love of Posiden! STOP IT STORM! GET SOME HELP! Confederate tried yelling at the sky but it was no use. America was amazed that the only thing he could hear was: the sound of waves crashing, thunder, and Confederate's complaining and yelling.

Of course, I can hear YOU! Out of everything else

Shut up, ocean lover...

The rope America was holding onto, tugged hard again but America pulled back and tied it onto a knot on the boat.

"America!" He and Confederate turned to see Wales grabbing on to the rim of the boat and walking over to him and she's using her wing to block some of the rain but she was still soaked. She looked up and saw not what she hoped.

America looked where she did, large rocks were seen threw the storm and they were heading right toward it.

Oh... This is where we die.

No were not! I have a plan.

America felt another wave crash and he fell back by Wales and she was terrified.

"What are we going to do?"

America stood back up knowing what he could try. "I'm going to push us away from the rocks!"

"No! That's suicide! You can't do this! Maybe someone el-"

"Wales!" America grabbed the female by the shoulders, "You know I am the only one here that has the strength to do this."

Wales gulped, "Please don't."

"I have to." He paused. "You once told me about Britain's dead son." Wales nodded. "I'm him. I'm Britain's son. If I don't make it... Tell him I'm sorry." America left with that.

He breathed as he moved toward the front of the large ship. The rocks were getting bigger as they came closer, everyone was franticly working to move but that wouldn't happen.

America stood on the edge of the ship ready to try and push them away.

Oh! oh! He's gonna die!

I'm not going to die! It just like grabbing a piece of wood and pushing it back off.

This is a very large piece of old wood

No difference to me, both are light.

Your gonna die... No doubt here.

America ignored him and focused on what he was doing.

Finally, the rocks got close enough were America could grab them and push off.

He inhaled then reached out with both hands, he touched the freezing slick surface of the rock then grunted as he pushed them away. Nothing moved but a couple of waves, then ultimately, the boat moved back.

America was ready to get back in but then felt himself slip, he looked down at the sea that he would fall into but he felt a sudden grasp on his arm.

He opened his eyes and looked up to see Scotland grabbing on to him.

"If you're going to tell your Father sorry, you should tell him yourself!" He called.

America smiled *Your right not a light piece of wood.*

Eh, you're not dead.

::::::::::

America sleepily blinked as they finally had gotten out of the storm a while ago, the dark clouds were in the distance. He and the rest had to work like crazy before, in, and after the storm. So many things to fix, some of the boat in the bottom was open so the water was coming in.

America starred at the horizon; The sun was coming down but it wasn't sunset yet so the sky was only a light blue the faded to a darker blue, around the pale sun was a peachy color, and the clouds (that weren't storm clouds) were white with a shade of a gray-red.

"America...?" Scotland didn't get an answer. "America?" He waved his hand in front of the country who blinked in response.

"Huh?" He looked at Scotland with confusion.

"Wow, you were out of it." America weakly laughed.

"I...I guess I'm just that tired."

"You can take a break. You most likely worked the hardest out of all

of us."

America hesitated, "Well... I guess your right, but I want to make sure nothing intense will happen beforehand."

America turned and headed below the main deck, Scotland followed. While walking America noticed that Scotland looked like he wanted to say something.

"Is... Something wrong?" America began and Scotland shrugged.

"I'm not sure-" He cut himself off. "Do you know what's happening in Britain, or... How much do you know about Britain itself?"

America was confused about the question but answered best he could. "Well... I know most of the history but I don't understand how my father became an Empire." America looked ahead.

"He started with seeing my Country that was in debt and the French started disagreeing with England. The English people were fearful that I would join France against England in war and-"

"War...?" America asked in disbelief. *No... Mom and dad would never fight in a war against each other.*

Well, It happened apparently.

Scotland sighs, "Yes, France and England broke away from each other, and as I was saying: Wales joined in and a part of Ireland but Ireland himself didn't join." Scotland paused as America tried processing it all. "We all let England re-name himself Britain or The British Empire."

America stopped next to the Crew's quarters, "I'm going to take a break." He said quickly and went into the room without looking at Scotland and shut the door. Who lets him go.

He takes a couple of steps before he finds Wales who was eavesdropping, "Did you tell him?"

"Not everything."

"Did you tell him we need him?"

"No," Scotland looks back at the door where America left. "I think he needs to take it all in that his home and father aren't what they were."

"Speaking of the Empire. Did you tell him who we have on here?"

Scotland looked back at Wales, "I think he would like a good surprise."

:::::::::::

America inhales then opens his eyes to him in mid-air, no gravity place he moved around in a panic then yelped.

Calm down, pretty boy. America looked up to see Confederate floating with him.

"Where are we?" America looked around and unwillingly his body followed. He felt weird in a no gravity place.

"**Welcome to Limbo Jimbo.**" Confederate spun playfully. "**No, I'm just kidding- Well sort of.**" Confederate flew to America and held him still. "**We are in our Dream Place. Or as I like to call it 'The deepest, darkest thoughts in our minds'**" He yells out to the emptiness and it echoes. "**Or our dreams for short.**"

America looked around and crickets seemed to chirp.

"**You can do anything here.**" Confederate pulled flowers out of his sleeve the smelled them, "**Mmmm, smells like a plot.**" He looks up. "**Hear that Younderblue!? I can break the fourth wall. I know what you are doing.**" Confederate then made a pillow appear and lay back on it as if he was laying on a bed.

"Confederate!" America yelled at him. "What are we doing here?"

"**Oh! Silly me. Let's get started!**" Confederate suddenly fell but he had the same smile he wore every day, then America realized that the flowers Confederate discarded gained gravity and fell with him and America felt himself fall. He yelled and grabbed the pillow that

floated hoping to not fall but he fell anyway. He closed his eyes.

He knew he was still falling but he decided to stop screaming and see what was happening. He saw that the place had become white and random objects were floating while he continued to fall.

"Those aren't random things." America meant to say that to himself but being in his head it was spoken out loud.

America could name so many things he recognized. The stuffed eagle he had as a kid, the teacup his father gave him, coins and treasures he often dreamed of as a child. He let the pillow go away and look around in amazement. Then he looked to his side and saw Confederate with a small table in front of him with a teacup in hand.

"Tea?" He joked.

America rolled his eyes and looked down. That was a mistake. Down was a pile of stuff that they were both going to fall into. He yelled again as he fell... threw? America opened his eyes and he was suddenly in the all too familiar meadow he was in so many times, he saw the same flowers there in his hand. He looks around but Confederate wasn't insight. He holds the three flowers and walks there the grass and up a hill but then sees that he was back in the same place he was.

"What?" He looks around to make sure he was right. "I was just here." He starts running forward but he's stuck in a circle. After ten tries he gives up running and can't help but feel trapped. "Confederate!" He calls then faces forward toward the field.

He turned and saw Confederate facing the scenery with his legs crossed in the air and staring at the valley with distracted eyes.

"Confederate?" He asked quietly. Confederate blinked then looked at America.

"Oh... Hi. Just looking at the lovely ocean mixed with clouds and sunset."

America was confused by this and looked out, the outer look

showed a valley with a river and high mountains covered with dark green trees same as the ground, but covered in long grass with mist over the ground and dark gray clouds cutting the rest of the mountains. The scene was relaxing.

"What do you-" America was cut off with Confederate finding his footing on the ground and looking at the three flowers America held close to him.

"**You found those little objects!**" Confederate reached for them but America snapped out of the confused trance and pulled them away from the darker one. "**Oh come on!**" Confederate complained.

America didn't say anything back.

Confederate took a step back, "**You know... Can I change our dream we have every day?**" America was going to ask for an explanation when he saw Confederate grab the valley like it was wallpaper and pull it down to reveal a town burned to the ground. America could see that it was a 1700 city he was familiar with but couldn't tell what it was; The city showed the sign that buildings were once there but crumbled to the ground with fire in the background and ash falling from the sky like dirty snow.

America was going to talk but the dark burned ground came fading in like tentacles and killed the grass around him while Confederate walked in circles around America like he was cleaning a messy house.

He then waved his hand at the tall willow tree and the burned tentacles grabbed the tree and killed it and it faded to ashes.

America again was going to talk; He opened his mouth but the Confederate cut him off four the 129,085,430th time and counting.

"**Can I see these?**" Confederate stopped and was behind America who had his hand out like a kid who was paying attention to his cup. Confederate grabbed the red flower which made it turn to ashes, America reacted by changing hands and tried to grab Confederate but he turned into a puff cloud and reappeared on the other side of America and grabbed the white flower, but it didn't go

away quite yet. America switch hands again and was able to grab Confederate and give him a death look.

Confederate shrugged. "**What? one out of three of these are dead. Might as well kill the other two.**" Confederate disappeared then reappeared behind America with the white flower still in hand, America quickly hid the blue flower. He looked up at the other who was floating once again with the hand closest to America behind his head and the other hand was holding the blue flower and both his legs crossed.

"**Hehehe... Did you know that one is dead and one I would like to be dead, and the last one...**" Confederate look at America, "**To be tortured to death.**" The white flower ashed away. America then saw Confederate disappear and reappear behind him again. "**Don't you?**"

"What? No!" America took a step back but Confederate swiftly flew behind him and grabbed America's shoulders.

"**Really?**" He paused. "**I don't believe you~**" America moved forward away from Confederate but he just did circles around him. "**Just think about it... Britain- Father, would listen to us...**" America saw the memories of every time he tried to talk to his father but was turned down. "**He didn't even care.**" America blinked and saw that he was back to the decaying city with COnfederate in front of him. "**Why should we care if... He... Got killed...?**"

"What! No!"

"**I didn't even finish-**"

"I am going back to Britain to fix everything *I* did," America yelled at the other.

Confederate growled making the place start to wither like ash; it was starting to surround the two. America took a step back then tripped on a brick and fell to the ground with a thump. America felt scared as Confederate walk toward him with a, 'I'm going to kill you, no joke' look.

America was grabbed by the collar of his military outfit then the blue flower was ripped out of his hand and America struggled but it was no use.

Confederate squeezed the flower and it broke in half then it fell out of his hands.

"See? We can fix it all by killing those who wrong us." Confederate pinned America on a wall he didn't see. **"Join me!"**

"No!" Americ paused, "And your not a real person. This is a dream. You can't hurt me." America smiled as Confederate let him go.

"Your right..." Confederate pauses and looks to the side then suddenly smiles. **"I mean... Not hear at least!"** Confederate grabbed America again. **"Sike!"** Confederate lifted his hand America felt like the other grabbed his brain because his head hurt. He opened his eyes and saw a storm around him and Confederate who smiled as America fell on the ground and yelled in pain.

He looked back up and saw Confederate lift him up by his neck, America felt the pain, all the pain. He struggled to breathe he could only let out a small whimper and grab the other's hand to try and unsuccessfully break free as Confederate smiled wider showing his sharp shark-like teeth and a knife appeared on his other hand (Right is holding America while the other has the knife).

Confederate put it on America's neck. **"I hope you find the right way. My way. Not a fake paradise that your father will ever give you."**

...

America gasped and sat up in cold sweat, he had his hand on his neck and the other was holding a knife. His breath was shaking and he realized he wasn't laying down as he thought, he was standing he knew that he was doing something *but what?*

America looked around and saw that he was hiding behind a shelf and he heard shuffling not that far away he looked threw the shelf and saw Wales with a letter in hand that she gave to a small gray

and orange bird that he recognized to be a European Robin. America thought about it.

Why was I here? How did I get here? America gasped quietly then sat back on the shelf quietly. *Confederate... Took over. He took over my body...*

America shook his head due to his thoughts then shuttered as he looked at the knife. *Was... I... Going to kill her...?* Out of all that had happened him killing Wales was the thing that he would never believe.

America placed the knife back on a random shelf and stood up to deny in his head that this happened. America started quietly walking out when he heard the fluttering of a bird and a tweet then Wales's voice.

"America?" America quickly turned and pretended like he just came into the room.

"U-Uh, Ya?" America replied as Wales poked her head out and walked toward him with a box in hand.

"I could use your help."

"Why?"

"We're here. We're in The United Kingdom."

America gasped and heard the dong of a bell. He knew that dong, he hadn't heard it in so long, it was the dong that is at the docks.

America didn't hesitate to run out to the main dock and look around, he leaned over the edge and saw so many familiar things the thought he would only dream of again.

The same dock he left on, the busy people hurrying to where they needed to go, the towns you could see from there, the smell of the same salty ocean, the usual light gray clouds, the old rocky roads, the many ships coming in and out.

I'm here, I'm here, I'm here, ***I'm here!***

I'm home.

‖▁▁▁▁▁▁▁‖

Yaya! 1.3k views!!! Thank you all!

I hope this didn't take too long because my school has been pouring homework on me sense day 1 so Runaway might slow down but never cancel.

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 17 - Oh, It's You

[image]

Thank you all for the wonderful comments and votes, you really make my day when you say how much you love the book!

January 23, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 6:00am

Britain stepped threw the halls no minding anything. It was dark due to the sun not being up but the sky was light, the clouds were all a silhouette. He slightly smiled at the soft blue colors, even though the palace was big, having a teenager and very loud twin countries could make some ruckus. The carpet was a scarlet red color with one side of the hallway being covered with art and furniture. The other was full of tall glass windows to look at the beautiful horizon with the city in the distance. Rose bushes covered the bottom of the outside window.

Britain then heard some scuffling behind him, he turned and saw-

"Oh... It's you..." Britain said in annoyance.

"Why the long face amigo?!" Spanish Empire was a very loud and pesky country, and differently not an 'amigo' to Britain. Spanish chuckled then walked around Britain for a little, looking at Britain and the scenery. "You got a nice place," He paused to face Britain who was annoyed already. "You know I have this lovely place called Las Islas Filipinas." Spanish bragged.

"Ya, whatever Spanish Empire." Britain tried to walk away but then

heard a door slam open a couple of feet behind the two.

"British Empire!" Britain groaned hearing the sound of France.

Spanish smirked and waved at France who stood there in the doorway. "Ooo, Hi ally! Is this the man you're looking for~?!" Spanish teased, Britain rolled his eyes then turned to face France who had an angry look. "I'm going to steal- I mean look at all your stuff but totally not watch this unfold from a distance." Spanish Empire walks backward out of the hall slowly and wanting to see what happens.

France stomped over to her ex-husband and practically yelled right in his face. "My kids have run away just like the last one!"

"Oh! Your children? Last I checked I help make them." Britain smiled.

France growled, "I was the only one taking care of them!"

"Then how did they escape under your watch?" Britain stayed calm but was laughing at his jokes on the inside.

"I-" She cut herself off and groaned again. "Just tell me if you know where they are."

Britain looked up past France and saw New Zealand and Australia laughing at each other with Canada following behind, not that far down the hall. Canada looked over, saw France, panicked then grabbed the two forcefully to hide in the room they were just in.

"Nope. It's a total mystery." Britain said monotone and was bent slightly down to be at her hight.

"Well, we-!" Britain cut France off, Britain stood up strat and put both his hands up.

"Woah! This sounds personal. Maybe you should do personal progress." Britain tried to walk away, France kept yelling at him forcing him to stay.

"You can't just walk away from this conversation!"

"Actually, I can," Britain responded.

"Spanish! Back me up!"

Both Empires turned to see Spanish poke out of a different hallway.

"I-I... Don't think I should be involved."

"Spain..." France said in anger.

Spanish Empire hesitated but tried to talk back to the British Empire. "I-I think Portugal should be here!" He blurts out them heard the silent confusion. "I'm just going to go..." Spanish held his head low as he truthfully left the two.

Britain looked back at France, "He's your ally?"

"Ya... Believe it or not." Britain giggles and France smiles then laughs along. The two sighs then France speaks again. "It was nice... Seeing you.."

Britain smiles, "You too." He pauses then smiles wider, "Still pretty as always."

France blushes and rubs her neck, "I..." She wanted to respond with a compliment but she decided not to. "I hate you- not joking- uh- bye." She turned back the way she came and Britain just watched her with a soft smile. Then she got far enough to where he turned to walk away. He laughs at himself before realizing- *The three are still over there!* Britain was going to yell but then Canada's flag caught his eyes. He looked up to see Canada hiding behind a door then see the coast is clear so he walks to his father. *They must have gone around.*

"What was that about?" Canada asked holding his raccoon hat in both his hands.

"Nothing." Britain scruffs Canada's hair up.

"Hey! Stop doing that." He complained. Britain laughed then heard twittering by a window, he turned and saw his European Robin singing a tune. Britain approached it and put his hand out and the

little bird hopped on.

"Well, Canada." Britain walked back to his son who fixed his hair. "I need to run out and meet Scotland and Wales at the docks." Canada nodded then looked at his father with sparkling eyes. Britain got distracted in them but then shook his head to focus himself. "Can you keep an eye on Sundaze untell I get back?" Britain held his tiny bird up high then let it fly over to Canada's hand while the other handheld his raccoon hat.

"Totally!" Canada giggled. Britain smiled then walk past the two. "Bye Dad!"

Britain turned back and waved then continued.

He yawned as the morning air hit him as he opened the door, the cold came in but Britain walked without a worry... Of the cold at least.

He couldn't help but feel bad about the morning, first Spanish Empire annoying him then France coming in to yell at him. He wouldn't say it out loud but he felt pain and sadness when he saw her, suddenly the memory of him complimenting her made him cringe. *I shouldn't have done that... We can't be what we were.*

A shiver went down his spine as he stepped passed building after building, the cold seemed to become worse. Britain tried to think of something else so he looked around at what he passed.

Some people were wearing fancy things such as top hats like him, two red-coats passed by. Buildings were close together but there were a couple of alleyways and he did see a little boy in an alleyway asking for food.

He looks ahead and the dock is still far away, he wishes he had a ride.

Britain's mind goes to the start of the day, *it started so bad, I wonder if it could get any worse?*

I have a feeling it is...

:::::::::

"Be careful with that!" Wales instructed as two crewmen almost ran into each other. The unloading was taking longer than she wanted. She walks around the main deck to make sure that they were going to get everything out. Wales saw America place a heavy box down; He got the heavier loads because he could lift them, he was out of the boat and on the dock. After he stood back up he seemed to stare out to the town.

Wales found it weird that he seemed to talk to himself (he currently wasn't), she knew that people do that sometimes but he was... Like he was talking to someone. Saying things like:
"No, I'm not doing that."
"They're not that bad. Are you sure? I guess..."
"Stop doing that."

Wales shook it off.

"America!" She called, he looked at her. "I need you to do something." America looked back at the distant town then climbed back onto the boat. He approached her, "Anything familiar?" She asked to get his attention.

"What? oh, um." He hesitated. "I remember this is the dock I left on..." He rubbed his neck with his nervousness.

"Uh, sorry..."

"It's okay! What did you need?"

"I need you to go up to the crow's nest and make sure that nothing is up there."

America nods then walks over to the rope to climb up.

Wales watches as he swiftly makes it up, she found his strength surprising even though she has dragon wings.

She turns to see Scottland place a box down then look at her. He waved then came up to her.

"I think a certain Brit is coming."

Wales was confused, "I know he's supposed to meet up here."

"No, I mean he's here right now." Scottland and her walk over to the edge of the ship and see Britain socializing with a working man, most likely asking where the two are.

"You think he'll like the surprise we fail to mention?" Scottland raised an eyebrow.

"Hope so." Wales and Scotland watch as Britain looked at them then walks toward him. "You think we should warn America that his father's already here?"

"He's fine," Scottland responded.

"What's fine?" Britain made Wales and Scottland jump, he got on the ship fast.

"Oh, nothing," Wales responded.

"Just talking about something he found." Scottland smiled.

"Okay...? How was your ride? I heard you got in a storm."

"We're all okay. That storm did cause a fright but that was it."

Britain nodded, "So, what exactly did you find?"

Wales and Scottland looked at each other, Wales responded.

"It's a surprise."

"What!?"

"It's a surprise!" Wales repeated, Scottland and Wales.

"Can you both at least tell me where it is?" Britain turned his body to face them as they walked past him.

Wales looked up at the crow's nest, "He's up there somewhere."

"He?" Britain tried to get more info but Wales and Scottland didn't answer and eventually made it off the boat. Not many people were left on the boat since they had gotten most of it all out.

Britain looks up at the crow's nest to see a silhouette slide down but they were facing away from Britain who didn't pay mind to them. They placed a small box that must have been up there.

Britain heard a screech of a bird, he looked up at the sky to see the white-headed eagle, Britain remembered suddenly that his old colony was here somewhere.

He watched the bird with his gaze and saw it fly swiftly past him and to the person that had come down from the crow's nest. The person was surprised when the eagle flew around them but relaxed.

"Oh! Hey Liberty!" Britain thought the voice was familiar untell he looked at their flag, then he knew who it was but couldn't believe it.

America turned and saw Britain standing there with disbelief and shock on his face. America's heart started beating fast but he didn't move, he couldn't, his bird felt the science so I flew away.

Both looked at each other with shock and amazement.

America and Britain had finally met after all these years of tears, war, and loneliness but no words came out, they were both busy screaming internally.

It's him! IT'S HIM! He's right THERE! HE'S RIGHT THERE! He's ALIVE! He's so tall! He grew up! My little boy is all grown up! And he's his own country! WAIT-! Did I go to war with my SON?! Is he okay?! What did Scottland do to him?! Starve him!? Hurt him!? Was he forced to come back?! Did He choose to come? Is here for a reason?! Does he still hate me?! Say something you fool! Your son is right there!

Oh my... It's my DAD! I hope he didn't change! Does he know Scottland shot me?! Does he still think I hate him?! Does he hate me?! Did he miss me?! Did he think I was dead?! He's not talking! He must surely hate me...

Even though they both had thoughts racing in their heads they remained still. Untell Britain talked.

"C-... Colonies?" *No! You fool! Don't start with that! Ask him about his well-being!* Britain asked but screamed in his head.

America felt a shiver go down his spine as he heard his father's sweet gentle voice. "Yeah... It's me..." *Say something else! Not like 'Oh hi it's your son and I am doing just fine! Even though I have an alter ego who just tried to kill me 5 minutes ago!'* Still, very still he stood.

Britain wanted to cry hearing his son's voice, it was deeper than the last time they talked. "I... I thought you were dead."

"Well... I almost did-" He cut himself off. *Why did I say that!*

"Wait, what?!" Britain sounded panicked.

"I'm fine! Really! It was a while ago." America wanted to change the subject. "How have you been?"

He asked me how I've been! Do I say I've been spontaneously crying when I hear or think of him? "Good..."

"Good..." America responded.

Britain took a step forward hoping he could get a better view of his son who had grown up.

"Tell me about the land you claimed..." Britain said.

"Uh, well, I like it, it's sunny and everyone there is free."

Britain wanted to feel happy but America sounded much happier there than here. He felt a little angry.

America saw the annoyed-angry look on his father

Oh, crap shouldn't have said that!

"Good for you," Britain sounded bothered. "Then let me guess, Scottland and Wales forced you to come." Britain was now using

hand movements to express himself.

"What?! Why would they try and do that?" America didn't like the way the conversation was going.

"They probably convinced you to come so that they could prove you were still alive like I told everyone but no one believed me, so at the last moment when I give up!" He paused. "You show up." He said the last part coldly.

"You... were the only on that believed I was alive?" America blinked.

Britain hesitated, he let the anger leave his mind. "Yes..."

"And I'm here!" America took a step closer, "You can see I'm right here! Right?"

"Uh, yes."

"Then why are angry?"

Britain hesitated again; The two were right in front of each other. "I..." He paused to look down. "You sound a lot happier there than what I had to give you."

Ouch, America felt like a knife got stabbed in his heart. *I need to fix this.*

[image]

[image]

"Can you ever forgive me?" America looked up. His father looked at his son, he looked so lost and helpless. His familiar gray eyes gleaned with hope, Britain smiled.

[image]

[image]

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Bet all of you felt so good that Britain forgave America but then Confederate came in and made America question his sanity.

(⌐■_■)

B L O O M

E

https://youtu.be/SNUr87U2b14

Idk if it's just me but I like to symbolize flowers as pain.

Wait-

Chapter 18 - This is Different

[image]

[image]

(We are starting with art today)

January 23, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 12:02pm

Britain pulled America close and felt tears go down his face, *he's back...* Britain thought, *he's mine again.*

America closed his eyes tight as he saw Confederate floating in front of him and slit his own throat to tell him something.

Go away

Go away

Go away!

Why though?

You want to kill him! I won't let you!

...Fine

America was caught by surprise. *What?*

Fine! I'll drop it. I won't mention killing anyone ever again.

Why?

You've been telling me 'no' so it's obvious that you won't do it... Why continue? Enjoy your moment with your father...

Confederate vanished after that.

Britain let America go but America saw the tears running down his father's cheeks.

"Are you okay?" America asked.

Britain sniffed, "Yeah... Just..." He sniffed again, "I missed you so much..."

America giggled, "So did I."

Both laughed even though they weren't sure why, maybe it was the disconnection they had for so long, and the sorrow finally at an end. What can they do now?

Britain wiped his tears of happiness away and started slow, "...Are... you ready to come back home?" Britain held his hand out.

America smiled wide and took his father's hand. "I'm ready!"

Britain slightly laughed, America nervously laughed. This was all so old but new to him; Being with someone you thought you would never see again makes you lost for words but after time it's just awkward. America tried to think of what he and his father did before they started fighting all the time.

America followed his father as they both walked off the boat.

:::::::::

America nervously walked along the sidewalk with Britain beside him. He liked having his father around but it was so awkward. It's

been eight years since the two fought each other without knowing it and not to mention the 'I hate you' scene they made.

America tried to take his mind off of his past he wishes never happened. He saw the fairly familiar roads he walked along when he was younger. He couldn't help but think of the times when he would walk to USSR's home to see Russia-

America shook his head as he tried to forget that, somehow he was unsuccessful, his mind wouldn't stop racing with memories. USSR dying, Russia leaving, the war, the dreams that won't stop coming, Confederate trying to kill everyone.

America's heart started racing and his breathing was suddenly short and quick as his stress increased.

"America? Are you okay?" America blinked with confusion. He had forgotten that his father was with him. He looked at him.

"Yeah, just... memories keep coming in." then a realization hit him.

He called me- "Did you call me... America?"

Britain hesitated. "Uh- Yes...?"

It had just come out, Britain wasn't sure what to think.

"So, it took a war just to get you to call me America?" Britain cringed.

"I-I- No! N-Nothing like that! I-I swear!" Britain stopped and realized his son was laughing. "What?" He asked calmly.

America finished laughing, "I was kidding." He paused to look at his father in his blue eyes. "I'm just glad you did."

Britain watches his son giggle again. He slowly smiled as he recognized how older America was. He seemed to have more of a personality than when he was a teen, at that age, Britain didn't look that hard for his nature. Now it was different, after five minutes or so of being together, he could see his son bloom.

Britain smiled and softly laughed.

They both calmed down and recognized where they were, home.

Britain looks at America who takes in the sight he hasn't seen for so long.

"Do you remember it?"

America slowly sighs, "It's smaller."

:::::::::

Britain giggled as America curiously looked at all the detail in each hallway they passed.

"Are you ever going to ever lose that curious mind of yours?" America scoffed.

"I have no idea what you mean." America was looking closely at a shiny vase with no flowers in it. America looked up at his father with a smile. "I..." America searched for words. "I haven't been to a fancy home in a while." America looked back around at all the colors the Palace had. As he did, he almost felt like he could touch the ceiling with how small the Palace seemed.

"Oh... Right." Britain thought about how America must have been living in the wilderness for so long. "Living out... in the wild wilderness." Britain rubbed his neck.

"It wasn't that bad," America replied it made Britain have hope that America didn't go through any hardship when he ran away. "I mean- it was lonely..." Britain saw the curiosity fade away from America's gleaming gray eyes.

"But... I thought you found a-"

"We never did," America spoke quickly and almost painfully with guilt. Britain noted how America might be blaming himself for that if he didn't even want to hear The Soviet's name.

"What about Russia? You went together-"

"He... Left..." Britain saw America hug himself with grief. "He left me alone." America turned away from Britain.

He's been... all alone for that long. Britain felt empathy, sure he isolated himself when America first ran away but he did like it when Canada would push himself into Britain's life. No matter what Britain did, Canada seemed just to hate being away from family for long.

"Did you not have a close friend for... Nine years?" Britain walked up to his son that still wouldn't face him. "You had no one to talk to?"

"No, I had friends... my states but..." America felt Britain's hand touch his shoulder. America realized he hadn't ever let any of his thoughts out. He just kept bottling up his emotion and stress to an unhealthy point, wonder what kind of mental damage that did. "I just... Didn't have anyone close enough to me to..." America looked at his father. "Share what I feel..."

Britain quietly gasped as he saw so much pain in America.

"I'm... sorry, America." America seems to smile when Britain called his name.

"It's fine... you didn't know." America let his arm fall.

"I should have." Britain scolded himself. America was confused. "I should have known... Or kept searching for you for that matter."

America smiled. "It's okay, dad."

Why are you lying to his face?

I'm not! America tried staying calm on the outside but was pleading on the inside.

You secretly blame him.

No! I don't!

He started your mess.

He didn't know!

"Are you okay, America?" Britain gently grabbed America's shoulders.

"U-Uh, yeah! Just lost in my thoughts." America pulled away. "Happens a lot."

"Oh." Britain laughed nervously.

Suddenly loud footsteps were heard coming toward them. They both turned to see who it was.

"Dad! You made i-" Canada gasped, he saw his dead brother right in front of him. Canada had Sundaze on his shoulder.

America had the same kind of shock. His little brother was so tall but still smaller than him. "H-Hi... Canada." America gave a hopeful smile.

Canada just stood there in shock not moving or making a sound.

Britain felt uncomfortable with the uneasy silence. "Why don't I just let you two introduce yourselves." Britain walked out and the two stared at each other.

America felt nervous about the silence Canada was giving him. While Canada was still processing how his dead brother was in front of him.

"Hey..." America started slow. "Do you remember me? Canada?"

"What are you doing here!" Canada was forceful with his words.

"I-I." America hadn't expected this reaction but he tried to sound mild. "I came back to fix everything I did."

Canada gave an angry look. "You're a little too late for that." Canada folded his arms with his fury.

"What...?"

"Maybe I should explain!" Canada took a step closer. "After you left to go to neverland! Mom and Dad decided to separate because Dad wouldn't stop looking for you and isolation himself! I had to live with Mom who wouldn't even think that I was there! Just the usual response every day! 'Yes' 'No' 'Maybe' and 'Not right now Canada!"

America felt like Confederate was attacking him because the guilt and fear were pulling him down.

"Canada... I had no idea!"

Canada seemed to relax but was still angry. Then he seemed to look into America's heart. America felt a wave of heat and worry hit him.

Canada scoffed, "You know when I was younger I asked where you were. I would get told that you were at your friends and staying out late... Or that I had just missed you!" Canada kept ranting. "After I while, I saw the same thing in them, that I'm seeing in you. A liar."

America's breath completely left him. His breath quickened and his heart was racing. Why was his brother doing this to him?

"Canada-"

"I don't even want to hear it!" Canada turned away from him. "I can't even believe you're my brother anymore..." Canada walked off as nothing happened on the outside but the inside, he started blaming America for things America wasn't even responsible for.

America felt like he got slapped in the face. He thought coming back would fix everything, and his life would be like it used to but, he must have been wrong.

America sighs sadly as the guilt comes back in. He now understands how his father felt when he said he hated him He felt guilt, sadness, and anger.

Guilt that he thought his choices only affected him but he was so wrong.

Sad that his brother blamed him for everything.

And... Anger. He hated how Canada treated him.

Why couldn't Canada just try and listen to me instead of yell at me, he doesn't understand what it's like to lose everything you love! And hope that it comes back only to find out that it's all a lie! Everyone in my life will leave me and I have no control over it!

America angrily screamed in his mind. America decided to stop ranting because he was just going to bottle it all up like he usually does.

America angrily sighs then tries to find Britain.

America's mind let him ignore the fight with Canada and tries to remember how he used to live here.

He finds himself going into a library. He could almost see his younger self reading books he didn't was to read. America started thinking about his past life.

Was I being treated unfairly? Or... Was it just me?

America passed by all the millions of books on the shelf until he saw one of the books he enjoyed titled *'Roman History.'*

Yes, it was a big book but the Roman history line was so interesting. The Roman Republic was his favorite out of the Roman Empire and the Roman Kingdom. Mostly because the Roman Republic was a country that believed in the freedom of the people. He could still name so many things about Ancient Rome he just enjoyed learning.

"I heard that you can make a caesar salad if you stab it enough times." America turned and saw Britain. Then let himself laugh at the joke.

"So I've heard." He replied.

"So... uh, how did your conversation with Canada go?" Britain walked to America's side.

America hesitated, "Uh... Fine. It's just weird how old he is." America partly lied.

Britain gave a weak laugh. "I'm still surprised how taller you became."

America turned around and smiled. Britain loved to see his son's smile again. He started seeing the prominent differences in him.

America seemed to be less talkative/quiet, he seemed to be more nervous about everything. Almost like he was timid; not wanting to do anything without hesitating like he keeps douting himself.

Britain saw America's smile fade he looked into the book in his hands.

Another thing America seemed to do, have a strong positive emotion then it would quickly fade.

His old self would be loud, Britain didn't recognize how energetic he used to be like nothing could stop him with anything. He seemed to be humorous with his words and actions.

Now, He seemed stiff and keep his conversations short.

America was thinking about his lying addiction. He never thought about how much he lied, failed to tell the full truth, or just didn't mention something.

:::::::::

America looked around the old room he used to live in.

"What do you think?" Britain asked.

America saw that they kept the bed but everything was gone besides a couple of cabinets which he was expecting to have dust colonies on them. Instead, they were nicely cleaned.

"It's the same but different." He replied not looking at Britain.

"We... Kind of made it a guest bedroom."

"That's fine. I understand." America smiled at his dad.

Britain smiled back, "Well... I guess I'll leave you to it."

Britain closed the door behind him as he left. America looked around again then fell onto his bed dramatically.

He starred a the ceiling for a little bit before he got bored and saw his window.

America walked to it and remembered how this was the window he always escaped through. He opened it and felt the cold air come in. He didn't mind it since he was used to sleeping outside during the war.

"Enjoying the view?" America turns rapidly and saw Confederate sitting beside him. America feels his heart race and he jumped back but then he fell on the floor. Confederate ignored this and looked outside. He softly laughed. "Would you look at that? My bolded letters aren't there anymore when I speak." Confederate turned around and saw America heavy breathing and his eyes were full of shock. "Bet the readers are going to have trouble finding me."

America's brain was screaming with alarms, he still vividly remembers when he last had a nightmare. He grabbed his chest because it was hurting as his breath was fast.

"A-Are you going to hurt me?"

Confederate smiled. "You seem to do be doing just fine scaring yourself so... I see no point." Confederate looked around the room. "Strange how some things change and others stay the same." Confederate looked back at America who was now sweating. He didn't understand he wasn't doing anything to him so why is he freaking out? "Are you okay?"

Confederate got sudden flashes of memories but they weren't his, they were America's.

America thought his heart was going to break out of his chest, he just had a sudden fear that he was just going to die right there without anyone doing anything to him. The flashes of memories wouldn't stop, America's chest ached as it couldn't handle the

sudden stress.

America didn't know what to do, this hadn't happened before.

"I-I can't breathe..." America was able to choke out.

Confederate disappeared since there was nothing he could do to help, or more of didn't want to help.

After a couple of minutes, his body settled seeing that he wasn't dying and that the 'trigger' was gone. He looked at his hands, they were shaking. He felt the chills even though he was burning up like a fever.

What was that? America asked in his mind.

He stayed in the corner of his room and tried to breathe slowly. He was still shaking and didn't want to move.

The sun had disappeared and it was now nighttime, not much light was in America's room as he sat in the dark.

He didn't want to sleep because he didn't want to dream, he couldn't re-live slightly altered nightmares every night.

I can't keep doing that every night. America put his knees up to his chest and let his head fall on them. *I need to keep myself up or Confederate will hurt me again.* Then a thought entered his mind.

‖_____‖

Chapter 18??? Already?????

(↓I desire for you to read this↓)

Uh, little thing about Canada and America, *yes they hate each other*, but not what I'm talking about. After thinking about how I hate when authors don't balance out their characters I thought about The Runaway.

So, Canada and America have mental disorders (America also has 2 big phobias). No, they are not mentally insane (not all mental

disorders do that). Now I'm sure you're like:

"Wow, Yonderblue this is new to me, what are the disorders?" To which I'll respond with:

"HA! You figure that out!"

(Yes, I will reveal what their disorders at the end of the book)

Good luck

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 19 - *Down deep*

[image]

This was a doozy

January 24, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 8:00am

Britain yawned as he woke up from a good night's sleep. He stretched then just looked at the ceiling thinking to himself.

Did I dream that America came back? Or did he come back? Britain sighs then gets dressed. He feels like walking to America's old room to make sure it wasn't a dream.

Stepping through the halls he saw it was still slightly dark out and it was cold due to it being January.

Britain went up the stairs and was then right in front of America's old room he inhaled as he opened the door slowly and quietly. Britain peaked through and didn't see any sign of America, there wasn't even any disorder that would signal that someone was in there.

Britain sadly sighs, *must have been a dream.*

He closes the door then leaves. *It felt so real. I feel like I touched him I forgave him.* He thought to himself as he passed by rooms, then he heard something. Was it snoring?

Britain saw that he was in front of the library door. He turns the door then sees America sitting by a desk with a book in front of him, and he was asleep.

"It really wasn't a dream," Britain whispered. He walked over to America, who was lightly snoring over the book. Britain quietly laughed at how cute his son was; America moved a little and silently mumbled to himself. Britain blinked, he wasn't sure if America was dreaming or waking up. Britain decided to leave him alone since he might have not slept that well all night. Before he left, he moved America's hair out of his face and America reacted like he was being comforted, relaxing without knowing because he was asleep.

Britain smiled warmly, he walked to the door then open it but before he closed it he curiously looked back at sleeping America, he felt so blessed that America came back, then he quietly closed the doorway.

Britain hadn't walked that far before Canada hugged him.

"Oh! Good Morning Canada." Britain was taken by surprise.

"Morning dad!" He replied, "How are you?"

"Just fine." Canada let him go.

"Do you think the destruction twins and I could go out and see the farm animals nearby? It's been getting cold and Aussie wanted to make sure that they weren't freezing." Canada giggled.

"Sure, Aussie can be an extreme animal lover, but could you take America with you?"

[image]

Canada choked. "Do..." Canada lengthened his words dramatically, "I have to...?" Canada looked to the side of the room.

"I think it would be good for America to see the home he once lived in."

Then he should remember what it looks like. "Your sure he has to come...?"

"America hasn't met Aussie or Zeal, he probably doesn't even know they exist."

Canada nodded, and watched Britain walked by, he then growled in frustration. *I can't believe I have to bring him with me!* Canada stomped off.

Britain walked down the halls with a smile. He entered the dining room but no one was in there so he figured that breakfast was in the kitchen. He walked to the door and opened it, sure enough, breakfast was already made by the maids.

Simple bread with fruit, not much else you can make in the 1700s (says the author).

Britain was about to help himself before America came in a different door, he yawns and looked in need of sleep. He sees his father.

"Oh, morning father." America waved then sat down at a table. Britain smiled wider and stood in front of America.

"Good morning. How are you feeling?"

"Great..." America slightly dozed off.

"Did you even sleep last night?"

"Not much." America rested on his hand.

"You can go back to bed, or library for that matter." America flinched.

"You saw me?" America felt bad.

Britain softly laughed, "Yes, what were you doing in there?"

"I was... Reading." America shrugged.

"About what?" America didn't feel like talking anymore but he couldn't stop it.

"Romans."

"What about the Romans?" America quietly groaned, Britain got the message. "You know what- nevermind. How about breakfast?"

"Sure, but I'm not sure I have anything to hu-" America cut himself off, he was in his home, some always makes it for them. "Oh, wait, I'm not in the wilderness." America calmly laughed. "I'm so stupid."

Britain was taken back by America's negativity, he wasn't sure what to say.

"Uh... I'll get us some food." Britain walked toward the table with the food, "And tea if that's okay."

"Yeah, that's fine..." America mumbled. Britain was again confused, America threw tea into the ocean a few years ago and just got done with a war that was started by that. *Maybe he's just that tired. I wonder why he didn't sleep. He never used to act like this-*

Britain was cut off as he heard America talking to him.

"No... I don't know what that was last night." America sounded angered but talked in a whisper, Britain was going to ask what he was talking about but realized he wasn't talking to him. "Why would you care now? You didn't help me when it happened." He paused. "How would it affect you?" He paused again. "Makes sense." Pause. "Then, don't yell at me, and I won't feel like I'm dying." America was speaking in a low angry mumble. "Just try."

Britain felt fright run threw him, *what was America talking about? "Like I'm dying?" Why would he think he was dying?*

Britain blinked and quietly sighs to calm his mind, *America is fine. If he wasn't he would tell me.*

Britain poured the warm tea into the cups and turned around with a fake smile. "It's ready."

America almost jumped. He then smiled tiredly.

Britain set then plates and tea down in front of the three- I mean two. There are only two of them. Right?

Both weren't very talkative.

Britain took a sip of his tea before placing it down and seeing that America's face was twisted in pain and a hand was on his waist, Britain glanced down worriedly and saw blood.

"America! Your BLEEDING!" Britain got up and immediately made America do the same by grabbing his arm and pulling up so that he could look closer at it.

"It's nothing..." America said calmly but with slight pain in his voice.

"NOTHING!" Britain yelled. "Your bleeding! How did this happen!?"

"Tell the whole house while you at it." America joked with his voice still being soft. Britain gave a seriously angered look. "Okay, Okay! I got shot in the war and it never properly healed... I stretched a little too hard this morning... and it opened back up."

Britain placed his hand on America's waist and blood immediately covered his hand. Britain lifted it back up and his hands started shaking, the blood was so warm and sticky. He didn't like it.

Before he could yell at America for not telling him, America hugged Britain with his right arm while the other held his injury. He groaned in pain and Britain could almost feel his pain.

"Does it hurt?" Britain asked.

America grunted in pain again before answering. "A little..."

"Tell the truth," Britain replied but his voice was only firm and not angry like America expected.

"It... It hurts a lot." America's voice was shaking. Britain sighs. America found it weird how relaxing hearing his father's breath, maybe it was the reason for how Britain can be calm when he needs to.

"Let me see it."

America submitted and moved his navy blue coat and opened 1/3 of his waistcoat to expose his wounded skin.

Britain was amazed that a bullet hole was in one of his sons. "Is the bullet out?"

"No, they decide to kill me with lead poisoning." America joked again.

Britain ignored him and let his hand be an inch away, America saw Britain close his eyes so that he could focus on his power.

Britain's hand glowed a little then he opened his eyes slowly and put his hand down. America saw that he had completely healed; there wasn't even a scar or trace that it was once there.

"Forgot you could do that," America said looking up at his father.

"Never needed to use my power for a long time." Britain looked at his hand that had a little blood on it.

"I'm sorry," America said as shame and even more guilt hit him. "I should have told you, you wouldn't have had to worry."

"You need to stop apologizing," Britain replied. America felt sighs sadly, still feeling bad, and looked at the ground as one arm rubbed his elbow. Then a hand touched his shoulder. "You have no reason to be sorry. All is forgiven."

America saw his father smile he felt himself smile. Then the pain in his head hit him, nothing new he's had one all day.

His breath shook, and he put a hand on his head and closed his eyes while softly groaning. Britain easily took notice.

"What is it?"

"Headache but... worse," America replied.

"Want me to heal it?" Britain's eyes gleamed with excitement but his facial expression was calm.

America laughed. "Yeah, that would be nice."

Britain slowly put a hand on America's forehead then closed his eyes. A soft glow came from his hands then screams. wait- screams?

America screams in pain as his headache went from bad to unbearable quickly and suddenly. Not only that but his whole body fails him, making him fall on his knees and grasp the sides of his head. Flashes of *Aspiration* (the dream place with the valley, meadow, and iconic flowers. America and Confederate named that place Aspiration) and *Bête Noire* (The burned down nightmare with the crumbled building is what Confederate named that place) come in and out of America's view. No matter how tight he closed his eyes and screamed the pain and flashes wouldn't stop.

Britain quickly fell and tried to calm America down and fear made it hard for Britain to breathe as he didn't understand how his healing powers would make something worse. He kept calling America's name and asking what was wrong but he didn't hear.

America panted as the pain and flashes settled, he felt relieved.

Britain hugged America suddenly, "You scared me!"

America couldn't joke, "Sorry..." he whispered.

Britain lets go of America so they could see eye to eye. "What happened?"

"I-I'm... not sure. I thought your power would heal me but it just... burned." America looked to the side.

"Burned?" Britain questioned.

"Burned with pain."

"I'm... sorry America," Britain said letting America fully go. "I didn't think that my powers would hurt you..."

"I asked you to do it... it's my fault." America fake smiled. "And we both weren't expecting it. Let's not do that again."

America saw Britain's purple eyes glimmer with relief then concern.

"...America... Are you okay?" America felt like Britain was look straight through him. So many people had asked that but he felt like his father was really asking if he was okay and how could he help. He pretended to not know what Britain was talking about anyway.

"What do you mean?" America nervously laughed.

"Your breathing hard." Britain and America were still sitting on the floor; America did a self-check then realized what was happening.

"U-Uh, can you excuse me?" America didn't wait for an answer and ran out of the room. Britain wanted to object and hear what was wrong but he was already gone.

Britain sadly sighs as he feels the cold floor below him. His hands rest on his lap and the soft glow of the outdoor light came through the window making the kitchen gray and dull as always. He looks down at his hands that were folded. He moves one of his hands to show the dry blood on his hands.

He felt like America's life was actually on his hands, like the feeling when you send someone out and something bad happens to them, he tells himself *his blood is on my hands, I made him change this way, he said he got shot in the war, the war I decided to start. His way of truly finding freedom and I tried to take it away.*

Britain blinks with realization.

He says he alright but something else is happening. What was he talking

about when he said he wasn't sure what happened last night? And who was he talking to?

:::::::::

America panted as he ran through the halls ignoring everything except the two thoughts in his head. *I'm having another one,* and, *I need to be alone.*

America saw a bathroom and ran into it. He shuts the door behind him; he forgot if he slammed it or not. He ignored the thought and slid down onto the floor with his back on the door.

Like the night before, he couldn't breathe (running through the halls didn't help), his chest hurt, his mind racing, and the fear of being in danger was like hands reaching for him to pull America down through the floor.

He tried to breathe slowly, but nothing could calm him down. America felt tears fall down his face. The fear was making his body shake and tears forced themselves out even though America wished for them not to.

It's been several minutes, he could grab his breath and his mind slowed down. He took a deep breath in then a shaking breath out.

America looked around and stood up, still shaking but he did anyway. He tried processing what was happening to him. He wasn't familiar with the sudden panic, the fear, and even what random things triggered it.

America lightly closed his eyes so he could focus on if he had been taught this in his studies but nothing came to mind.

He then felt like someone was standing beside him. America glanced to the side and it was Confederate.

America yelped then fell back onto the floor, "You need to stop doing that!" Confederate just rolled his eyes.

"You should stop having a panic attack every time you see me." Confederate's voice had an annoyed tone.

"You should stop trying to kill me!"

"You should know I can't do that!" Confederate yelled back. "I told you, whatever pain or feeling you feel, I feel!"

America harshly sighs then gets up. "Doesn't get rid of the fact that you don't try and help!"

"What do you want me to do?! Sing you a lullaby?!" America groaned loudly and angrily, then turned to leave the room. "Hey! Don't turn your back on me!"

America turned slightly to the side then his eyes widened as he saw Confederate grab him by the neck. America screamed weakly, then looked at Confederate with wide-fearing eyes while the other grinned showing his sharp teeth. America was gripping Confederate's wrists and tried to loosen Confederate's grip so he could breathe, but his strength was failing him.

"Are you... Afraid?" America was paying full attention as the other's black and gray eyes stared at him, America was afraid to blink. Confederate laughed. "I'm stronger than you... Do you think that anyone actually forgives you?" Confederate's voice was low, confident, and dramatic as always. "**Open your eyes! You're never going to be forgiven for ruining everyone's lives!**" Confederate squeezed harder and America gasped in pain and his head was pointed up. America had tears going down his face again, the words of his other half hurt him so much. Confederate then had a thought. He smiled then let one of his hands go from America's neck. "Actually... while I'm here..." America saw Confederate's hand darken like he was going into his shadow form. That was what was happening.

Confederate fully turned into his shadow form then go into America's mind. America tried screaming but the lack of air made it hard, he fell onto the floor hard and he gasped and coughed as he could finally breathe. His coughing was violent and forceful; something wasn't right, he could feel his body start rejecting the sudden change. Almost like it was trying to get rid of whatever Confederate was doing to him. America saw his vision blur, his headache worsen, pain in his gut, and tiredness sweep him. America

inhaled then his mussels fail him again, and fall onto the ground.

America opened his eyes, not much time had passed since he passed out. Out of impulse, he checked himself, he could touch objects such as himself and the walls without going through them, he could breathe, and his vision was clear again. He sighs in relief then looks at his hands. Still the same pattern on them.

He smiles crookedly. *That wasn't so hard.*

America stands up and looks at himself in the mirror, he straitens himself so that no one knows that he had a hard time. He rubs his neck as some of the pain from being strangled and coughing still hurts.

He sighs with pleasure anyway and opens the door to leave the room.

America giggled through the halls, so many ideas came to his mind.

I wonder who I can put some guilt on?

America heard some papers shifting in a different room not far away. He smiled then followed, he hid behind the door, waiting for the person to come out.

The person had a stack of papers in their arms. Their flag was white with a red X, and a crown in the center. They didn't see America until they closed the door behind him.

"Hi, there," America said with the same smile on his face. The person shrieked. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you."

"I-It's fine." The person said. "I haven't m-met you. I-I'm Northern Ireland."

"I'm Con- I mean, America." Northern's eyes glimmered with joy.

Wow, a glimmer of joy, finally, this book hasn't had sudden joy in a while.

"Y-Your B-Britain's first son!" Northern was speaking louder but

America almost didn't hear his words because of how he studdered. He would have acted forcefully, but he knew he needed not to act out of the ordinary.

"Yes... I am." He paused, "What's with your stutter." Northern felt uncomfortable and blushed out of embarrassment and looked to the side avoiding America's black and gray watch.

"I-I..." Northern looked back up at America but then Northern's powers took over his vision and showed him America's black sclera. Northern hadn't seen them before, neither did he see the sharp teeth America seemed to hide. He realized that America was giving him a confused look as he stared at him. "I got hurt in th-the head as a k-kid."

America blinked with confusion as Northern quickened his words, but he still understood. Northern turned and they both walked down the halls slowly.

"Wouldn't Britain just heal you?" Northern went to a full stop and tried to process what America said.

"What?" Northern looked at him with his flaxen eyes.

America sighs, "My father can heal anything and anyone. You know that, right?" Northern nodded. "Well... Why hasn't he healed your stutter? Unless..."

"U-Unless what?!"

"U-Unless." America copied Northern who was hurt by that. "You did something that made him mad at you...?"

Northern couldn't find words. "H-H-He c-couldn- w-wouldn't!" Northern's heart-beat quickened. "I-I d-didn't-t do a-anything!" Tears formed in his eyes.

America just laughed and walked around Northern in circles, his voice confident and pulsate. "Confess... Northern..."

Northern dropped his papers. "I-I... I was s-supposed t-to be w-with my b-brother, I-Ireland, b-but I-I chose B-Britain i-instead."

America smiled and touched Northern's shoulders, "Maybe my father doesn't want you here. **You should have chosen family over friends.**"

Northern's tears burst out of him as guilt and inner pain crept into his heart. He fell onto his knees and keeps crying.

America laughed at his pain and hid in a close room nearby. He could still hear Northern's sobs but two pare of footsteps came running toward Northern.

"Northern! What happened?" He recognized Wales' voice.

"I-I!" Northern continues to struggle with words.

"Calm down..." Wales said calmly.

"I-I'm sorry." Northern wept.

"It's okay Northern, it's okay." Wales soothed him. "Scotland." She whispered, "Can you take him?" Scotland nodded and held Northern comforting him while Wales tried to talk to him. "What happened?"

Northern breathed shakily, "I r-realized... I-I'm n-not i-important! I-I'm a-a little t-traitor!"

Wales gasped quietly with shock. "Northern! No, you are not!"

"Don't ever say that!" Scotland added. The two hugged him for comfort.

America growled, he then had another idea. He needs to break down the support to bring down the crown. He giggled then decided to leave the scene and plan it all out.

He faded through the walls as if they weren't there, he stopped suddenly. He started coughing hard and hunched over grabbing a table nearby as the weakness hit him and vision blurred.

"No, no, no! Don't switch yet!" He whispered to himself. His struggle was in vain.

America gasped and quickly looked up, he didn't remember being in the library. He was in the bathroom when...

Did Confederate take over? The thought made his heart stop. *What did he do?*

America got up and looked at himself he didn't find anything until he saw a mirror. He saw sharp teeth in his mouth. HIS mouth. He only knew one person who had this kind of teeth. *Confederate.*

"Well, would you look at that?" America turned and Confederate was there. He forcefully opened America's mouth to look at his change. America was pushed on to a chair. "You got my teeth."

America slapped his hand away. "Get away from me!"

Confederate floated a few feet away. "Do you like them?"

"NO!" America paused getting up. "This isn't normal!" Rage filled America he quickly turned to Confederate to smiled at him and walked up to him. "How do you think this is funny?! I'm slowly shifting into you! And all you do is make things worse! You're such a bad person! You're the reason for my problems! AND..." America drifted off as Confederate wouldn't let him go this far with insulting him, he wouldn't even have that ironic smile on his face. Confederate was floating in front of him and he was laying on his stomach with his legs in the air like a girl on the phone, he even had a hand on the side of his face to rest on. "You..." He said hate full then he changed to fear. "You... want me to be angry."

Confederate laughed, "Nothing is wrong with venting." Confederate changed his posture to his legs on his chest and arms around them.

America took a step back. "You want me to be angry!" He repeated louder, "I won't be!" Confederate laughed. "I won't let you change me!" Confederate laughed harder. "I'll shove my emotions down the drain!" He paused and whispered to himself. "Easy, right?" Confederate was losing his mind with the joy he felt as America taunted him.

"America?!" They both heard Britain's voice calling them.

America looked at Confederate who was still laughing and ignoring Britain's call. America huffed then followed his father's voice.

When he was gone Confederate sighs as he was laughing so hard, "Are you sure you can keep those mood swings down, emotional boy?" Confederate disappeared.

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America found his father.

"Oh! There you are!" Britain quickly walked up to him. "Are you okay?"

America was confused, "Yes, why?"

"You ran off."

America cringed, he wasn't sure if he meant before or when Confederate took over. "When... You had just healed me?" He wasn't sure how he could phrase it so that it didn't sound uncomfortable.

"Uh... Yes." Britain blinked, "Why? There was no other time-"

"It's nothing!" America walked around Britain. "Uh! What did you need from me?"

Britain saw how nervous America was but continued. "There are some people I want you to meet."

"Do I know them?" America followed his father as they walked to the destination.

"I wouldn't think so," Britain replied.

America and Britain were quiet after that, America glanced at the other country who had a smile on his face.

America wanted to tell him about Confederate, his old life in the war, the things he learned from him. *The things I learned!*

"Hey, Dad." America started, avoiding the other's purple gaze and

rubbing his arm. "I... Want to thank you..." America looked at Britain. "I wanted to thank you for teaching me everything you know." Britain stopped walking and had a confused. America panicked. "I-I mean i-if you hadn't taught me about how to talk- I mean persuade people and talk I guess, I wouldn't have been able to win the war-" He cut himself off as Britain had covered his mouth and America wasn't sure what to do. "I mean- I-... I am glad you taught me. I should have been more grateful but... I was so young, stupid, and over caring!" America scolded himself.

Britain wasn't confused like America thought he was, he was just blossoming with pride. He almost wanted to cry, his son was thankful for his teachings. Britain let a soft but high pitched laugh with happiness. Britain impulsively embraced America. Britain realized how taller America was, even though they've hugged a lot, he still comes to surprise when he sees how older and mature his son is.

America acknowledged how warm his father was, he liked it. He felt safe.

"Your welcome for the compliment," America said.

They let go and Britain was bursting with tears, America laughed.

"D-Don't laugh at me." Britain smiled with joy wiping one of his eyes. "I used to be a power-hungry Empire." Britain sighs, gaining control of his emotions.

"So... Who are the people yo-" America was cut off as something- I mean someone, ran at full speed and took America down. Britain was also taken by surprise even though he wasn't touched.

They spun then America thumped onto the ground while the other person was on top of him.

"I got you, mate!" America groaned the wind got knocked out of him. Though, a familiar voice was heard.

"A...Aussie?" America choked out. He spoke but stopped to breathe "I regret... having the deal where... when we see each other again...

we would tackle the other..."

"Your just sad I got to you first." Aussie laughed, America weakly laughed back.

"Australia!" Aussie pricked up and looked behind him. "You can't just tackle guests!"

"I just did!" Britain folded his arm angrily. "Getting off!" Aussie got off of America and helped him up.

"Are you okay, America?" Britain checked.

"I'm fine-" America coughed. "It's hard to breathe... But alive."

"Wait, how are you here America? You were in the war with him!" Aussie looked at his father. "No offense, Dad."

"Dad?" America asked. Britain giggled at the two.

"America, this is one of the people I wanted you to meet your younger brother Austrailia or Aussie. Aussie, this is your eldest brother, America."

Both gasped looking at each other in the eye.

"Life. Just. Got. Awesome!" Aussie said heart full of excitement.

"Same!" America replied and lifted him in the air and spun him around. "I have another brother! I have another brother! I have another brother!" America set Aussie down, they stared at each other in amazement. "What should we do first?!" America eagerly asked.

"Oh! I'm not sure! But I need to show you, my sister, first."

"Sist-?" America was cut off again and tackled again. This figure was female and look exactly like Aussie and America got the wind knockout again.

"Oh, my Kiwi! Your America! Aussie told me so much about you!" America was confused.

"There are two Aussies!" America yelled with fright.

"No, no, mate." Aussie moved Zeal aside. "This is my twin or your sister, New Zealand."

America got up and forgot which one was Aussie. One of them gasped, "I have another brother from another mother!" Zeal cheered, Britain cringed and slight blush covered his face.

"No, Zeal... America is the oldest. AND in the same family." Britain assured her.

"Oh, I see." Zeal turned to America with energy bursting out of every body part. "HI! I'm New Zealand or Zeal for short!" Zeal took her hand out. America took it and Zeal shook it like soda.

When she let go America felt dizzy with the shaking. *Man, she has energy.* Britain kept America on his feet while Zeal and Aussie burst with what things they could do with America first.

"Why do you call her Zeal?" America asked shaking his head to get rid of the dizziness.

"Zeal is an English term for energetic and..." Britain trailed off as both of them looked at Zeal and Aussie. You could see the glow of their energy together. "It's pretty self-explanatory." Britain paused, "And, Canada wanted to take the two out to get rid of that energy. AND you're going with them."

America internally groaned. Today hadn't been the best, and seeing Canada and interacting was going to be a big mess.

"Do I have to go?"

"Sadly, yes." Britain looked to the side. "I have some... Empire things I need to do." Britain lengthened his words.

"I understand. Taking over the world doesn't happen in one night." America giggled. Britain smiled along with him.

Not far down the hall, Canada hid and watch from afar, growling in anger as he saw Britain and America talking while Aussie and Zeal

think of what they could do with him.

Above him (without knowing) was Confederate. "What are you doing little boy?" He asked knowing for sure that Canada couldn't hear him. Confederate saw that Canada had a letting in hand. "What's this?" Canada places it down and goes most likely to intervene in America's father and son bonding time. Confederate looked at it and smiled as he saw who it was from. "Oh~ A letter from Ukraine... And... If I'm correct, a little Russian boy should follow."

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America and Canada walked along the trail, not looking or talking to each other. The tension was there even if you weren't looking for it. Australia and Zeal were in front of them. They all were in the town to get out of the big palace they lived in, their breath was seen in the cold air. America was used to it, being in the war in all. Hardly any food, injuries couldn't always be treated, and the winter was freezing while summer was burning.

Here in London, England, the snow-covered some of the houses' roofs, and the road they were walking on. You can see almost everyone's breath, and you would freeze if you didn't have enough layers. The road was a nice dark gray with white clean snow in the cracks. People were dressed in thick clothing beside some of the homeless people, America saw a little boy freezing under a blanket. Occasionally a cold gust of wind would make the snow on the ground hit your face.

Canada didn't mind it but he still felt cold and shivered.

"Are you cold?" America asked.

"No," Canada said bitterly. America wanted to try and have a normal conversation with Canada but he kept getting angry at America for even talking.

"Your shivering."

"Doesn't mean I'm cold."

"Kind of does." Canada ignored America's gray eyes and kept looking forward. America started to feel the cold or the cold from Canada. "I'm just trying to talk to you."

Canada was quiet for a moment, "Well, I don't want to talk to you."

"Geez, rude much?"

"Geez, runaway much?!" America choked on Canada's words. He understood Canada didn't want to talk.

"Okay..." He whispered to himself. He tried to act like he was oka, but words hurt.

Canada sped up to Aussie and Zeal and join in their conversation.

America was left alone. I mean... Kind of.

"I think I have been sommoned~!" Confederate appeared to the left side of America. "What do I need to catch up on-? Oh! Right." Confederate had his iconic smile that might never go away. "Complete and utter betrayal. By your own brother." America stayed quiet, he knew talking would make Confederate turn the conversation to an insult that would sink deep. "Not talkative this afternoon are you?"

Confederate looked around, a blue female caught his eye. She had more of a gray-blue color with clean white eyes, she had a very dark blue dress lined with a white pattern on. They locked eyes (Yes this person can see him).

"I swear Confederate's going to break the fourth wall again." The blue person looks away and shakes her head.

"Blue, I'm not sure you need to worry about that." A golden humanized color said this person was holding an insane amount of tape. "We got this tape. I mean ALL this tape for a reason."

"Yes, your right Golden Harvest. We got tape because my shopping list is just labeled:

Get tape OR your readers will kill you."

"That's wise." Younderblue's friend replied.

Back to Canada and America. Canada and the twin stopped at a small restaurant, (I'm pretty sure that restaurants were in the 1700s) America caught up to them, and Confederate was still next to him.

"Why are we stopping?" Zeal asked

"I'm meeting someone here," Canada replied.

America felt angry again. *Oh, You'll talk to Austrailia but mot me-*

"Getting angry America?" Confederate asked him. America gulps, he can feel Confederate grab his shoulder, he's too scared to move or breathe.

"Are you okay America?" America feels Confederate disappear.

"What? Oh, ya. I'm fine." America smiled. He looked at Aussie, he seemed off. He looked beyond freezing. America approached him while Canada and Zeal walked in looking for that person. "Hey, Aussie are you feeling okay?"

"I... haven't been feeling well all day." Aussie coughed. "But I'm here, I'll be fine. I don't need you to baby me and shouldn't you be cold?"

"Well... You know... War in all."

Aussie hugged himself with how cold he was. "B-But we were in the same one."

"I'm sorry but... I was in the harder battles and experienced a little more. I kind of..." America rubbed his neck. "Put you in the easier battles."

Aussie sighs, "Oh."

"I'm sorry." America suddenly says, "I'm sorry. I should have trusted you to be in the harder ones." America felt like Aussie would hate him now. He looked down.

"Hey," Aussie stepped closer to him making America look at him. "I understand, mate, and I just needed to trust you, and your judgment."

Wish I could trust my judgment. America faintly smiles and stands by Aussie to try and share warmth.

Zeal came out of the door and fast-walked to the two. "You won't believe who Canada found."

"Who?" Aussie asked.

"Ukraine!" America didn't know who that was.

"Who is that?" He asked. Zeal turned to him.

"Ukraine is Canada's childhood friend, she left a couple of months ago and now they are reunited." Zeal said it like they were two lovers or just dramatic.

Canada and a blue and yellow country came out and spun around.

"It's so good to see you again!" Canada cheered.

"I missed you to Canada." She said calmer than him but was still excited. She stopped and saw America next to Aussie and Zeal. "Who's that?"

Canada hesitated, "That's my, uh, older brother." America waved politely.

She gasped, "I... I thought you were the oldest."

"Apparently not," Canada said harshly. Ukraine didn't notice his coldness.

Ukraine approached America, "Nice to meet you."

America smiled he liked how polite she was. "Good to meet you too, I'm America, Britain's most handsome son."

"Okay! That's enough of my older brother!" Canada ran in between

the two

"I'm Ukraine." They shook hands anyway.

"How was your trip? Did you find whatever it was you were looking for?" Canada tried changing the subject. As Ukraine responded, Canada glared at his siblings. America found it funny how Canada was himself around Ukraine or a better version of himself, America wasn't sure. Canada listened with interest.

"I did find somewhat of what I was looking for, I was looking for my family and... I was able to find my brother I never knew about." Ukraine looked back at the restaurant and someone opened the door, it was her brother.

"Hey, Ukraine who are you..." Russia trailed off as he saw America.

They both locked eyes.

Russia was still taller than him but he was taller than America last remembered. America saw more geriatric and focus and they hadn't even spoken to each other. He didn't appear to have any other differences, but this was America's view.

Russia couldn't begin to say how America had changed, he was taller but still smaller than him, his gray eyes had a more educated kind of look. He looked like he would have a soft smile personality instead of the gleaming energetic personality traits he had before.

(There will be no Rusame in here)

Canada, Zeal, Aussie, and Ukraine felt weird with the starring the two did.

"So, uh... Do you two know each-" Zeal was cut off.

"Russia?!"

"America?!" They ran to each other and hugged.

"I guess so." Zeal finished.

America and Russia let go, "America! You're still alive! I heard about the Revolutionary War!"

"I'm still alive." America laughed, Russia laughed back. "Oh, Russia you won't believe how much I missed you!"

"I missed you to America."

"I have so much I need to tell you!" memories flooded in America's mind, but the good ones.

"Same!" Russia exclaimed.

Canada and Ukraine looked at each other, "Our brothers know each other..." Canada complained.

"This is kind of embarrassing," Ukraine replied, she took a step forward then coughs getting the attention of the two. "I hate to intervene but... How do you two know each other?"

They both faced her.

"Oh, America and I go way back!" Russia said.

"We've been friends since... Forever." America couldn't find the exact time.

"Well can you two walk and talk? The rest of us want to visit the frozen lake nearby." Zeal told them.

Russia and America looked at each other, then smirked. America enjoyed being around Russia again.

I think I'll tell him...

NO! You won't!

He's someone I trust Confederate. I'm telling him about you.

No!

"Coming, America?" America turned and everyone was already making their way. It was Russia who called him.

"I'm coming!"

:::::::::

"And then I was able to steal that guy's cannon!" America told. Russia laughed.

"Wow, you showed the British- I mean," Russia remembered that Britain was his father. "Your father, in a smart way."

"I guess so." They paused for a while. The younger siblings were skating on the ice not too far even though Russia said to maybe not try and skate they did anyway. Russia and America were sitting on a log watching them. They had cut through some forest to get here and their tracks still showed. America was amazed at how graceful Canada was, even though skating boots weren't invented he slid along the ice like he was born to do it. Zeal and Aussie were barely able to stay upright on the ice, Zeal sometimes used Aussie to stand for three seconds. America liked how even if Zeal and Aussie weren't good at something, they enjoyed doing it together. He wished he was the same way but he always felt like he needed to be the perfect child, but he couldn't even name how many flaws he hated about himself.

The thought made him frown, frowning made him think of his sharp teeth. *Had anyone noticed them yet?* America turned away from Russia who was enjoying seeing his sister fail at being graceful. America poked a hand in his mouth, he could feel his edged teeth. He cringed and took his hand out, he looked at his hand and wondered how far the transformation would go. *Would it go until I look like Confederate? Or worse act like him? BE him?* America slowly went back to his seating posture. He wanted a distraction. He looked back at Zeal and Aussie, they continued to laugh at each other, or, more of Zeal laughing. America saw her laugh as she tried to get up, her shrieks scared some chickadees nearby, Aussie just smiled. He didn't seem to have much energy, something was wrong. America, even before finding out he was his brother knew how talkative and happy he was. America saw him cough then try and get back up again. America then saw Zeal help him or try. America envied their relationship then looked at Russia hoping to find something to laugh at.

"Alright. I've told you some of my adventures. Tell me yours." Russia sighs.

"Well, I wasn't in a war, I did find that I had siblings I didn't know about." He paused leaning forward then looking up dramatically. "I have so many."

"Do you have a favorite?" America joked.

"I'm the oldest, I can't have a favorite." He paused looking at America with a smile. "But I do have a list of the ones I hate."

America burst out laughing. Russia followed. America sighs. "I'm so glad we met again."

"Same."

"I hope we can be crazy like we once were." America's hope increased.

"Same!"

"I hope we can try and do it as soon as possible!" Russia wavered, this made America's smile fade but was still slightly there. "Why did you hesitate?"

Russia looked for words, "Look... America... I changed while I was gone. I have responsibilities as the largest country in the world. I have siblings I need to take care of. I have... a new life. And... I'm sorry but... I'm only staying untell tomorrow."

America clenched his teeth not caring anymore in Russia saw them, which he did. America inhaled and tried to understand what happened. The memory of Confederate telling him that Russia was trying to forget about him. He growled under his breath.

"New life?" He questioned. "New LIFE?!" He repeated. Russia didn't like the look America gave him. It was a mix of sadness, shock, and anger.

"Yes... New life, with a new family."

"Do you mean better family?" America was bitter with words. Russia remains calm.

"I didn't say that."

"And I didn't SEE you!" Russia was taken back by America's tone, never had he seen America like this. "Let me clarify." America stood up. "I don't remember you being there when Soviet first died! I don't remember helping each other with grief." Russia felt a little fear as America raised his voice. The siblings weren't paying attention. "I remember being starved as a Colony TO MY FATHER! I don't remember someone- anyone! Telling me I could get through these hard times for me! I don't even remember the last time I didn't have the constant fear of having a single nightmare that told me of my future!" America remembered every night of having the same nightmare ever since he ran away. "I don't remember having MY BEST FRIEND for once think about how it's not just him affected by his CHOICES!" Tears went down America's face, his face hot with anger.

Russia couldn't find words. "A-America?"

"I don't want to hear it." America turned away from him and wiped his eyes. "It's probably best if you leave and forget me all over again." Russia blinked, he didn't understand a word that came out of America's mouth.

America looked up and saw Canada leading Aussie to the soft clean snow. America walked to them ignoring Russia's calls to come back.

"What's wrong?" America asked, only worry in his voice, not sadness, not anger. As if nothing happened.

"Aussie isn't feeling alright," Canada replied, a worried expression on his face but it was light.

"I-I'm fine guys. I'm just a little cold and-" Aussie starts coughing violently. It hurt America's throat just to hear it. After he was done he assures his older brothers again. "Fine~..." Australia's voice was raspy.

America looks back at Russia who looks at him from afar. America didn't want to talk to him again, he needed an escape.

"You're not fine," America said firmly. "You know what, I can take Aussie back to the palace while you guys stay here."

"What no-!" Aussie complains.

:·:·:·:·:·:·:

America pulls the blanket over Australia.

"Gosh, thanks mom," Aussie says to America. Aussie weakly laughed at his joke and America smiled. America remembered how Scotland had told him about his parent's divorce, Britain didn't seem to mention it, maybe he hoped to hide it.

Scotland... America had a sudden burst of anger.

Aussie started coughing again making America shack awake. America wasn't sure if Australia had a bad cold or...

Anxiety grabbed America, he tried denying in his head but the thought wouldn't go away.

He can't be. America grabbed Aussie's hand and looked at it closely.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"I need to check something." Aussie had a nervous look, "I-It's okay Aussie. I just needed to see if you had the pox that is raging in my country." America lied. "See? Nothing. You'll be fine." Aussie didn't like his tone, it sounded unsure but he decided to leave it, he felt tired. "I-I'm going to leave you now..." America kissed his head. He started walking away when Aussie called him.

"America? I'm glad we're brothers." He smiled.

"Me too."

He's not cracking.

He's not cracking.

He's not cracking he's fine.

He's not cracking you're fine.

America closed the door, stress, and anxiety was begging for him to fall to the ground in a panic.

Stress isn't good for people who have trauma, can cause you nightmares. Stress can make you feel like you going through the trauma all over again.

And those nightmares, will cause you to be afraid, and being afraid in a dream tells you that you feel like you are losing control.

‖_____‖

Casually puts self and friend in the story

Fun fact: Northern Ireland has a personality trait of hyper and nervous. He is very outgoing but is shy around people, and his power is seeing things no one else would see. *giggles in foreshadow*
He's a little shy bean that must be protected. ❤ ω ❤

Last thought, I was going to have America slap Russia when they met because America thought Confederate was tricking him. But I didn't want to add that because of time (more than 5,000) words currently.

Chapter 20 - The Mirroring Dream

[image] [image]

January 25, 1781
Location: London, England

Time: 8:00pm

America ran through the halls. His stress was becoming unbearable; He felt if he talked to anyone, he would burst into tears. He wanted his life to pause so that he could breathe and recover, but everything would keep pilling up. He wanted to escape.

Ahead were Scotland and Wales. They were talking until they saw America.

"Hey, America, we to talk to you about-" Scotland called, but America walked past them.

"I can't talk right now." America kept his head low.

"But we really need to ask about..." Scotland faded out as America was out of sight because he turned a corner.

Wales and Scotland exchange glances, "What was that about?" Wales asked. Scotland shrugged.

"He might know what we were going to say..."

America opened the doors that lead to the garden. The bitter cold of winter came in, making America shiver for a second, but he hurried on. America followed the pebbled stone path, even though all the plants were dead, snow on the trees make icicles look like frozen rain. Stone statues and quartz pillars are shown cleaned from the snow to stand out. Stone seats were by small quartz tables.

America slowed his pace to a walk. He hugged himself to stay

warm. He enjoyed the scenery.

America then abruptly heard running footsteps behind him. He turned his head as he was called.

"America! Wait!" It was Canada. He stopped a few feet away. "Why did you want to leave the frozen lake so bad? You met your old friend after, what I can guess a long time," He paused. America turned his head away from him. "Why would you leave him?"

"It's nothing... leave me alone." America's voice was dull and in an almost whisper.

"Did you two fight?" Canada took a step closer.

"Please stop," America said, but Canada didn't listen.

"If you want to tell me... I won't judge."

"Drop it, Canada." America felt anger getting the better of him.

"I'm sure Russia's didn't mean to hurt you." America felt uncontrollable anger.

"I said, DROP IT CANADA!" America fully faced Canada and yelled at him. America realized that he didn't know where the anger came from. Canada was shooked; He couldn't talk as he saw America's eyes flicker black but then back to normal. America softly gasped to himself. He didn't mean to yell, but he didn't say sorry. "Just leave me alone..." America walked away from his brother.

When America was out of view, he started running. He didn't have any place he was aiming for, but only to getaway.

America decided to slow down to a stop. He sees that he is in a circular opening in the garden, pillars were on the sides of the different entrances that were all around. A beautiful pattern was on the stone pathway(s). Only one small table was in the area.

America sighs, then a pain in his head made him temporarily dizzy. America puts a hand on his head. He felt a jolt in him that pushed him. He took a couple of steps forward to balance out. The weird

pain was gone.

America still had a hand on his head he looks at it and for some reason it's different. It had the same pattern that followed his flag, but something was off about it.

Then he heard laughter behind him.

America abruptly turned around and saw himself? No. It was Confederate in his body, and he was the ghost. That's why his hand was off, it was transparent.

America takes a step back. Confederate looks at his 'new form' and smiles. "What? Never been a ghost before?" America didn't answer. His shock was making him mute. "Whatever."

"H-How?" America asks. "How did you take over?"

Confederate chuckles. "Remember that deal we made a while back? Where I can take control if you are in danger?"

"But I'm not in-"

Confederate put his finger on America's mouth and shushed him. "You don't need to worry about that part." America moved Confederate's hand away. Confederate scoffed, "Touchy much?" Confederate turned away from America and ran his hand on the stone table that didn't have snow, must have been cleaned off.

America was going to yell at Confederate, but Confederate interrupted him. "Yes, I can just take over."

America blinked in confusion. He was going to say, *You can't just take over,* but Confederate answered it before he said it.

"Still wondering how I can read your mind?" Confederate said but didn't look at him.

America was getting frustrated with how Confederate kept seeing his thoughts.

"You see, America, The author has this pet peeve where a character

has unlimited power. So, we both can know each other's thoughts, but you have to search deep down in that weak mind of yours, but I close off my mind so you can't hear my thoughts." Confederate was doing something on the table, but America wasn't sure what. "You, never try and hide your thoughts... Especially when you panic."

America tensed with the new information. "I don't panic *that* much..."

"Then why do you have panic attacks every day?" America didn't answer.

Confederate glanced at America and scoffed. "You're so pathetic."

America was hurt by his words. He stayed silent while trying to keep his tears back.

"I can sense you have one other question that has been lingering in your mind," Confederate said, turning to face America.

America hesitated at first. "What did you do when you took over?"

Confederate giggles, "Why would you think that I would do something bad?" He faced America with his iconic smile. "I'm kidding. Of course, I did something bad- I mean totally me."

America shifted uncomfortably. "So what did you do?"

Confederate stood behind America and had both hands on America's shoulders in a hypnotic way. "Do you know that studdering Irish boy?"

America kept his poster small and nodded. He had seen Northern Ireland and he was interested in him but was too shy to start a conversation. Now whatever Confederate did ended his chance.

"Well, I gave some encouraging advice." America blinked in confusion still watching Confederate's movement. "It was such a great conversation, I told him that he was unwanted... hated... a big mistake... I was so helpful he broke into tears!" America was speechless, Confederate hurt someone's feelings with no regret.

Wait, he does that to me every day.

"H-How could you just do that?" America asked. "He hasn't done anything to us." Confederate giggled.

"Well..." Confederate rolled his eyes. "It's a good way to make a person break." Fear bit America like a snake. Confederate felt his fear. "Oh, no, not to you." He paused. "If you broke, life would be incredibly boring," Confederate assured him.

"What do mean bre-" America was cut off.

"You have to not worry about that either." He paused again then he looked like he a quick idea. "But I can say what I am doing. Mostly to scare the readers." Confederate whispered the last part.

America internally grumbled, *Confederate wasn't specific on what kind of break. Break as in break their emotions or break as in kill...*

"So look at my lovely rock tower so that I can explain my plan like any other Disney villain." Confederate had one arm around America who was feeling awkward. "Explaining things are better with examples." In front of them, Confederate had stacked a rock tower.

Confederate let America go and stood behind the small tower.

"You see America when you get rid of, support." Confederate took one rock off. "The tower hasn't fallen so... You need to get rid of happiness." Confederate continued to remove rocks. "Trust and hope." He had destroyed the tower. "Bang! You have wiped out a country." Confederate said dramatically.

America looked at him with confusion. "How does this have to do with anything?"

Confederate sat back in a chair while still being dramatic. "You'll have to figure that out."

America growls in frustration. "You can't tell me who you're trying to take down?"

"..." Confederate didn't say anything.

"Wait..." America realized. "What's behind your back?"

Confederate giggled, "Nothing~." Confederate stood up. "It's just a gun." He pulled it out like it was a toy.

America felt like he was shocked by lightning. "W-Where-"

"You are so distracted all the time that I'm able to do things without your knowledge. Like, take over for 0.01 seconds." Confederate was talking with force. America was taking steps back as Confederate got closer.

Confederate pointed the gun at America, and his eye's widened with fear.

"Like said before... **Bang.**" Confederate pulled the trigger.

America tensed up and shut his eyes tight.

When he opened up his eyes he saw that he didn't feel any pain. He remembered that he was still a ghost and things must pass through him.

He then heard a thump.

He quickly looked behind him and saw one of the British guards. He had a bullet threw his head.

America gasped in horror. He covered his mouth. He took steps back until he ran into his body that was possessed by Confederate.

America quickly turned to face him, his eyes still wide. "P-Please... Don't hurt m-me..."

Confederate laughed, like killing someone was a game. He ignored the question. "It's funny how dreams are reflections of your memories. **Wonder what dream you'll have tonight.**"

America heard ringing in his head. Then saw that he was back in his body.

He slightly whimpered as he saw the dead body of a Red Coat.

He took another set of steps back then ran away from the scene.

America's fear was causing tears to run down his face. The cold didn't matter anymore.

He didn't pay attention to anything as he ran back to his room and shut the door behind him.

He panted as his heart raced. Fear gabbing hold of his mind.

Oh, no... Not another one. He grasped his chest as it hurt and closed his eyes tight.

He backed up into the corner, fell, then curled up into a shaking ball.

America felt like he was going to pass out as not enough air was getting in.

He opened his eyes and he was in his nightmare. Bête Noire.

Please...No...Wake up...WAKE UP!

::::::::::

Britain headed to where America had run off to. His room. Britain was looking for his eldest because he hasn't seen him since he left with Canada, Australia, and Zeal.

When he came back Canada and Zeal had come back and said that America took Australia back before they came back. Australia was resting to get rid of the 'cold' that he had.

Britain had checked on Aussie and he was sleeping fine but when he left America raced past him with tears in his eyes. Britain called him but America seemed to not have heard him.

Britain walked up the stairs wondering what America was crying over.

Britain was about to touch the door handle but he hesitated.

What if he wants to be left alone?

Britain would have walked away if he didn't hear America scream.

Panic flooded through him.

Britain quickly opened the door. He saw America shaking like a leaf and sobbing uncontrollably.

"America!" Britain ran to his son and fell in front of him. "America what happened?!"

America didn't seem to hear him even though he was right in front of him; America kept his head on his arms that were resting on his legs.

"America... Please tell me what's wrong!" Britain touched America's shoulder. America gasped and jump tears pouring down his face. Britain could see the fear in his gray eyes. "America...?" His eyes weren't focusing on Britain.

America shuttered, he closed his eyes again and covered his face with his hands.

Britain's concern was growing more and more. "America, please tell me what happened!"

He saw America not answer but instead sob more. Then America looked at his hands in fear.

"T-That's..." His voice was shaky. "That's n-not my b-blood!" America's hands shook as he looked at them with his fearful eyes. Britain saw that there was nothing on his hands or blood for that matter.

Some thought clicked in him. He couldn't explain it but his mind told him that America was hallucinating. As Britain heard America's quick breathing and panic he also thought that he's having a panic attack.

Britain gently touches America's shoulders, as he assumed, he jumped. "Hey, listen to me..."

America blinked, he seemed to pay attention better but studdered more. "N-No! S-Stop!" America put his hands on the side of his face. "I-I didn't do i-it!"

Britain was hurt seeing his son like this. "Hey, hey." Britain tried to calm America down.

"I-I didn't do it! I w-wouldn't ever d-do that!" He paused to pant some more. "I-I'm a good person! I'm a-a good person!" America opened his eyes and moved his hands slowly in front of him. "I-I... I wouldn't kill someone..."

Britain tried to gain America's focus on him but America still couldn't hear him. Britain heard America repeating something.

"I-I didn't kill you... I didn't k-kill you... I..." America's voice broke. He rocked himself back and forth. "I... I killed you..."

Britain couldn't speak. *America... What have you been through to make you think that you killed someone? Or me in general?*

"I-I'm sorry Dad! I'm such a b-bad p-person! I can't do anything right! I... I..." America couldn't finish due to his breath. Britain didn't want him to finish anyway.

"America!" America looked at him, he could finally hear him. "Listen!" Britain grabbed America and pulled him close. America tried fighting it but moving around but Britain wouldn't let him go. Britain had America cradled in his arms with his head on his left side. "America... Just listen..." America stopped fighting for a second and listened.

Thump
Thump Thump

Thump
Thump Thump
America heard Britain's heartbeat.

He looked up with shock, confusion, and sadness this time. "D-Dad?"

Britain smiled warmly his purple eyes a nice mild flame, "Ya... It's me." America let out a shuttering breath and remains to shake. He closes his eyes as tears continued to fall and his breath was still fast. He shrinks into a ball again.

Britain shushes him softly. "It's okay... It's okay..." Britain rubs his shoulder. Britain says confident things to America. "Just breath slowly..." America tried to take slower breaths. "Good... Good job... You're doing good."

America whimpers a little then snuggles closer to Britain's warm heart. It was oddly relaxing to hear his heartbeat. He then felt his chest unwind and his breathing laze. America inhaled shakingly as Britain maintained to calm him down.

"You're okay..." Britain rocked him back forth slowly. "It was just a nightmare... It can't hurt you..." Britain blinked as he saw America's tear slow but still fall.

Britain moved America's hair out of his face then evenly and slowly wipe the tears away. America opened his gray eyes, then look up at Britain's purple. America's were glossy but no more tears came down. Britain smiled at him as he left his hand on America's cheek.

"There... There's my boy..." America loved hearing Britain's accent and calm voice.

America shifted, "D-Dad... I-"

"Hey, you don't need to talk... Let's just get you warmed up." America felt another uncontrollable tear fall down his face as he grabbed his father's wrist.

"O-Okay..." He smiled.

Britain smiled again then picked him up.

America wrapped his arms around his father, he wasn't used to this. Britain laughed quietly at his son's reaction.

America relaxed a little but was still timid and shaking. Britain took America out of his room.

After a little walking, America was fully comfortable in his father's arms and laid his head on Britain's neck. Britain was a little surprised but let America do it.

Britain entered a room (that thankfully was already open enough) he set America on a fancy cream sofa. America didn't like the cold surrounding him and wanted his father's warmth. He watched his father grab a blanket and wrap it around him.

"Now let me start the fireplace," Britain told him. America nodded.

Britain grabbed two rocks and scrapped them together to get sparks then they flew onto the wood in front of them. The fire quickly started.

Britain got up and sat next to America.

"So... Want to tell me what happened." Britain tried to keep the worry out of his voice to keep it calm. Britain was facing the fire but had his gaze on America. America was fully facing the fire and not letting Britain see his eyes.

"No." He simply said.

Britain wasn't surprised and sighs. "Is this going to be a thing with you?" Britain asked. America gave a confused look. "Don't look at me like that." Britain didn't have any harshness in his voice, America found it amazing how Britain could keep calm in a situation where he needed to be, "I know there is more to what you are showing me... You have to tell me." Britain scooted closer to America who finally gave eye-contact. "You can trust me."

America looked at him, he wanted to just spill it all out. "Don't think I don't want to tell you everything... I do..."

"Then tell me..." Britain said with pleading eyes. America could feel the tears wanting to come back out.

"...But I'm scared!" America blurted out as the tears came along. Britain blinked with surprise. "I-I'm scared of... Myself." He paused. "And I feel like if I tell no one would care! I'm expecting someone to just say that I 'don't act different, that I'm fine! But I'm scared to

death of what I could and can do!" America looked down and sobbed. "I-I've done so many things..." America didn't want to say bad, only to not worry Britain then he already is.

"America," Britain said putting a hand on his shoulder.

"I know i-it's not an excuse..."

"No, it's not." America looked up, Britain had sympathy instead of apathy. "America, it's normal to be afraid and you should never need to think that someone wouldn't listen... I would listen to anything you told me. Especially if it's that you're scared." Britain had his other free hand move to America's chin.

America quivered then hugged Britain. Britain was surprised but put his arms around America in a protective way.

America was holding back in his tears but his negative thoughts wanted to come back in. He grabbed on to his father tighter as if his life depended on it, Britain felt the tight grip and rubbed his back.

Britain shushed him again. America was slightly shaking but not as hard as before.

"I'm sorry you had to experience what life throws at you." America was troubled and stunned at the comment, but then it became more than a comment. "Life isn't always fair. I've felt it. The fear... The pain... The damage it does. So, trust me... I know what it's like to have no one." Britain hugged tighter as America's loosened. America felt Britain rest his head on America's shoulder. "I really do know."

They let go, America looks at the blazing fire then back at his dad who had teary eyes but he smiled anyway. America smiled at him for a second then it sank.

"Dad..." America started, Britain sniffed and wiped a tear away.

"Yes?"

"Why do you love me?"

Britain was taken back by this. "What?"

"Why... How could you love me?" America looked down. Britain was still trying to understand more of what he meant. "I... Destroyed... this family."

"W- No you didn't." Britain tried to put his hand on America's shoulder but America declined it.

"Yes! I did!" America stood up. "I caused everything to go downhill!" He paused as Britain stood up.

"Ame-"

"Don't!" He yelled, "JUST!... Don't..." America hugged himself as guilt was taking hold of him. "I caused this family to just! Shrivel away! And I'll never be able to fix it!" He pauses. "I don't even know how you can forgive me. I left you behind..." He looks up at Britain. "Then I came back... You just... Forgave me... Like I did nothing to you."

Britain tried again to talk to America. "America, please-"

"I don't-"

"NO! America! Listen to me!" America was taken back at his father's voice, it wasn't all yelling but firm. Britain grabbed America by his shoulders. "You did not ruin this family! Okay?!" Britain looked him dead in the eyes.

America looked to the side. He didn't believe him.

Britain sighs. "Look..." He paused loosening his grip on America but they still stood. "You need to know... You are not responsible for someone's choices." America was confused.

"What do you mean?"

"You think that it was just you that made France and I separate..." America flinched at the thought. "But it wasn't you. Alright?" Britain didn't let go of America. "You are not responsible for my reaction to you leaving." America looked at the older country. Britain sighs. "When you left... I isolated myself completely. I didn't do anything but look for where you were or cry myself to sleep..." America

listened. "You've heard that every cause has an effect. Right?"

America nodded.

"It's the same with choices. You choose to go away, but it was my choice to be a bad husband and father..."

America shifted as they both watched the fire dance. They sat in their thoughts

"When you came back..." they looked at each other. "Were you sincere with your apology?" Britain whispered, his British accent soft.

America was quiet at first. "Yes."

"Then there's your answer to why I forgave you." Britain smiled at him. America felt tears once again come in. He put his head on Britain's chest he made crying noises. Britain hugged him again.

"America? Can you promise me something?"

America sniffed. "What is it?"

"Will you tell me, what you've been through, it doesn't have to be today or all of tomorrow... but when you're ready?"

America thought for a second, "That sounds nice. I'll do it." They broke the hug and Britain saw the tiredness in America's eyes.

"Come on let's lay down by the fire." Britain dragged America back to a sofa.

America lay on Britain's shoulder while he watched the fire crackle.

:::::::::

Britain inhaled, then exhaled as the room was warm. America surely had warmed-up and slept on Britain's shoulder.

Britain saw America shift and wine a bit in his sleep. So, Britain put an arm around him. America relaxed again.

[image]

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BOOM heart melted!!

I'm sooo sorry if this took forever, Grammarly reset and chapter 20 was deleted (and my notes of my country-human headcanons) so I had to redo it all. PLUS school...

I'm looking forward to revealing what is wrong with Aussie in the next chapter!

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 21 - Recovering

January 26, 1781
Location: London, England

Time: 7:35am

Britain felt an unusual weight in him. He slowly opened his eyes and saw America sleeping on him. He then remembered America's panic attack last night.

America looked like his younger self. Britain wanted never to let go of America again, though he has tried that. America ended up

running away. Britain shook his head.

No, He's back, and I have to help him now.

Britain lightly rubbed America's shoulder, who reacted by shifting and moaning but didn't open his eyes.

"America," Britain said softly. "You have to get off me."

America moaned dramatically. "But I'm comfy..."

Britain laughed. He then kissed America's head. "Your such a baby."

America opened his eyes and looked at Britain. "Ya?"

"Ya!" Britain smirks at his son.

America yawns, "Your sure we can't stay here?"

"I can't move. So, yes." America sighs then stood up to get off of him. Britain felt a little guilty because America looked cute laying on him, but today Britain wanted to make sure that America would start recovering from whatever he had been through.

Britain noted The Revolutionary war and being alone for a long time might be most of it, but he couldn't conclude it until he found the truth.

Britain yawned and saw America stretching. After he stretched, he fell back onto the sofa dramatically. He had his head facing the ceiling.

"How did you sleep?" Britain wanted to spark up a conversation.

"I actually slept really good, I didn't have a nightmare, I didn't see C-" America cut himself off and sat up straight. "I didn't have a nightmare..." He pauses to smile and gasp. "I didn't have a nightmare!" America faced Britain with a beaming smile.

Britain was confused *how did nightmares have anything to do with his sleep schedule?* "Can you explain?" America blinked, then realized Britain had no idea. He sat back and fidgeted with his hands

nervously. Britain saw him avoid eye contact. "You trust me, right?" Britain asked.

"I do! But... I'm just nervous explaining..." He pauses, "I... I've had the same nightmare every day of my life since I first ran away... I've never been able to sleep properly because of it... And..." America wasn't sure about explaining the next part, but he knew he had to pull through. "It has meaning." America looked down.

Britain inhaled then responded. "It's been nonstop? Your nightmares I mean."

"...Yes..." Americ said shyly. He rubbed his shoulder.

"And what's the meaning behind it?" Britain said calmly.

America hesitated, "It's a constant reminder of... How I lost everyone I love." America silently realized that he explained it very simply, but it made America hurt on the inside.

He then felt Britain touch his shoulder, he looks up, and Britain smiles at him. "Thanks for telling me." America shifts his shoulders and smiles back. Britain enjoys America's smile before speaking again. "I think I know how to fix this." He paused. "The nightmares are a side effect of your PTSD. You didn't have a nightmare tonight because your stress levels weren't high... Or as high as it usually is." Britain looks to the side then back at America. "And... If you continue to keep your stress down... You won't have to worry about your nightmare ever again and I'm going to make sure you don't." He smiles positively.

America thinks, then smiles at Britain, "Thank you so much, dad, you don't know how much that means to me-" He cut himself off and hugs Britain.

Britain uses one of his hands to rub America's head. He frowns, "I hope you're okay with me, hugging you."

"Yes, I love it." America snuggles closer to Britain like he did the last night.

When they let go, Britain continued to play with America's hair.

"You play with my hair a lot." He giggles. Britain smirks playfully.

"I do it to all my kids." They both laughed.

When they were done, Britain sighs, grabbing one of America's hands, "I'm glad you told me something."

America kept his smile on his face. "I hope that... I can get better." He frowned.

Britain squeezed America's hand. "I know you can."

America saw Britain's eyes shine with hope and positivity, and his smile was comforting and warming.

Britain then abruptly kissed America's head. "Want to get breakfast now?"

"Yeah, that sounds nice." America follows Britain. Both hand to hand and smiling.

Confederate couldn't even break the 4th wall before they left. He was floating above where Britain and America talked. America hadn't noticed him that worried him.

He was previously disgusted, but then his mood changed to worry as the two left.

Why was America suddenly so happy? He usually is trying to get away from everyone, but now he wanted to talk to Dad- Britain.

Ew... Does he want to talk about his problems?

I mean... now I know why Dad-

I mean, Britain forgave me- us- him!

Get a grip of yourself, Confederate!

You are the one in control and... your other self just left without noticing you...

Britain seemed pretty confident in healing us- him.

Not you Confederate... just him...

Confederate groaned in frustration.

Why are you rethinking yourself?

You are a monster! You need America to see what is right in front of him.

Everyone is going to leave him sooner or later...

Confederate put his knees to his chest and rested his arms on his knees. He fell onto the sofa. He laughs weakly.

Or... Maybe it's just me...

He hid his head on his legs.

:::::::::

America sat on one of the chairs as Britain grabbed some bread for breakfast. Britain handed America's share of the bread while they talked back and forth. Britain was sitting across from America.

"So, America..." Britain started. "Last night, why did you have a sudden panic attack?"

America tensed. "Um... It's-"

"Don't tell me it's nothing." Britain put his hand on America's. His voice worried but was calm. "You seemed to think that you killed me..."

"I..." America pauses. "I really don't know how to explain it." Britain quietly moves next to America instead of across from him. Britain smiles at him reassuringly. "It started when I felt a panic attack beginning." America paused a couple of times as he spoke nervously and quietly. "I ran to my room to try and handle it myself... But then I was awake, but... not... It was like I was in my dreams, but I was still awake. I guess I was hallucinating." He rubs his own shoulder as he looks away from Britain. "I dreamed that I was in old ruins with some parts on fire... I walked around a-and..." America

could vividly remember what he saw next. "I-I saw Canada... He was covered in his own b-blood..."

. . .

America stepped through the dirt. He knew that something bad was about to happen, and the fear was eating him alive.

"Hello?" He called. No answer. *Why would I get an answer, I'm in a nightmare!*

America groaned in frustration but then he felt something tell him to go forward. He went, and he only saw some fire, brick stones, Canada, some more ruins and... wait...

"Canada?!" America ran to Canada's body that was lying limp on the burned ground. Blood coming out of his mouth, heart, stomach, and other parts of him. "Canada!" America tried to wake him, but he got no reply. He cradled his brother's body. "Canada... Please..."

He still didn't do anything.

Then the scenery changed, and Canada was gone.

"C-Canada? Canada!" America tried calling, but there was never a reply. He quickly got up and started running to look for him or anyone. "Hello?! Is anyone there?!"

He felt so utterly alone. It scared him. *I don't want to be alone... not again...*

America then felt someone's eyes on him. He turned and saw Aussie or Zeal. You can never tell. They were hiding behind an old ruined building.

"Hello?!" America asked. They jumped and ran away from America. "Hey! Wait!"

America followed and was able to gain upon them. They then turned a corner and disappeared, making America lose them.

He stopped and looked around but couldn't find them. His vision

and mind wander to a rock pile. It looked like some of the old builds fell in this spot. Then he heard a weak and pained moan come from the pile.

America ran to the sound. He lifted one of the wreckage and found Aussie lying in his blood.

"Aussie!" America grabbed him and carried him away from the rock pile. "Aussie?" Aussie let out a pained groan and put his hand on his chest. His breathing uneven, and his eyes shut tight. "It's going to be okay, Aussie! I-I'll find help! J-Just don't go!" America's tears were basically waterfalls at this point.

Australia's arm then goes limp and falls to the ground with a thump. His eyes lids relax; Not in a good way. America gasps and puts his hand on his brother's chest, but it doesn't lift or fall.

"Aussie! Aussie! Australia!" America was going hysterical with denial. "No! please..." America hugged Australia's limp body. "Not you..."

America gently set Australia down on the ground; He still was weeping. He tried to deny it in his head, but it looked and felt so real.

"What did you do to him?!" America turned and saw Zeal with wide green eyes.

"Zeal! I-I didn't-"

"Why did you kill him?!"

"I-I-" America stood up.

"Get away from me!" Zeal stapped back. America realized that a steep hill was right behind her. He tried to warn her.

"Zeal do-"

"I said getaway, you monster!" New Zealand didn't see the abrupt hill behind her or the rock she tripped on.

"ZEAL!" America ran to her, but he was too late, she fell. She screamed as she did.

America barely saw her fall down because of the little light they had. They were heading farther away from the dream. So it was getting darker and more dangerous. He didn't hesitate to try and find her anyway.

America slides down the hill swift and graceful. He looks around, and his eyes adjust to see Zeal limply lying on the ground.

"Zeal!" He called his other sibling out of panic. He ran to her as he did with Canada and Australia. He rolled her onto her back and saw blood coming off of the side of her head. She must have hit her head as she fell. Her eyes were closed softly, and she was stiff. "Z-Zeal...? N-New Zealand?" His voice broke, but that was it. She was gone as well.

New Zealand seemed so quiet without her energized spirit. America missed it, even though he hadn't had the time to bond with her like Australia, she just had the personality of loveable.

"I... I-I could save a-any of you... I'm s-sorry."

America held New Zealand tight in his arms. He refused to let her go, but life had a different idea.

Zeal cracked and faded away. America made quiet sobbing noises as he tensed into a ball; His hands were on his face, and his legs were on his chest.

He shook, his breathing quickened, and his tears weren't stopping anytime soon.

America looked up for a second and...

. . .

"I looked up... And it was you..." America was still explaining his nightmare, while Britain was disturbed at what America was saying. "You were pale, and as I ran to you... You asked me why I did this... And your blood was on m-me." America started crying again.

Britain blinked then quickly clutched America's shoulders and tried to calm him down. "Hey, hey... It's okay, you don't have to finish." America looked up at Britain, and he started gasping. He was having another panic attack. "Hey," Britain shushed him. "Just start breathing slowly." Britain wiped one of America's tears away. America suddenly hugged Britain. Britain rubbed his back and put his chin on America's head. "Just breath slowly." He pauses. "Zeal, Aussie, and Canada are okay... You didn't do anything to them."

America shakingly breathed. "I-I'm sorry, I'm like this..."

"No, No, it's fine... We all have our moments..." Britain looked at the corner of the room. His own memories started yelling at him.

Dad? What's happening to you?!

I-I'm okay England...

This isn't fair! You can't leave me!

"Dad? Are you okay?" Britain didn't realize that they separated, and America's panic attack was over.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Is your panic attack over?" Britain rubbed his neck.

"I'm pretty sure, and it's slowly getting easier to manage," America said neutrally.

Britain smiled at him. "Good, and I want you to eat some more."

"What, why?"

"When I carried you last night, you are lighter than your supposed to be. Have you been eating enough?" Britain said firmly.

"Not... Exactly."

"Then we need to fix that." Britain smiled playfully. America nervously smiled back.

:::::::::

America adjusted himself as he lay on Britain again. This time they were in the library. Britain was reading while America was laying on his shoulder; America had his back on Britain's shoulder and his legs were dangling on the edge of the fancy sofa.

America was very relaxed for the first time in forever.

"Hey, Dad?"

"Yes, America?" Britain looked over at America who wasn't looking at him.

"Last night... When I was having my panic attack... You said you had felt the loneliness and pain... So if you mean when I ran away or..." America trailed off as he moved his head up to look at Britain.

Britain widened his eyes. "Oh, um... I..." Britain hesitated as thoughts came into his mind. He then sighs. "I meant before you were even born. My family before you."

Britain's eyes looked around then back at America who shifted and now sat next to Britain; Britain faces forward while America was shoulder to shoulder with Britain.

"Maybe I can tell you what I meant." Britain paused to look at America's flag on his face, his curious look never changed. "I never met my mother Britannica, she died when she gave birth to me. I only had my father... And he only had me." Britain laughed weakly "We had each other... And he taught me everything I know."

America saw Britain smile softly as he gently rubbed America's shoulder. "What was he like?"

"He was the Roman Empire. Which kind of explains it all. He was very protective over me, he knew how to fight... and I know people thought that he was a brutal, cold empire but... Not to me." He took a long pause. "He had a dragon tail with golden feathered wings and a gold glowing Laurel Wreath. His wings could shoot these iron-like feathers and..." Britain laughed to himself. "He could breathe fire. Oh, the things we burned."

America liked the way Britain was describing him. America started

understanding why he looked up to the Romans so much, his grandfather was one.

"He told me about his homeland, Rome. The Colosseum where Gladiators would fight. He told me about the battles he was in as a boy and empire. He took me there and everything was so beautiful, the people were proud, there were food markets, and he took me to where he grew up with his sisters, the Roman Kingdom and the Roman Republic. He showed me the scars he earned in honorable battles." Britain's smile faded a little. "He told me things he wouldn't tell anyone else. Like, he was secretly Atheist. He explained that his empire went from believing Greek mythology to Jewish, to Christian, back to Jewish, then making its own, Religio Romana. He said that he was so confused so... He didn't believe in any."

America nodded, he kind of understood why the Roman Empire would start to have trouble. One of the reasons why his country had the freedom of religion (America's not Rome). Anyone could choose whether they wanted to be Jewish, Christian, or have no religion, *heck, even make their own.*

"It... Was hard when he left." America turned to Britain's smile had turned to a frown. "He was having trouble with his empire so he had no choice but to break it in half. I still remember his worry for his people." Britain paused. "He grew weak when the Western part of his empire fell in 395 AD. He wasn't creaking..." Britain had a doubt in his voice as he said that last part. "Or, at least what he told me..." America saw Britain starting to get emotional as sadness was taking over him. America wasn't sure what to do. "He... Broke away as... his Eastern Empire fell." Britain inhaled shockingly as he continued to explain.

. . .

"Dad? What's happening to you?!" Young England (Britain was called England until he became the British Empire) yelled at the Roman Empire. Black cracks were breaking through his red skin and then flying away.

"I-I'm okay England..." Tears went down his face. England knew that Roman never cried in front of him.

"D-Dad! Why is this happening?" England ran to his father as he groaned with pain.

"Hey, Y-You don't need to worry." Roman put a hand on his son's face. "I'll be fine." Roman's wings drooped, England saw how tattered his golden wings were; His feathers were noted and pointing in unusual positions.

England knew what was happening but wouldn't say it out loud. He hugged Roman tight. "This isn't fair! You can't leave me! You did nothing wrong!" Tears were exploding down his face.

Roman Empire hugged back. "England." England let go of the hug as Roman put both his clawed hands on his son. Roman's wings were lifted up and were around the two in a protective way. The sun was behind Roman, it wasn't quite setting but some gold and yellow were staining the light blue sky. Roman's dome of his wings was lighted perfectly; The light was reflecting his gold wings and reaching the two countries. "England, listen. My mother, Ancient Rome always told me. 'It doesn't matter if you die an honorable death if you had no honorable life' and England." Roman wiped one of England's tears away as he hik-ed with tears. "You are the only thing I did right in my life." Roman smiled widely, showing his knife-like teeth. His golden eyes were sparkling with his tears.

England hugged Roman again, tighter. "Dad... You're the only family I have..."

"Don't worry... You won't be alone... I'll be with you... And one day... You'll have a son... And he'll be the light of your life..."

England sobbed as he thought Roman let go of the hug again, but when he opened his eyes, The Roman Empire had fallen and only his golden Wreath was left in England's hands.

. . .

Britain faced America as he told about his final goodbye to his father. "And America," Britain touched America's shoulder lightly. America looked at him, Britain had a couple of tears rolling down his face. "You are the light of my life." Britain wrapped in a hug

America suddenly. "My world was dark when you were gone."

America hugged back softly. He could hear Britain's shaded cries. "He sounds awesome."

Britain inhaled to collect himself. "He was." Britain and America released.

"Dad, I'm sorry I ran away..."

"America you're forgiven, you should understand that by now."

"I know, but I'm sorry that I left you and didn't even think about how it would affect you..." America held his head low.

They sat in silence, "America... You're forgiven."

America looked up and smiled. "And I have a question."

Britain nodded.

"Do you have his dragon side?"

Britain sighs, "Well..." He shrugged. "Remember what I told you about country's animal forms?"

America smiled. "Yeah, all countries have some form of their national animal, whether it's physical like a lizard tail, or mental like a want to dig like a badger."

Britain giggled. "You do remember. Have you found yours?"

America was the one to shrug this time. "I have, and my country chose a bald eagle as my national animal. I have eagle wings and I think I can do an eagle cry." Britain smiled with interest. "But... I haven't learned how to fly." America frowned.

"Well," Britain replied. "I do have some dragon part of me." Britain grabbed America's hand. "Maybe it's better if I show you."

America eagerly smiled back and Britain pulled him up.

America ran with Britain to the roof of the Buckingham Palace.

America was still holding on to Britain's hand. America couldn't help but laugh at his Father's playfulness.

Finally, they were there, the roof of their home.

"So?" America looked at Britain. "Why are we up here again?"

Britain giggled again as he turned his back toward the edge which made America nervous, he wasn't best with heights. "Nothing really, I just thought I could show you how to fly." Britain started walking toward the edge; He was walking backward. "But don't I need..."

Britain jumped off.

"DAD!" America screams as he ran to the edge but didn't go off. He looked down on his knees with fright but Britain wasn't there. "Dad?!"

A gust of wind blew up past America, he stood up and saw Britain with dark blue feathered wings and a navy blue colored dragon tail. His teeth also seemed to be sharper than before. He flapped his blue wings.

"Well... Looks like I can still fly." Britain laughed then flew over to America who hugged him.

"You almost gave me another panic attack."

"Sorry," Britain said. They let go. "Can I see your wings?"

America felt nervous but sighs and a white light glowed on his back as dark brown wings tipped with white appeared. One of them twitched.

Britain whispered, "Wow." as he felt them with his hand. "They're beautiful."

America blushed. "Thanks. Wish I could use them."

"Well, that's why we're here." Britain was about to grab America but he stopped him.

"Wait, can you roar like a dragon?" America raised an eyebrow playfully.

Britain shrugged. "Let me see if I still have it in me."

Britain cleared his throat then roared however a dragon does. America grabbed Britain because he started to shake the ground; He held it for a second. He stopped and looked at America with a smile.

"Guess I do still have it in me." He laughed. America laughed with him.

Britain held his hand out. America took it.

Britain spread his wings out and lifted America into the air.

America wrapped his arms and legs around Britain as he looked at how high they were going. Britain laughed at America's reaction. Britain hadn't used his wings in a long time, so, he liked the old feeling.

Soon they were in the clouds.

"Remember when we wanted to fly away?" Britain asked.

"Y-Yes..." America looked up at Britain so he would stop looking down.

"I'm not sure if we meant literally, but whatever works." Britain smiled, his dragon-sharp teeth poked out. America didn't reply. Until he realized...

"U-Uh... Dad? How exactly are you teaching me how to fly?" Britain smiled which scared America.

"I thought that we should do it how eagles do."

"A-And how do they?"

"Oh, nothing but... The mother does drop her chicks." America quivered.

"W-W-What?" To late. Britain let America go and he screamed.

America was cold as the air gusted around him. He spun around in circles and if that didn't scare him, the ground was growing nearer and nearer. America yelled some more before opening his eyes to see Britain falling beside him

Britain was peacefully falling with America and only flapping a couple of times but only to keep up with America.

"DAD! Help!"

"You just have to flap your wings." America felt frustrated but tried.

He flapped but his wings weren't strong enough to slow him down. He looked down as the ground was getting closer. America tried harder but it didn't seem enough.

Britain then saw how close the ground was and grabbed America and they slowed down.

America shook in his arms and Britain regretted letting him fall but it was a start. America used his super strength to hold tighter this time. His grey eyes with closed tight.

"Hey, America listen," Britain said as he hovered in the air. America looked. "You will fall... But I won't let you hit the ground... And when you do fall. I'll pick you back up." Britain smiled warmly. America felt like Britain didn't mean it in learning to fly but instead America's PTSD. America smiled back and placed his head on Britain's chest. "Yeah, I think that's enough for today."

Britain flew back to their home.

He jumped back onto the roof with a thud. He looked at America who looked so comfortable that he could be...

"America?" Britain called but America lightly snored. *Oh, he fell asleep.* Britain thought. Britain made his wings and tail disappear. He looked up at the sky and saw the sun was right above him; It was noon.

Britain sighs, then walks back into the palace to America's room.

When he got there he opened the door quietly to not wake America. He moved the blankets then tried to set America down but America had a tight grip on Britain. He put both of his arms down and America still grabbed him.

Britain sighs, he holds America again and uses one of his arms to move America's. Finally, America let go and Britain could set him down.

Britain pulled the covers over America. He looked at America who honestly looked like a child sleeping there. Britain kissed his head then left the room. He closed the door behind him.

Confederate floated above America as Britain left. He was trying to process why Britain was being so kind to America.

Confederate shifted to be closer to America. He poked America's cheek but America only mumbled before going quiet again.

"If you didn't look like a baby I would wake you up." Confederate floated over to the floor. He then realized what he said. "Why did I say that. Or... Why did I have... Sympathy?" Confederate groaned into his hands. "Why are emotions so hard. And why am I feeling them?!"

Confederate decided that he had enough of America and left the room.

He went right through the wall and saw Britain talking to Canada and Northern Ireland.

"Aussie doesn't want to get out of bed," Canada said in a worried tone.

"Why not?" Britain asked.

"I'm not sure, but he won't let me Zeal and I in. He locked his door."

Confederate would have cared less if these emotions didn't start taking him over. He listened but kept his distance.

Everyone could see Britain's worried look. "I'll talk to him."

Canada nodded and, he noticed Northern Ireland starring at something. "Northern? What are you looking at?"

Britain and Canada followed his gaze but didn't see anything.

"H-Hey!" Confederate jumped as Northern look at him. "W-Who let you in here?!" Northern started running after Confederate who started running away from him.

"Northern what are you doing?" Britain called. Canada and Britain followed him.

"D-Don't you s-see him?!" Northern didn't look back but running after Confederate. Northern didn't fully see Confederate, only some of his flag and clothing but a thick black cloud made it hard to see him.

"There's nothing there!" Canada said.

Confederate tried thinking of how he could escape then he looked down and realized he could fade through the floor.

Northern saw the thing go down through the floor. Northern groaned in frustration, "It went through the floor."

Britain and Canada caught up.

"Northern... What did you see? Because Canada and I didn't see anything."

"I-I saw some kind of person?" Northern shrugged. "I-It ran as s-soon as I saw it."

"Do you know who it was?" Canada asked.

"No, b-but it seemed... familiar..."

:::::::::

"Aussie? Are you okay?" Britain knocked on his door. Canada and

Zeal were behind him. Zeal was really worried for her twin. He wouldn't unlock the door or let anybody in. Australia didn't answer. "Aussie, we're worried. Please open the door."

"No! Go away!"

Zeal sighs, "He's been saying that to me all day. Dad, I'm worried he doesn't want to start fires with me."

"I know Zeal." Britain looks at them then the door. *I wish America was awake, he told me has super strength as his power. I would allow him to kick down the door.* He then has an idea. "Do any of you have a pin?" Zeal reached and pulled a hairpin out of her hair. "Thank you Zeal."

Britain used the pin to unlock the door.

It clicked, but before Britain opened the door he told Zeal and Canada: "You two stay here. There's probably something he doesn't want to talk about." Canada and Zeal nodded. Britain then opened the door and closed it behind him.

Britain looked around and saw claw marks on the walls. That worried him more.

"Aussie?" Britain called. He then saw Aussie's bed completely torn up. Then he heard quiet sobs behind Australia's bed. Britain quickly walked over but something was wrong with Aussie.

He had spikes on his back, some kind of blue crocodile tail, he had spikes on his elbows, he had sharp claws, and the hind legs of a kangaroo.

"Australia." Britain touch Australia's arm and Aussie shot up and Britain saw that his eyes had changed as well, they were still green but they were all green with a snake-like look in his eyes with snake fangs in his mouth. His eyes were wide with fear and his cheeks were stained by his tears.

"G-Get away from me!" Aussie shouted as he tried backing away. "I'm a monster!"

Britain saw Aussie swing his claws around in a way that Britain had to back up. He watched Aussie curl back up into a sobbing ball.

"Hey, what happened?" Britain tried getting closer but Aussie made a hissing noise.

Aussie blinked, "I-I'm sorry! I didn't m-mean to!" Aussie was crying his head off. "I just woke u-up this-s morning and I-I looked like this, I panicked and s-sort of blacked-out a-and I woke up a-again but there were those scratches on the walls..."

"Aussie, it's okay I'm not mad at you-"

"I-I look like a monster!" Aussie covered his face with his hands.

"Australia... No your not." Britain came closer. "Just listen-"

Aussie felt scared as Britain got closer. "Get a-away!" Aussie somehow, out of fear, quickly climbed on top of a shelf.

"Aussie, please listen. You're okay... Your change is natural." Britain again tried to get closer to Aussie.

"W-What?" Aussie asked.

"This is your animal form, America and I talked about ours before I came up to get you out of your room. Okay?" Aussie stayed quiet. Then nodded. Britain saw Australia not getting down. "Do you need help down?"

Aussie shifted, "No... I got it." Australia jumps on to the other wall then jumps to the floor slightly clumsily. "I kind of ran up there a lot this morning." He weakly laughed at himself. He then feels Britain hug him. "Sorry I was terrified..."

"No, you were just confused and scared." Britain let go of the hug. "And I never told you that countries have these animal forms."

Aussie looks down at his claws, "How do I... Not look like this?"

"With some practice, you can learn to control it." Britain smiled at him. Aussie smiled back.

Britain was relieved that Aussie was sick because his animal form was coming in, *but what about that shadow that Northern saw?*

:::::::::

Northern Ireland quietly stepped through the garden of the palace. He was determined to try and find some connection to that thing he saw.

He was looking for the shadow thing alone. He tried to be quiet so that he wouldn't scare it away.

He sighs to himself. "This i-is stupid. I-I don't even know wha-at I'm looking for..." Northern was ready to give up until he heard someone's footsteps.

He gasped quietly, then put his back to the wall. The steps were on the other side of this stone wall.

Northern Ireland followed the noises until he reached the end of the stone. He took a deep breath, then grabbed whoever was on the other side.

"Wait..." Northern said in shock.

(ha cliff hanger)

‖_____‖

I'm just going to say, Wholesome chapter, and I'm sorry if my chapters become longer but I'm planning on finishing the book with 5 or less chapters.
I'm almost done with this emotional book *le cries* ಥ_ಥ

Also:

Nobody:

[image]

And here's Australia's design

[image]

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 22 - Maybe Change Isn't That Bad...

[image] [image]

(Yay new Runaway video)

January 26, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 3:00pm

New Zealand had a coin in her hand and made it reflect the light; It beamed on the wall. She smiled as she changed the direction. Australia blinked, then saw it move. He was leaning against the wall as he watched it move around. He tilted his head like a dog.

He hesitated, but it then was in front of him, he quickly pounded his claws down on the floor, but the beam moved out of the way. He tried to catch it again, but it doubled back.

Aussie growled, and his tail twitched. He took a step forward, and the light dashed across the room. He followed and started running into different items. Sometimes he ran on all fours and sometimes on twos.

Zeal giggled as her twin followed the light like a cat. She moved the refection up, down, and around. Sometimes she purposefully made Aussie run into things.

America then opens the door and yawns.

"Morning sleeping beauty." Zeal teased.

"Yeah, yeah.." America then sees Aussie chase the coin's reflection. "Oh, Aussie's animal form came in..." America seemed the least bit surprised.

"You're not surprised?"

"No." America sat by Zeal, and they both watched Aussie run into random things.

America looked down at his hands. *I hadn't seen Confederate all day. I'm not sure if I should be relieved or worried.*

:::::::::

Northern Ireland starred at the person in disbelief. He had them against the wall.

"I-Ireland?" Northern let his older brother go.

Ireland had the same shooked look, but it then became relaxed. "You've gotten stronger."

Northern was dumbfounded after so many years of no communication, *that is what he said?*

"What a-are you doing he-ere?" Northern tried not to shout.

Ireland hesitated and wiped the dirt off his shirt. "It's hard for me to explain-"

"I-I don't-t have all day," Northern said coldly. Yes, he was holding a grudge against his brother.

"I- uh- You see-"

"O-Okay. I don't n-need to hear i-it at all. Get off my property." Northern pointed out.

"Actually. it's England's."

"A-Actually, his name is B-Britain, a-and we share the same house, s-so get off our property." Northern threatened.

"No, not until you listen to me." Ireland folded his arms. Northern thought that it made him look like a child.

"Ireland, I-I will pers-sonally break e-every bone i-in your body." Northern threatened. Ireland looked at him wide-eyed. Northern was not this aggressive. In Northern's point of view, he was defending himself.

"Northern... Listen." He tried to sound gentler.

"No!" he paused, "I-I don't want y-you here!"

Ireland looked at him in shock. His heart broke. He held his head low and blinked. "Okay..." He whispered.

Northern kind of regretted it.

"Way to show 'em Northern!" both of the Irish brothers turned and saw Scotland cheering and Wales just watching.

"Shut up, Scotland," Wales hit him on the back of his head. "You ruined the moment."

Scotland laughed under his breath. "Sorry."

. . .

"Okay... Tell me why you two had to bring those two in." Britain looked back and forth between Wales keeping Northern away from Ireland and Scotland who was trying to keep Ireland back.

"If we didn't, these two would have killed each other," Wales said.

Ireland scoffed, "I don't think 'stutter' would get very far."

Northern's eye twitched then he yelled at Ireland and tried to get him. Wales was keeping him back. Suddenly, Northern broke free and ran after.

Ireland yelp in fear. "It was a joke!" He then ran. "It was a freaking joke!" He ran around the room as Northern followed repeating that it was a joke.

Wales and Scotland walked to Britain.

"Should we stop him?" Scotland asked.

Britain didn't look at them, "Stop Ireland from his jokes? Yes. But stop Northern from killing his brother? Nah, let him get it out of his system."

America then comes into the room. "Uh, is this a bad time?"

"No, not really," Wales answered. America watched with them. He still found it weird that he hadn't seen Confederate all day. He had this weird feeling that something wasn't right.

America then remembers how he could try and see what Confederate sees. He lightly closes his eyes.

He didn't see anything, but he did feel some kind of confusion and sadness. America searched harder, but nothing except the feeling of guilt and sadness. He heard loud sobs that echoed in his brain.

He feels someone touch his shoulder. He opens his eyes and it's Britain.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Britain showed hesitation. "I promise." America smiled. He wasn't entirely lying, it was him that was fine, but Confederate obviously wasn't. The questions floated around his mind. *What is happening to Confederate?*

America feels a pang of weird guilt that surrounded Northern Ireland.

Ireland continues to run and shout before he finally hides behind Britain.

"It was a joke. I'm sorry!"

Northern finally calmed down.

Britain looked at Ireland. "Can you tell us why you're here?"

"I'm here to apologize to Northern." He looks up to Northern. "But I guess he doesn't want to hear it."

"If you just said so, I would have listened!" Northern shouted.

"I have, but you keep interrupting me!"

Britain sighs, "So, this what it's like to have siblings."

"Yeah, mostly," America replied.

The argument went on before Wales and Scotland tried to calm the two down.

"This is how you want to be? With these British people? Instead of your own brother?"

"A-At least they didn't give me a s-stutter!"

"Northern that's harsh can you take a-" Scotland was interrupted.

"That was an accident! I said sorry a million times! But I guess it doesn't matter because your too stubborn to accept one!"

"Guys calm down please..." Wales said.

"You weren't s-sincere! A-And the B-British Isles have accepted my stutter i-instead of making fun of it as you d-do!" Northern ignored her.

"So you just want it to be like before, we have no social interaction? No seeing each other?" Ireland yelled.

"Yes! A-At least I-I have the other B-British Isles to be a-a better family than you ever were!"

Ireland went quiet. America felt sorry for Ireland, he remembered what it was like to yell at a family member like that. America glanced at Britain who regrets letting them get this far and separated them.

"That is enough! You both aren't thinking clearly and need to separate for a while."

"Or forever!" Northern yelled. Ireland was stabbed in the chest again.

"Fine! If you don't want to see me again, FINE! I don't care that you're the only family I have!" Ireland then stomped out of the room with tears in his eyes.

America watched Northern do the same on the other side of the room. He looked up at Britain who felt bad for the two.

"If only they knew how important family is." Britain shook his head.

"They will." America said, "They just need to be talked to."

Britain sighs again. America followed after Ireland.

"Hey, Ireland!" America called. Ireland turned with tears running down his face.

"13 Colonies?" America stopped in front of him. "People think you're dead!"

"Yep... Well aware of that." America shrugged.

Ireland giggled a little even though tears were still coming down. "Last I saw you, you were just a 'wee lad." Ireland showed 1/4th of America's height. America rubbed his neck.

"Yeah, I used to be that young." He put his hand down. "So, I thought you would want to talk to someone after your..." America trailed off.

Ireland sniffed, "I don't think I do."

"Come on, tell me what you feel, let it all out," America said.

Ireland sighs, "I feel so... Hurt... I feel like I'll never be able to talk to Northern, and I want to tell him how sorry I am, but he won't listen. It's frustrating."

America felt sympathy for him, mostly because he's felt that feeling, over and over. America opened his arms.

"What are you doing?"

"In personal experience. A hug makes you feel better." America smiled sincerely. Ireland smiled a little and took the hug.

Canada was peeking over the wall. Ireland's words made him retreat away from the scene.

I want to tell him how sorry I am, but he won't listen. It's frustrating.

Canada thought for a minute.

"Am I not giving America a chance to redeem himself?" He whispered to himself. "I mean, I don't know what he's been through..."

Canada then felt like his eyes opened up. *Maybe America isn't as bad as he seems...*

:::::::::

Canada inhales then exhales. He's nervous. He knocks on the door of America's room.

"Come in." America's voice was heard. Canada opened the door slowly and entered. "Canada?"

Canada turned and saw America on his window seal.

"America... Can I talk to you?" Canada shyly said.

America seemed to hesitate and give him a confused look, America got up and stood in front of his younger brother. "Sure."

America tried to not sound worried, he didn't like it when someone said they needed to talk. Also, it was Canada, who knows what he wanted to talk about. Like his weird behavior in the garden last night.

"I need to apologize..." Canada started. America was surprised and clearly showed it. "I never thought about... What you went through when you were gone."

Canada looked up and America's gray eyes were still shocked. America's thoughts took control and the traumatizing memories were coming in. His breath quickened but he tried to hide it.

"I hope you can forgive me for being the worst little brother you could have." Canada saw America fold his arms and he seemed to be thinking to himself. He turned away from Canada and was thinking to himself. "America?"

Keep it together. Keep it together. Keep it together, America.

America then started gasping and he clenched his chest.

"America?!" Canada panicked coming to America's side. "What's wrong?!"

America gasped some more before he could answer. "I'm... having a panic attack." America hunched over and started shaking as the flashes of memories were coming in.

Canada was taken back. Panic attack? America? "What can I do?"

America looked at the worried and scared Canada. "C-Can I have a hug-g?"

Canada felt disgusted until America started gasping again, sighs then hugs America who thought there would be a warning. America, being taller, put his head on Canada's head.

Canada had heard of a panic attack and knew trauma caused them most of the time. He never thought America would have them.

"Does that help?" Canada asked, he wasn't sure if he should leave America to calm himself down or to somehow help but he didn't know how.

"Y-Yes... b-but can you t-tell me posit-tive things?" America hugged tighter.

Canada relaxed, as he thought, in America's strong arms. "You're a good big brother... Dad loves being around you... We all love you..." Canada felt America stop shaking and he knew America smiled at his words.

Canada smiled and relaxing in America's arms.

"I forgive you, Canada." Canada opened his ember orange eyes he looked up at America who's panic attack was over.

"You do?"

"Of course. As long as you can forgive me for going away."

Canada smiled. "You're forgiven."

America let go of the hug, "How about we see where Zeal and Aussie are?"

Canada smiled wider and nodded.

:::::::::

America and Canada, after some conversation on fixing things between them, tried to hunt down their two younger siblings. They found themselves on the front lawn.

"It just goes on and on." Canada pointed out, no town was close because the front lawn was so big.

"I heard it's so when the army's come to invade, they would give up before they got across the lawn." America chuckled. Canada looked at America with a weird look. "What?"

Canada giggled then sighs. "Where are those two destruction twins?" Canada paused to look out and then looking at America.

"Why are they called the destruction twins?" America walked around a bare tree.

"Remember that whole in the wall?"

"Which one?"

"All of them."

"Yes."

"That was them."

"Oh..." America simply said.

Canada laughed to himself. "Zeal even set Aussie on fire one time, Zeal and Aussie tried to stare at the sun as long as they could, Aussie almost drowned, and..." Canada trailed off as America started climbing a tree. "What are you doing?"

America grunted as he sat on a branch, "Getting a better view." He pauses. "Aussie! Zeal!" America called.

"Why did the twin go to England?" Canada and America heard

Zeal's voice but they weren't sure where.

Canada knew that Zeal and Aussie asked a question then answer and destroying something at the same time. "America whatever you do, don't-"

"Why?" America asked still looking around.

Crap... Canada said in his mind.

Zeal then suddenly came around the corner with a snowball in hand. "Because the other wanted to drive!" Zeal threw the snowball at America, it hit him and he fell into the snow.

Aussie at the same time threw a snowball at Canada.

Aussie and Zeal started laughing their land off. "We got you!" Aussie yelled.

Canada got up and laughed a little. "Oh, you two are on! America and I verses, you two."

America sat up, "Canada I didn't agree to this-"

"You're on!" Aussie replied and he started grabbing some snow.

Canada and America run behind the tree, taking cover.

Canada then realizes that Zeal and Aussie have an advantage if Aussie has his animal powers.

"Do you have some kind of animal form?" He asked America.

America hesitated, "I do, but I don't know how to use it, and the author is sorry that the animal form headcanon came so suddenly, and that Confederate hasn't broken the fourth wall-"

"America! Focus. Do you have anything?" A snowball barely missed Canada.

"My strength."

"America, I get it, your buff but how-"

"No, stupid, my country power is super strength."

"Oh, use it." Canada moved to a snow pile that could give him some cover. He started making snowballs. America smiled and did the same.

. . .

Confederate being bored and still confused about his emotions he wonders until he hears laughing. It was a fun kind of laughing.

He followed it and he saw America, Canada, Zeal, and Aussie having a snowball fight.

Confederate saw America having fun, laughing, and having a good time. He felt a little envy in him. It wasn't an angry kind of envy, just a sad envy. He just sighs and flies to the tree nearby and watches them, and of course America didn't notice him.

He didn't understand why he was feeling this way, had he been keeping his emotions down? Or was he waking up in a way?

If he was feeling this why couldn't he just change?

I mean it would be stupid to just suddenly change your mind... Right? No way America would except me... He did with Canada though... Fear of not being forgiven... Didn't America have the same fear and it worked out in the end? What if someone finds out about me? Would they like me? Or fear me? What if they try to hurt me? What if...

Confederate slowed his anxiety thoughts then saw Aussie about to attack. Confederate pricked up.

If that lizard thinks he's going to get America, he's wrong.

Confederate shot into America's direction and quickly took over. America wasn't expecting a sudden head pain and put a hand on his head. He couldn't do anything before blacking out.

Aussie through the snowball and Confederate moved out of the way. He had a challenging smile as he looked at Aussie. America quickly made a snowball and hit Aussie.

He does realize that it was a little hard, plus he had America's strength but Aussie dramatically pretended to be dying.

He grunted, "I've been shot!" He tries to not laugh and starts screaming for Zeal. His twin runs over to him and they play a dramatic scene.

Zeal holds Aussie in her arms while he makes weird, dying, groaning noises.

"Aussie! Are you okay?"

"No, I've been shot, I'm bleeding out..." Aussie pretends to cough. "I'm so cold..."

"Aussie." Zeal says with seriousness. "That's because you're cold-blooded."

"Oh, my life flashes before my eyes... Such a good life. Zeal..."

"Yes...?" Zeal's voice cracked.

"Avenge me..." Aussie then stuck his tongue out to look like he was dead.

"Noooooooooo!" Zeal yelled.

Canada and Confederate watched this unfold.

"A friend of mine got sacked as a set designer for not getting the work done. He didn't make a scene." Confederate smiled.

Canada started laughing.

Confederate watched Canada laugh, he chuckled but then his smiled faded.

This isn't my life... It's America's.

Confederate closed his eyes and left everyone alone.

America groaned a little. He put his hand to his head and opened his eyes. He saw Aussie on the ground with Zeal (realistically)

crying.

"Is Aussie okay?" America worried.

Canada was able to collect himself and confusingly look at America. "You were able to hit Aussie, and the destruction twins played out a dramatic scene... You were watching it all... Are you-"

"Oh, my! Of course I remember." America lied. "I was joking, they played it out so good."

Canada giggled and didn't ask any more questions.

America watched as his three younger siblings playing in the snow. He felt nervous, he knew that Confederate had taken over but he didn't do anything bad.

"I will never mentally recover from such trauma..." Zeal wailed, Aussie and Canada laughed at her dramatic voice.

America smiled at Zeal but the thought remained.

What is up with Confederate?

:::::::::::

America yawned. It had been a long day. He finished reading his book about governments, it was about time for him to come up with one, but he wanted to tell someone and hear their feedback.

Almost in command, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," America said, resting his head in his hand. Britain came in. "Hi, Dad."

"Hello, America. How are you?"

"Good." America paused. "How is Ireland and Northern?"

"Their working things out. I hope..." Britain fidgeted with with his hands.

"Hey, Dad?" America wanted to lighten the mood.

"Yes?" Britain sat in one of the cushioned chairs near America.

"Why is England the wettest country?"

"I don't know."

"Because queen has reigned there for years!" America chuckled.

Britain gave sarcastic laugh, "Very funny. Why don't eggs tell each other jokes?"

"Why?"

"They'd crack each other up." America and Britain laughed.

America sighs, "Can I tell you about what government I think I should have for my country?"

"Sure." Britain listened but was expecting a Democracy or Republic.

"I call it Federal Government." America started, it took Britain by surprise.

"You're making your own government?"

"Yep! (get ready to have a constitution lesson)

It's based on the three branches of government, Legislative, which is a government with Senators, Executive which is one ruler/ president, Judicial, which is where laws are made and protected. Plus I have a little republic in my government, the republic is the people who represent the states. My government is combining them all. So, I am not a Democracy, my Founding Fathers actually believe that Democracy is the most dangerous government of them all. If you're asking why... Democracy is basically a sheep and a wolf deciding on lunch."

America exhales deeply and sinks into his chair.

"That was a mouthful."

Britain giggled, "No, That was a country full."

America laughs along before yawning.

"I think it's time to get you to bed." Britain got up, out of his seat, and walked to America.

America groaned, "Do I have to?"

Britain gave him a look.

"I was joking!" America got up and they walked together, to America's room.

When they got there Britain saw America become nervous.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm nervous... What if I have the nightmare again?" America looked at Britain with big gray eyes.

Britain thought for a second. "How about I stay with you until you fall asleep?"

America shrugged, "That sounds okay."

America sat on the bed but was still hesitant. Britain came up to him.

"America, look." He pauses as America looks at him. "I won't ever leave you." Britain kissed America's head.

He smiled in return.

America saw Britain sit on a chair nearby. America was worried that he would get sore in the morning.

"Are you sure you want to sleep like that?"

Britain leaned forward on his chair, "Well... I can but I can also lay with you."

America thought about it. "I'm fine with that."

Britain walked over to the side of the bed and lay by America.

America lay back and felt weird because the last time they did this he was just a kid. With his thoughts, he fell asleep.

:::::::::

Confederate stirred in his sleep before waking up, his black and gray eyes adjusted to the darkroom. America's room.

He sat up and rubbed his eye before he realized that he was in America's body.

"Oh, great." He whispered to himself. He then heard someone next to him, he looked in fear and there was Britain. "Oh, white man." (Confederate's way of saying: Oh, man)

Confederate wasn't sure what to do, he could leave but that might wake up Britain, he could stay, but then he's with a person, he wants to be left alone.

Why can't you stop thinking ahead? you stupid country. Confederate talked in third person to himself.

Britain woke up anyway, he saw America biting his nails and he looked panicked or just scared. "America...?"

Confederate looked at Britain in surprise as he sat up. "Oh, hi..." He removed eye contact.

"America, what's wrong?"

Please don't call me that, Confederate shrugged and tried to not sound suspicious. "Just thinking to myself."

"They're not negative are they?"

Confederate inhaled, "No..." *Ugh! You can't talk normally.*

Britain didn't believe him. "You can tell me how you feel."

"It's nothing."

"Nothing is something."

Confederate looked down. "Have... Have you ever... Second-guessed yourself?"

Britain scoffed. "Many times."

Confederate pricked up and Britain explained.

"It's normal... and good for your brain." Britain looked at America. "You know why?"

Confederate nodded a no.

"Because it means your willing to open your heart and mind to something new and unfamiliar." Britain smiled, "Anything else?"

"What if no one else will open their heart to you?" Britain opened his mouth but Confederate went into a panic and continues with a quick tongue. "What if everyone hates because you suddenly changed your mind? What if change is bad? What if you hate yourself?" Britain touched his son's shoulder. Confederate looked at Britain with tears down his face. "Why do we have stupid emotions?"

[image]

(I put the emo in emotions)

Britain blinked with confusion. "America..." Britain shushed, to calm him down. "It's okay..."

Confederate kept yelling at himself to stop crying before he felt Britain hug him. *America was right, hugs make you feel better...*

"America listen." Britain let go when he was calm again. "Change is sometimes scary. I understand your panic and anxiety." Confederate looked down. "But do you know the law of Relitivity?"

Confederate curiously looked up. "No..."

"It's a thought process kind of law. It's rule is nothing is good or bad it just... is." Britain explained. "Your brain sees something as good or bad."

Confederate nods in understanding.

"Change... will and can be good or bad but the reason we want to go back in time is because it is familiar, safe, and predictable... but the future isn't ever bad... or good." He pauses. "There will be rhythm to life. We just have to exsept that."

Confederate wipped his eyes and smiled. "Thank you... Dad." Confederate felt nervous when he said that but Britain reacted normally.

"Of course." Britain hugged his son again. Confederate relaxed and felt tiredness take him. "And what is life without emotions? I would never feel proud of you for recovering so well."

Confederate smiled, he felt so peaceful and safe. He hadn't felt that in a while.

Britain rocked him back and forth and OCnfederate slowly went into a nightmare-less sleep...

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(⌐■_■)

Chapter 23 - That's Going to Complicate Things

[image] [image]

Did a redo on the cover, like it?
And if any of you listen to music while reading, I would suggest 'I was so sure' by Mnthl for this chapter.

January 27, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 8:00

Britain groaned softly as the sun's light lit up the room. He inhaled and exhaled deeply.

He looked down and saw America cuddling with him. His eyes were lightly closed, and his mouth slightly opened.

Britain enjoyed waking up to see his son in his arms. He smiled and kissed America's head.

America shifted then opened his eyes slowly.

Britain froze for a second. America's eyes were black and gray. Luckily, Confederate was too tired to notice Britain's look.

"Good morning." he is yawned.

"U-Uh, morning." Britain tried hiding his worry.

Confederate snuggled closer to Britain and closed his eyes. "I... I didn't have any nightmares..." He smiled.

Britain breathes to calm himself down. *It's just America. No need to*

worry. "That's good to hear." He pauses and smiles. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Of course, but... I don't want to get up." He complains and cuddles closer to Britain.

Britain laughed softly, "I have work to do."

"No..." Confederate said like a child and nuzzles into Britain's chest. "Comfy..."

Britain sighs, he was being cute. Britain kisses Confederate on the head. "Fine. You can stay here."

"No... You stay..."

"America..."

Confederate frowns. *Don't call me that.* "I want you to stay though... I'm safe around you."

"You'll see me around the house, you'll be okay." Confederate frowns harder. "Hey, don't be angry, give me a smile."

Confederate rolls on his other side, Britain doesn't remember America being a dramatic person.

"Come on, where's that grand American smile?" Britain taunted. He didn't get a response. He sighs, "Guess I have to find it by myself."

Confederate was questioning it in his mind but was then cut off as he felt Britain tickle him.

"Ah! No! S-Stop!" Confederate laughed. "Haha! No- Stop!"

Britain laughed as his son squirmed. Britain finally let the American go, and he panted with a smile on his face.

Confederate sighs then laughs again.

Britain chuckles, "There's your smile."

Confederate looked at him. "You're a little jerk." He giggled. Britain

followed.

"I know..." Britain sat back on the bed and starred at America's smile. "Your smile is pretty." Confederate sat by him with a little blush on his cheeks.

Confederate doesn't remember the last time he received a compliment, he wasn't even sure if he's ever had one. "Th-Thank you."

"You shouldn't be so flustered." Britain pulls his son close. "You deserve compliments with how amazing you are." Britain kisses Confederate's forehead.

Confederate smiles wider. *I like these compliments.*

"Come on, let's get up."

Confederate groans, "Fine..."

:::::::::

"Come on, America." Britain insisted. He was trying to get his son to help him make some fresh bread, sure, they could get some help from the maids, but I've forgotten about them.

"No. I... I can't cook!"

Britain grabbed Confederate's hand and pulled him up. "Come on~"

Confederate sighs, "I don't know how to cook. I'm no good."

Britain rolls his eyes. "You haven't tried it. Therefore you can't judge it."

"Dad..." Confederate complained.

Britain ignored him and pulled him in front, and explained what to do. "Just put a little four on it." Confederate blinked, sighs then, grabs a little flour and sprinkles it on the bread dough. "You'll need to add more gradually, but that, for now, is good."

Confederate grumbled on the inside but starts smooshing the unbaked mixture.

"Make sure the bread has fluffiness." Confederate tilted his head as he focuses on the dough and forms it roughly.

Confederate smiles as he enjoys being a little rough on the dough. He felt like he was expressing his frustration and emotions in his own way. He liked Britain's therapy, but he just wanted to control something. This bread dough he could control.

"Good job." Confederate jumped; He forgot that Britain was there. "You were rough on it enough, so it should turn out good." Britain smiled. "You're a natural."

Confederate felt proud of himself. He chuckled at himself. He was feeling something better than sadness and guilt. Happiness.

"Want to put it over the fire to bake?" Confederate nodded.

Britain started a fire and put a pan over it so that the bread could bake.

. . .

Britain politely ate a slice of the bread, it was soft and fluffy like a cloud and yet a pretty light brown color. Britain enjoyed it.

He opened his eyes and saw America happily chowing down on the bread fast. Britain was taken by surprise, America usually eats in a more humble and respective way.

"America?" He flinched with his black and gray eyes looking at Britain. "Are you feeling okay?"

Confederate swallowed before responding. "Yes, why do you say that? I feel fine." The southerner knew what Britain was really talking about.

"You haven't been acting yourself lately."

Confederate felt hurt because- "Well, what if this is me?"

Britain hesitated and he had his arms resting on the tabble and he looked to the side. "I... Don't think this is you..." He said in a sad and pitiful tone.

The mood changed when the Brit said that. It was anxious and silent. Confederate was hurt, Britain didn't mention his behavior before.

Confederate exhales to himself and glanced to the side. "Oh..." Britain then regrets what he said. "I didn't know **you thought that about me...**"

Britain leaned back with the cold tone of his son's voice, Confederate got up to leave. "N-No! Wait! I'm sorry I didn't mean to offend you!" Britain stood up and reached his hand out.

"I-It's fine... I just want some time **alone...**" Confederate left Britain.

Britain dropped his hand and grumbles at himself. "You messed up real good, Britain..."

Britain knew he hurt him but he didn't understand how much he *really* hurt him.

Confederate felt something warm go down his face, he moved his hand to feel it as he kept walking. It was his black tears. The country assumed that his tears were black because of his eyes.

Confederate stopped walking and stared at it for a second.

"Why are you crying this time?" He told himself. "There isn't a need... You're fine..." Confederate continued to walk. "You're fine, it's fine, it's *all* fine!" Confederate sounded like a maniac.

:::::::::

Britain was quietly thinking to himself before Scotland interrupted him from his thoughts; Britain was chilling in the library before Scotland threw off his groove.

"Britain. We need to talk." Britain looked up with curiosity. He saw Wales, Northern Ireland, and Ireland.

"What is it?" Britain was nervous but he still smiled.

Scotland looked back at the other isles. Britain's smile faded slightly. "Not sure how to put this... We're not sure if America is who you think he is..."

Britain was so confused. "Wwhh... What?"

"Look... America has done... things." Scotland shrugs.

Britain got up in an angry manner. "I don't know what you're talking about, America hasn't hurt anyone." Britain walked past them.

"Britain..." Ireland stepped in front of him. "You really need to listen."

Britain looked around him. "Guys... America is trying to recover from past occurrences... He hasn't done anything wrong!"

"B-But you c-can't guaranty that," Northern replied. Britain was unsure of what his friends were saying. "Britain, l-listen. A-America has been... Threatening us-s." *(I forgot to say that that scene when Confederate called Northern worthless wasn't the first time he targeted the British Isles. One time he sarcastically thanked Scotland for making his dad an empire, starving him, etc.)*

Northern grabbed Britain by his shoulder. Britain starred in disbelief and then pushed them away. "America can't even hurt a fly! He wouldn't do those things."

"Then you haven't seen the real him..." Scotland looked to the side. "Because he only seems to be weak around you. When he's around us, even Aussie, Zeal, and Canada, he acts so aggressively."

Britain starred again, trying to process what is happening. "No... He's not that kind of person..." He said looking down.

"B-Britain," Northern said, Britain looked at him. "Have you e-ever seen us lie?

"We know you don't want to hear it but-" Ireland was cut off

"No! Don't try and convince me that my son is some kind of monster!"

"Then why don't you ask him yourself...?"

Britain's parental instincts were kicking in, "None of you know him! I can't believe any of you would think that about my boy!" He pauses, "I will ask him! And he won't be whoever you're talking about!"

:::::::::::

Confederate takes a deep breath, "Thanks for taking me here Aussie, I really just needed some air." Confederate was still controlling America and he sat in the garden with Australia at his side. Confederate had been a little feisty around everyone and Aussie offered to take him outside. They sat on a bench that was in a hidden kind of place, there was one way to get in and it was covered by ivy and flowers. Making the scene seem pretty isolated. Confederate holds a red flower.

[image]

[image]

(not sure if these are the best)

"No problem, brother."

Confederate giggled at being called brother, he enjoyed it. Then a thought came to his head. *Would America ever call me that...?* Confederate smiled and scoffed-laughed, He pictured being like Aussie and Zeal, causing destruction, having some inside jokes-

What am I doing? He said to himself, his smile turned to a frown as he looked at his hand. It wasn't his, it didn't have his flag pattern on it, it was used by someone else.

"You good there?" Aussie asked, his tail moved up and down slowly.

Confederate sighs, "I... I've just been feeling down."

"Oh? I'm sure it'll pass." Aussie tried to say optimistically.

"I don't think it's that simple." Confederate avoided eye contact and picked a red flower.

Aussie tilted his head. "How long have you felt... sad?"

"A while..." He said blandly.

"Well... Can't you just look on the bright side?"

Confederate really didn't want to hear that. "No."

"Come on, not even a smile?" Aussie scooted closer to Confederate with a smile as if his energy would pass to the American.

"No." Confederate acted harshly.

Aussie's tail twitched, "I haven't seen you act like this before." Confederate doesn't reply. "It can't be that bad."

Confederate started getting irritated. He tightened his grip on the flower, as he did whenever he had a nightmare.

"Woah, calm down. I'm sure you'll get over it an-"

"Stop. Talking." Confederate said. His voice was deep and threatening. He snapped the red flower in half and it dropped onto the ground. Aussie saw America's eyes fill with fear when he dropped it. "I-I need to leave."

He left without another word.

Confederate growled at himself. "Why did Australia say those things to me?" He paused as he kicked a rock along the side. "Why does everyone I know betray me?!"

He wanted to get away from everyone. He needed some alone time, but I guess not.

"America!" Confederate stops, he doesn't look at who called him.

"Don't call me that." He whispered to himself.

"America! Wait!" Britain ran up to Confederate. He huffed out, "I... Really need... to see you..."

Confederate turned he had an angry look, he was angry that Britain called him America and he was still mad at Aussie. "What do you need?"

"I-I just really need to hear this from you..." Confederate raises an eyebrow, "You didn't ever say... Anything toxic to the other Isles, did you?"

Confederate jumped, *no, no, no, no! The Isles did NOT tell him about that!* "Of course not, what do you think I am?" He scoffed.

Britain sighs in relief, "Okay... Good. I was nervous there for a second."

Confederate gestures Britain to walk with him. *The Isles almost made Britain betray me...* **"Me too..."**

:::::::::

"D-Do you think that was the-e best i-idea?" Northern asked, he felt bad for telling Britain about his son.

"Yes." Wales replied, "There is something wrong with America."

"B-But we didn't have to b-bring it out s-so harshly."

"How else were we supposed to bring it to him?" Ireland asked. He and Northern had fixed their relationship and forgiven each other but when Ireland heard that America hurt his friends and brother he wanted to do anything to protect them.

"Well, maybe we could have tried to bring it slow..." Scotland replied, "Britain reacted very protectively."

"Y-Yeah, b-because Americ-ca is his s-son that just c-came back a couple of days ago. Of c-course, he won't a-accept that America has changed more than he-e thought!" Northern exclaimed.

Everyone paused.

"I guess that's true," Ireland replied. "But did anyone see his black eyes?"

"I did," Wales said.

"You don't think he could have... *it*." Ireland felt disturbed.

"I hope he doesn't. He's too young of a country." Scotland said with concern.

"Surely he can't have it." Wales blurted out.

They continued to debate back and forth before someone stopped them.

"You know, it's rude to talk about someone behind their back." Confederate entered using his shadow form, he was still possessing America.

The British people jumped and Confederate laughed at it.

"Oh, please you should know better."

"How did you get in?!" Scotland took a step back.

"Oh~ you know... I have my ways." America steps closer to them and they back up. "But I'm here because a little flock of birdies **couldn't keep their beaks closed~"**

"America... What do you want?" Wales threatened a growl was heard in the back of her throat.

"I **just** want to talk." America clapped his hands together.

The Isles glanced at each other. "What do you want to talk about?"

"I'll say this very slow for your understanding. I... Want you three... **To not tell my father lies about me..."**

"Those aren't lies, you keep threatening us!" Ireland stared angrily.

"But... I'm America..." Confederate teased. "I'm Britain's perfect little traumatized angel."

"America you're mentally ill."

"..." The American took a long pause. His eyes glanced side to side, stuck in his thoughts. Confederate then suddenly smacked his hand on the wall right above Ireland. "**Maybe I haven't made myself clear!**"

"I-Ireland!" Northern called. Scotland, tired of not doing anything, tried to grab America but America reacted fast.

Confederate grabbed Ireland and they both fazed through the walls.

"Wait! W-Where did they g-go?!" Northern feared for his brother.

America flew up behind the Isles and through Ireland forward and into Scotland. Ireland gasped and panted. America then grabbed the other Irish brother. Northern yelped, shaking Ireland, Scotland, and Wales out of their confusion.

They froze. Panic-stricken. Confederate pulled a gun out and had it to Northern's head.

"I will say it one more time! Keep your royal mouths shut or those threats... won't be just threats anymore!"

:::::::::

Britain hummed to himself. He was thinking of the music that played during his and France's wedding. *He matched the tune as he remembered the sun setting as they held their vows. The thought that his father and mother watching over him. The elegant white dress France wore. The taste of her lips after saying the two words. The slow dancing while looking at each other in the eyes. Her one red eye and one blue eye beaming with joy and pride. The thought of being with France forever-*

Britain gasped out of his thoughts. He holds a hand to his head as he tries to calm it down.

He sighs deeply and looks up, he's in a ballroom. So many dances he could remember, *every dance was with her...*

Britain puts his hands on his face. He just sits there on the steps and breathes.

"Dad! Dad! Dad! Dad?!" Britain heard America call him. Britain didn't answer. He wanted to be left alone. "Daaaad!" Confederate opened the double doors. "Dad! There you are! I was looking for you and-" He cut himself off as he saw Britain sitting on the stairs. "Dad...?"

Britain stayed quiet.

"Dad, what's wrong?" Confederate sat by Britain. "Come on."

Britain let his hands fall and his red teary eyes showed what he had been doing. "I-I..." He studdered for words. He sniffed loudly and tears fall down.

"It's okay, Dad." Confederate put his hand on Britain's shoulder. Britain sniffed again and hugged his son tightly. "It's okay..." Confederate rubbed Britain's back. "It's okay..."

. . .

Confederate placed a cup of tea in front of the Brit.

Britain looked up. Confederate smiles. "Here."

"I can't... I don't..."

"Hey, tea is good for the soul." Confederate winked. **If only I had a soul.**

Britain couldn't help but scoff at America. Britain took a sip politely.

Confederate nodded then sat in front of Britain, he laughed childishly. Britain sighs before taking another sip. Britain stares at America's black eyes. *Could he have...?*

"America." Confederate finched in a bad way.

"Mmmm... Yeah?" Confederate rested on his hand

"H-How long have you had black eyes?"

Confederate paused, his smile faded. He laughed weakly. "what do you mean?"

"Your eyes are black, do you know why?"

"Nope." He lied.

Britain put his tea down and the vibe was now serious. "America this is serious."

"I know it is, but what do you mean I have black eyes?" Confederate tried to avoid the honest answer. "Look, it's not important."

"Yes, it is." Britain raised his voice.

"I'm sure it'll be gone by tomorrow."

"But you have corruption!" Britain stood up. "You have some kind of form of corruption in your government! Corruption doesn't just come and go like some kind of wave you live through! It can kill you if you don't fix it!" Britain's tone changed to fearful.

Confederate held his breath. Britain thought the corruption was in his government when really it was him. The southerner was corrupting America.

"So, that bread I cooked in the morning... Was it good?"

"America. We are not talking about that right-"

"I'm sure it was good for my first try."

"America-"

"You know, I think I'm being called." He pauses to stand up. "Hope you feel better because you've always been there for me and I wanted to repay you **but a simple cup of tea won't fix that.**"

"Don't you lea-"

"Bye, Dad." Confederate left. He shut the door and leaned against it.

"This can't be happening. Not this fast..."

:::::::::

Confederate panicked as his mind started racing. *What am I going to do? Everything's happening so fast.*

"America! Wait up!" Confederate groaned. Canada ran to Confederate's side. "I heard your conversation- er- arguement with Dad."

"Of course you overheard us! What else would you be doing?!" Confederate exaggerated. Confederate kept walking forward.

"America? Are you alright?" Canada followed, his voice was worrisome. "Do you-"

"No. I don't."

"Are you-"

"Yes! I am sure!" Confederate threateningly, he looked at Canada with his gray eyes.

Canada didn't answer. He just looked at America with fear.

Confederate sighs, "Leave me alone." He walks away.

"America-"

"Stop calling me that!" Confederate turned to Canada. "Do I look like America? Do I look like some helpless runaway?" He paused and looked at his hands. "I guess I do..."

Canada's eyes widened. *What did America just say...?*

As Confederate saw Canada's wide eyes he covered his mouth. "Did I say that out loud?"

Canada backed up. "W-Who are you...? Where's my brother!" Canada shrieked.

Confederate smirks. "I guess I could introduce myself." He pauses

and walks to the Canadian who tries to stay away from the stranger. "My name is Confederate. I've been possessing America for the past..." He trailed off. "I'm not sure exactly but when he ran away, I showed up. So, about that long."

"Wait... But America never..."

"Why would he?" Confederate grabbed Canada by the collar and pushed him into the wall. "Why would he talk about me- I've been asking the same question over... and over."

Canada very quietly whimpered. He was terrified. "Where's my brother! What did you do to him?! I want him back!" Canada tried to squirm out of his grip.

"Well... You're not going to get him back..." Confederate paused. "And I'm sure you won't keep your mouth shut **so... I'll just have to kill you now."**

Canada yelled for help. Everything was happening so fast and he didn't understand why his older brother was doing this.

Confederate pulled out a Bowie knife. "I'll try to make this quick."

"America? What are you doing?" Confederate turned frantically at the voice. It was Aussie and Zeal was behind him. "What are you doing to Can?"

"That's not America!" Canada yelled.

"Oh, good job Canada... Now I have to kill them as well." Canada's eyes widened again and Confederate pulled him through the wall.

"Canada!" Zeal called.

"I didn't know America could do that!"

The twins didn't see America throw Canada at Aussie from behind them and Zeal was taken by Confederate.

Australia rubbed his head then heard Zeal scream, his animal instincts came in and he pushed Canada off to run to Zeal.

Confederate tried to stab Zeal but she held his wrist and tried to keep him back with all her strength except Confederate was stronger. Then, Australia bit down hard on the arm that held the battle knife.

Confederate cried out, letting go of Zeal, dropping the knife, and Aussie let go of the fraud.

"America! What are you doing? Wake up!" Aussie tried to get his brother back.

"If you're trying to get him back... **You won't, America is too weak to even realize what I'm doing.**"

"No! He's not!" Zeal talked back. "America is too stubborn to let you do this to his family!"

"That's not-" Confederate was cut off as pain hit his head, shocking his nerves and making him hunch over. He cried in pain and touched the sides of his head.

"That's it!" Canada said to his brother and sister. "We just have to reason with him long enough for America to wake up."

Zeal and Aussie nodded. Confederate's pain then went away and he stood up straight.

. . .

Zeal kicked the knife away from Confederate. Confederate was being held down by Canada.

Confederate has had enough. He faded through Canada and threw him at Zeal who twisted her ankle as he did that.

Aussie gasped and went for Confederate. He tried to bite him again but Confederate was faster and grabbed him and trusted him into the ground.

"America! Please stop! You don't-"

"You should really shut up. You're hurting my head."

Confederate then impaled Aussie's forearm with the blade. He cried in pain and blood flowed.

Confederate was then taken down by a sudden push. Canada attempted to get the Southerner away from his younger brother.

"America! Wake up! Please!" Canada pleaded as he tried to hold Confederate down.

Confederate felt America trying to fight back. So, Confederate punched Canada in the face.

"Ah..." Canada groaned in pain he rubbed his jaw. Then a force pulled him up by the neck and pushed him into the wall. Canada couldn't breathe.

"I don't usually mind people I kill, but you're so annoying..."

Canada tried to get Confederate to loosen his grip but it was no use. "...America... Your hurting... me..." Canada started crying.

Then, Canada saw Confederate's smile change to a frown, and his eyes widen with shock and fear.

"C-Can... Canada?" The smaller heard America's voice come in. He let Canada go. "W-W-What... What happened?!" His eyes change back to white and Canada coughs hard. He looks around frantically and sees Aussie's bleeding arm and Zeal's bruises. "W-W-What d-d-did I-I do-o?" America's breath quickened. He lost control and Confederate took control. He started crying and his head was pounding. Canada looked up and saw that America was going to have a panic attack.

"Am-" Canada's throat hurt so he couldn't talk and he started coughing.

America turned to Canada, he was hurt as well. "C-Can... I'm sorry. I-I didn't-"

"America?!" A British accent was heard. America fearfully turned Britain stared at him, the Brit saw the destruction and the pain. His voice immediately turned angry and protective. "What did you do to

your siblings?!"

"I-I..." America couldn't find words he was still trying to get out of his shock.

"Why did you hurt them?"

"I don't know!" America's voice cracked while tears rolled down his face. "I don't know what happened!"

"D-Da...d..." Canada coughed up. Britain looked at him in fear then back at America with hatred.

"You came back for forgiveness... Then you do this!" Britain rarely shouted this loud.

"Dad! It wasn't me! It was *him!*" America explained.

"Him? Him who?"

"Dad it was him! He's in my head!"

"America," Britain said firmly. "Do you really think that someone is inside you and taking control? That's absurd!"

"But D-"

"Don't say another word!" America was taken back. "What do you have to say to yourself?" He said in a monotone voice.

America was quiet. How could he describe what he was feeling? Eyes were on him and he betrayed every one of them. He sniffed. "I-I don't know..." he pauses. "I-I'm s-sorry... But I don't know w-what happened."

Britain opened his mouth.

"But your not going t-to listen! You never do!" America yelled. He then started running away. He didn't want to hurt them again.

"America! Wait I..." Britain trailed off. America left.

They were right back at stage one...

What did I just do?

‖_____‖

le sob

I think the 4th wall tape is working.

*Just quick message

Soooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

Anyone up for a little QnA?

(I think I've asked this before like a 100 years ago but got nothing so I deleted the message) Whatever...

If you need any ideas (if your like me and can't think of good questions to ask in a book),
it can be about anything in this book (if your asking what happens next I won't respond)
other Countryhuman headcanons
what my actual Confederate/America/Britain like?
Do I have any story on my persona?

Stuff like that and those are only ideas, so please ask something good...

Ask here > > > > >

So long~

Chapter 24 - Losing Control

[image] [image]

Young America was running from something, his clumsy feet made him stumble a couple of times. He was in a clearing and heading for a dark forest.

He heard growling behind him. He gasped then looked forward again.

America didn't see the stone that made him fall down.

He got up on his knees and hands, his brain was spiraling. Then he heard the growling again, but louder. He turned back quickly and onto his back and started backing up.

He whimpered and his gray eyes widened and stared at the source of the noise, a dark green bush.

Britain jumped out of the bush and landed right in front of child America. "Boo! Got ya!"

America screamed and started crying. Britain was taken back, he didn't mean to scare America that much.

"A-America? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-" He was cut off as America got out of his grip and ran onto the forest. "America wait! Don't go in there!" Britain followed after him.

America took a sharp turn and hid behind a tree. He quietly sobbed to himself. His Dad scared him bad. He thought he was a monster

after him and it made him see a monster when really it was his Dad.

"America!" Britain lost America. He looked behind trees but wasn't going to find America. "America! Where are you?!" He mentally scolded himself for scaring America.

Britain started thinking the worst after a couple of minutes. What if he got taken, what if he got lost, what if he fell in a hole, what if a wild animal gets to him?

Britain started calling louder. "America!"

America peered over his tree, he saw his Dad franticly searching for him. America then saw how scared Britain looked, *but grown-ups don't get scared.*

Britain ran his hand through his hair, anxiety, and stress were overwhelming him. He fell onto the ground and cried to himself.

America sniffed then got up and walked to Britain. He was a couple of feet away and he lightly touched Britain's shoulder.

"Daddy?" Britain turned to him and gasped.

"America!" He hugged him tight then started looking at his condition, "Are you okay."

America just sniffed and cried.

"Where are you hurt?! You got to tell me." America hugged him. Britain again was surprised and slowly hugged him. "It's okay... I'm here." He kissed America's head.

"You s-scared m-me..." He said quietly.

"I know, I know. I won't ever do that again..."

"But, You also were scared... Grown-ups don't get scared."

Britain sighs. "Everyone is scared of something. I was scared that I lost you... I thought I would never see you again."

"But I came back... Doesn't everyone?"

Britain was quiet for a second. "No... *Not everyone comes back."*

January 27, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 5:04pm

America was back at it again.

Running away from his problems. The only difference was that he was in tears and wondering where to go.

He didn't have Soviet to try and save, he didn't have Russia to accompany him, he didn't have his brave and adventurous heart anymore, he wasn't happy to getaway...

America was now, running through the halls and out the front door. He wasn't sure where he was going. He just wanted to getaway.

He ran outside, the sunset just over the building in the distance and it shined in America's tear-filled face. The days were short due to it being Winter. His footsteps hit the ground hard on the stone pathway. He hugged himself as he kept running.

Everything was blurry due to his tears. He remembered running past crowds of people and going straight through them. Some people ignored him, some yelled at him to watch where he was going, some asked who ran by, and others asked if he was okay. He just kept running.

America then takes a sudden turn into a forest. The surroundings reminded him of the time he thought his father was a monster and ran into a forest. His father said he thought he lost him.

Dad must be lying, why would anyone miss me?

Another wave of tears went down his face and when he decided he was deep enough in the woods, he sat under a tree.

He hid his face. He didn't want to be seen ever again.

He wanted to just sit and rot...

All he could hear was the wind blowing on him and his sobs, but other than that. It was silent.

But then a little twitter flew around him. He looks up, it's his Dad's European Robin, Sundaze.

"America..." Canada called in the distance. Sundaze chirped loud.

"No... No... No, no, no, no!" He told himself, Confederate could take control again if Canada found him. He tried to shush the robin but it didn't work.

"America!" He kept calling. "America! America, please, I'm here to help!" His voice was getting closer.

"He's going to take control, he's going to take control!" America's breath quickened. Then it turned to gasping. He started shaking, his heart was racing. A panic attack was taking control.

"There you are!" America looked at Canada in fear. "Thank you Sundaze." The bird twittered. Then, Canada saw America's quick breath his smile faded. America started backing away.

"No, no! Canada he's going to hurt you!" America pleaded. He hugged himself again and kept trying to get away. Sundaze rested on Canada's shoulder.

"America, you're having another panic attack! Just breath..." Canada spoke softly. He didn't. America then ran into a tree and he felt like the forest was closing in on him.

"I can't! I can't!"

"America..." America looked at Canada. "Breathe... In... And out..." Canada took slow breathes as an example.

America focused on Canada and followed.

"Good... Just focus on me..." America calming down and so Canada got closer. When America realized he was in front of him, he closed

his eyes and acted like Canada was going to burn him. He felt Canada lightly touches and shush him. "I'm not going to hurt you... and you're not going to hurt me..."

America's panic attack stopped before he knew it. Canada gently hugged him. America breathed a little while longer before returning the hug.

Just as America settled in he felt it. His head hurt and his vision was blurring. America gasps and pushes Canada away.

Canada falls down. He looks up and sees America fall onto his knees and yelling pain. "America?"

"He's taking control! I can't beat him!" America started crying again.

"Yes, you can!" Canada yelled at him. "You can fight him! You're stronger than him!"

I can end this. I can kill them all! No one will hurt us ever again!

America looked up at his younger brother. *No! Don't hurt him!*

But I want to, I will, you just have to stop fighting. The pain will go away. Your anxiety will relese~ Just let me take control~

I WILL fight you! You won't take control!

Canada got up, America was just sitting there quietly. Sundaze was alarmed and fluttered her wings. "It's okay Sundaze." Canada approached the American. "Brother?" Canada tried to put his hand on his shoulder but halfway, Confederate grabbed his arm.

Canada yelped and tried to break free. Confederate looked at the smaller boy in his grasp with his dark eyes. "**That encouragement you gave America...**" Canada looked up with his amber-yellow eyes. "**Was in vain...**"

Confederate threw Canada into a tree. The wind was taken out of him. Canada could only breathe out; He struggles to breathe in.

Confederate looked down on him with no expression. Suddenly, Sundaze starts pecking and flying around him.

"**Ack! Getaway!**" Confederate steps back. "**Stupid bird-**" Confederate trips on a rock and falls down. Leaving him seeing stars.

Sundaze flies to Canada. He gets up even though his back hurts. He looks down at the small bird.

"Thank you, Sundaze." He looks up at Confederate who was trying to get up. "Go and get help, I'll hold him off." Canada got up and the robin flew off.

Confederate was on his knees and he turned to Canada and growled. Canada gasped then ran.

:::::::::

Canada panted. He hadn't been running for that long before he decided to make sure that Confederate was still following him.

He looks up and around but he didn't hear anything. He panics.

Canada looks up and around but he doesn't see the Southerner.

Then Confederate in his shadow form went through the tree and grabbed Canada by the back of the neck. Canada yelling in surprise and slight pain because he hit the ground hard.

"**You really need to look behind you more.**"

Canada struggled as hard as he could but Confederate was stronger. Confederate turns Canada so that his back is on the ground.

"**Time to shut you up for good.**" He pulls out another knife (like where is he getting these things?).

Canada looked at him with wide pleading eyes. Confederate hesitates.

Do I really want to do this...?

Confederate gets a hold of himself and before he could move he was hit by something and fell backward, and even rolled a little.

Canada gasped and started coughing. He saw Confederate groan in pain.

"Uh... Crap." Canada turned and saw Russia run-up to him. "Are you okay Canada?"

"Russia?! Where did you come from?" Russia helped Canada stand up.

"A little bird came to me." Sundaze flew down onto Canada's shoulder and chirped. Canada beamed.

"Sundaze!" Canada snuggled the bird.

Everything was cut off as Confederate started laughing. Everyone turned and saw Confederate get up then turn into his shadow form then fly deeper into the woods but they knew that he didn't go too far and was going to strike again.

"Okay! Explain! I just shot America with my ice blasts because he had a knife and was about to stab you!" Russia faced the trees around them and was back to back.

"First off, that's not America, he's possed by someone named... Confederate. He wants to kill us all."

Russia scoff-laughed. "Why does America always have something wild happening to him?"

They circled and looked in all different directions, but Confederate didn't show.

That's when the Southerner changed back into his normal form as America and pounced onto Canada. Russia acted fast. He turned and shot Confederate with his ice powers.

Confederate fell off of Canada and hit a tree. He growled and got up quickly. Russia shot ice at him but Confederate turned back into his shadow form and went through them. Confederate then, went for

Russia.

Russia kept trying to shot him but the ice didn't touch the shadow and eventually Confederate turned back into his physical form and took Russia down but there was a hill behind them and they both fell.

As they fell they both almost fell into the lake at the bottom of the hill.

Russia's head was spinning from the rolling. He got up and saw that Confederate was a couple of meters away.

He shot an ice blast but Confederate was quick and moved out of the way.

Russia then saw Confederate turn into his shadow form and flew to Russia. The Russian then jumped into the lake, but he used his ice powers to run on the water.

Confederate slows down then turns to Russia and follows him. Russia sees this and makes a little ice platform and goes under it.

Confederate is confused by this and not really thinking, went onto the platform and looked down in the water.

Which was stupid because Russia then flipped the platform. Confederate yelped as he fell into the water and started wondering why he landed on the platform.

Now that Russia had him under, he froze Confederate's arm so that he was stuck.

Confederate tried getting himself out but he couldn't change into his shadow form when he was bound by something. Not only that but he was running out of breath. Confederate tried pushing against the ice above him but he was stuck there.

Russia saw America look at him with pleading eyes, he was scared. Russia swam over to him and broke the ice and helped him swim up.

Russia and America gasped as they reached the surface and went onto land.

Russia sighs and lays on the grass and taking deep, slow breathes. He then hears groaning and he remembers Confederate next to him. Russia sits up quickly and gets his ice hands ready.

He sees them get up and rub their head. "...Russia?"

"America?!" Russia then noticed America's white eyes. "Are you okay?"

America seemed really tired or maybe confused. "Where are we...?"

"We're in a forest, and your... Friend took control or something."

America looked at him fearfully. "What...? Wait! Canada!"

"He's okay."

"Where is he?! Is he hurt?! Did I-"

"Calm down," Russia assured him. "Canada is fine."

America relaxed a little but was still disturbed that Confederate keeps taking over.

"We should head back." Russia laughed a little. "It's been a crazy day."

America laughed a little back. "**Yes, it has...**"

:::::::::::

Canada hid behind a tree with Sundaze on his shoulder.

"Where did they go?" Canada looked at Sundaze. Russia and Confederate had been fighting for a while now, they made their way back to the forest and then Canada lost them.

He then heard loud rustling and grunts. Canada followed them.

He found himself in a very small clearing. "Hello? Russia?" He then

heard a noise in the bushes and Russia was thrown out. "Russia!" He ran up to him.

Russia groaned and Canada helped him up.

"Are you okay?"

"I feel like my land got handed to me- Oh, right! It did." Russia exaggerated. Then hissed in pain, and touched his arm.

"Russia! Your arm!"

"I'm okay... I can take a little hit."

"Yet, you can't seem to win." Confederate entered slowly and moved a branch out of the way. He laughed. **"None of you can seem to beat me-"**

Sundaze starts pecking him and flying around him.

"Agh! Not again!" Confederate swiped his arms to get the bird away.

Canada took the chance to get Russia out there. "Come on!"

Russia struggled a little and must have had a bad leg because he started limping. Canada helped support him.

Confederate then was able to hit Sundaze. She chirped in alarm and fell onto the grass.

"Sundaze!" Canada yelled. "You're going to pay for that!"

Confederate looked back at them and smiled. **"With what? Maple syrup?"** Canada growled.

Then an eagle cry interrupted the scene.

"Ah... Liberty, my- or- America's national bird." He pauses. **"She'll help me deal with you two."**

Liberty came zooming down and everyone thought that she was going to attack Russia and Canada but she went for Confederate.

She knew that he was an imposter.

The bald eagle started whacking him with her large wings and confused the Southerner. "**Ah!**" Then Confederate tripped on another rock and fell. "**...I hate this.**"

"Good girl Liberty!" Canada exclaimed.

Confederate was filled with rage. He turned into his shadow form and was able to grab Liberty throw her onto the ground. She screeched in alarm but was too injured to fly as Confederate went for Canada and Russia.

"**I've had enough of this!**" Canada let go of Russia and tried to get Confederate away but Confederate pushed him aside and Canada hit a rock to his head.

Russia glared at him for doing that. "You some? Come and get me! Leave Canada alone!"

"**Sure thing Russia boy.**" Confederate grabbed Russia by the neck and squeezed and forced him against a boulder. Russia tried to yell but he couldn't breathe.

After being there for a moment, Russia's adrenaline was racing and tried to keep him alive but Confederate was winning. He used both his hands to squeeze. Russia felt like his neck was going to break. He looked at his best friend with pleading dark blue eyes.

Confederate seemed to hesitate again.

Suddenly two blue hands grabbed Confederate's head and a white glow came from them and Confederate cried in anguish.

He let Russia go and he fell to the ground and panted.

The Russian was able to stay standing but coughed hard. As he caught his breath he looked up and saw Britain. His face was angry and troubled.

"Mr. Britain!"

"Are you okay, lad?" Britain changed his expression to worried.

"Y-Yeah." Russia then glanced at Canada who still lay on the ground unmoving. "Canada!" Russia limped to him and fell beside him. He lifted him up into his arms. He saw Canada's chest rise and fall in a steady pace but blood dribbled down the side of his face. "He's okay." He told Britain.

Britain noded then looked at Confederate who murmured in pain. "You..." Britain's expression was back but it was just pure anger now. Confederate turned onto his back and started backing away as Britain came closer.

"L-Look y-you don't w-wanna do this!" Confederate then ran out of room and ran into a tree. **"I-I'm your son-"**

"Don't say that! I know you're not him!" Britain growled; It's like he was using his dragon side to growl.

Russia watched the two while holding Canada. He a little felt uncomfortable. "Why is he so scared of you?"

"He knows that he is living corruption, my healing powers can get rid of him." Britain looked at Russia and Confederate took the chance to getaway. He changed to his shadow form and flew away.

Britain looked back at Confederate who disappeared. His growling intensified and he changed to his dragon form and he flew after him.

Confederate only remembered his adrenaline taking control and make him fly away but he was then grabbed by his leg. Due to the physical contact and a little of Britain's healing powers he became physical again and started falling. He yelled as he did.

He hit the Earth's ground hard. He felt extreme pain on the arm he landed on. His head was spinning and he felt like just laying there.

Then a loud thump behind him made him wake up from his thoughts. He turned back onto his back and backed up as Britain, still in his dragon form, walked toward him.

"P-Please! I-I won't do a-anything like that again!" Confederate pleaded.

Britain hissed loudly like a serpent. Then slowly turned back to his normal look.

"I-I'll... I'll stay i-in the back of America's mind! I won't make a noise! I won't *ever* take control! Nothing! Just don't h-hurt me!"

"Too late for that." Britain then was close enough to where he grabbed Confederate's left shoulder and shoved him into a tree as he held him still.

"P-Please..." He started tearing. He felt scared to his core. **"I-I..."**

"I don't want to hear it." Britain's tone was so cold and harsh that Confederate wasn't sure if it was his Dad anymore. He raised one of his hands.

"No! No! Please! No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Britain's hand didn't stop coming closer. **Please- AAAHHHH!** Confederate screamed in agony as Britain used his powers on him.

Confederate felt like his whole body was on fire; He could feel his bloodstream burn like lava and his nerves yell like lightning was giving no mercy, which it wasn't. His lungs couldn't open, just close as his chest twisted. His heart raced and felt like it was the volcano where all his fired blood was. His mind and mouth screamed for it to stop.

Britain wasn't giving up on destroying Confederate. He then used both hands which doubled the pain.

Then the screams faded to a stop and Britain let up.

America's tired body rocked then fell but Britain caught him. He caught him in a hugging way. He gently sat on the soft grass with the body in his arms.

"America...?" Britain softly asked, as if he didn't just put someone in agony.

His head shook very slowly a couple of times, and his eyes lazily opened but they were still black. Britain growled and raised his hand but didn't strike. Something told him to wait.

His black eyes faded to white. He then shakily gasped and started crying. "D-Dad...?"

Britain let his hand fall and his threatening look changed to a soft smile and a gentle voice. "Hey..."

"D-Did I...?" He couldn't finish the sentence.

"You didn't... You didn't hurt anybody..." Britain decided to not tell him all of what Confederate had done, he probably couldn't handle the stress. America started trembling from the aftermath of his fear that he kill someone. Britain shushed him. "It's okay... just close your eyes..."

America obeyed, even though Confederate had taken over for almost the whole day and was basically in a sleep-mode, he felt like he'd been in a car crash.

Britain must have seen him tense because he shushed him again and started playing with his hair.

Britain then noticed the sun setting just over the horizon. He turned in that direction and watched the light slowly fade. The breeze was chilling and America felt it and shivered.

Britain looked down on him and smiled a little wider.

Britain sighs and starts singing, *You'll be in my heart* as America slowly drifts off to sleep...

America shifted in bed, *guess being asleep all day would make me stay up all night.* He couldn't sleep anymore and it was only the middle of the night.

He lays on his back and looks at the ceiling.

Something was wrong, he could feel it.

When he was trying to wake up one time... He could feel pain... His nerves didn't feel it, but his brain thought it. Which, wasn't the first time he felt that.

This morning... He felt the most relaxed he had felt in a really long time. Then suddenly panicked. It repeated, chill then panicked until he felt angry and then heard Canada talk to him. Even when he lost control in the forest, he felt hesitation... But to what?

Suddenly... America remembers what Confederate said before.

So, we both can know each other's thoughts, but you have to search deep down in that weak mind of yours, but I close off my mind so you can't hear my thoughts... You, never try and hide your thoughts... Especially when you panic.

America sits up abruptly, "Confederate!" He didn't care if someone heard him. "I'm feeling his emotions! *His* emotions! I don't ever feel like I'm forgiven because *he* doesn't. My anxiety isn't mine... It's his!" America laughs to himself. "Why didn't you say anything, Confederate?"

Nothing. America heard nothing.

America was confused. "Confederate?" America thought that he was just being quiet. "No snappy comeback?" America teased. Nothing. America started thinking it was something else. "Hello...? Confederate?"

Panic sets in.

"Confederate?! This isn't funny! W-Where are you?!"

The end...

wait...

no

I can't end here...

But in two chapters I will. (yes only two more chapters left before

this story is over)

[image]

(⌐■_■)

Chapter 25 - I Know I Messed up but... I'm Sorry

[image] [image]

America sat in the corner of his room, it was the middle of the night. This memory was back when USSR had just died and America was stuck in Scotland's house prison. He could feel the homesickness and grief hit him like a train. He thought he had moved on, but no, it came back. Not only that but he was planning on dumping tea into the ocean the next day, but he knows what's going to happen. He'll probably be killed by the British.

Tears rolled down his face. He wasn't sure if he could do it. He wasn't sure if he was ready to take this risk.

Alright, let's get this show on the road! We got a bunch of ships that need to get dumped! Confederate yelled throughout the room, even though America was the only one that could hear him. Confederate was only a little shadow at the time, he had no flag or dark eyes, just jet black cloud-like skin, and pale white eyes. He looked down on the American in the corner, he was curled in a ball. **Uh... Am I interrupting something?**

"No..." America said quietly.

Confederate mentally panicked, he could feel what was wrong. **Are... ya good?**

"Not really..."

Confederate flew next to America then sat down next to him **...Wanna talk about it?**

"It's just the usual." America had told Confederate about his homesickness and grief a lot before. Confederate thought to himself.

Wanna complain to a nonexistent being? Confederate joked.

"You're not nonexistent." America was looked ahead while Confederate watch America.

What? Confederate tilted his head.

"You exist, I can talk to you, you *always* talk back. You exist."

But, I don't really matter. Confederate shrugged. **Your the only one that will see or hear me**.

"That... That should be enough. Right?"

I guess, but I still can't do much, so I must not matter that much. Confederate looks at the floor.

"You... matter to me." Confederate looked up then at America who looked at the ground. "Even though you said that you were just my dark thoughts..."

Oh, yeah. Confederate weakly laughed to himself. **To be honest... I was being... A... An...** Confederate looked for words.

"Edge-lord?"

Yeah...

"You know... I think you're more. You're someone who stayed..." America pauses and looks at Confederate. "Who's done that besides you?"

Confederate was quiet. He looked forward. He still felt America's sadness. **Sorry... I'm not the best comforter...**

"You don't need to." Confederate looked at America's tired eyes. "I just need to talk to someone..." America yawned and his head fell on Confederate's shoulder and his eyes were closed.

Confederate tensed. ***What do I do...?*** He thought. He couldn't let Scotland see America sleeping on nothing. But he looks so cute. **Hey! You need to sleep in your bed, not on me.** He said in a teasing tone and hid his hesitation.

America mumbles. Confederate sighs and helps America to his bed. He sets America down gently and America snuggles into a pillow. Confederate stares at America.

On the outside, America was a normal country, aside from him being a little skinny and timid, but people would never see the inside like Confederate could. America was just a little runaway boy that wants love.

Confederate fades out of his thoughts and pulls the sheets over America and then softly rubs his hand across America's shoulder. **I promise to not let you feel hurt ever again... I'll do whatever it takes... Even if you may not like it.**

January 28, 1781
Location: London, England
Time: 4:40am

Confederate gasps out in pain. Another crack breaks his skin and bone.

He moans as the pain slowly fades but it will come back. His hand that he wasn't laying on, clenched the grass. The pain was leaving him in tears. He tensed up and curled up in a ball on the dense green grass. He wrapped his arms around his aching stomach.

He was in Asperation. He just lay on the grass wishing for the pain to stop. His black tears fell down his cracked face. He now understood how much pain it was for Soviet to break apart.

Confederate lifts his head up and out to the valley. He found the scene relaxing, no matter how much he hated this place, it was still peaceful. His joints relax and he sighs taking the moment without pain.

Then the pain comes back.

This time it's in his chest, which scares him, it had been spreading quick but slow at the same time. It was like someone was stabbing him in the chest and all his organs, muscles and heart failed to do their job; The pain in his chest spread to his heart and it hurt for his

heart to beat.

He yelling in pain as the cracks open.

When it finally went away, he panted. All of this was taking his energy.

He let his joints fall. He closed his eyes and continues to breathe heavily.

He could hear America call his name but what would he want? Confederate deserved this, didn't he? He's the one causing the pain.

He stays quiet but America continues. "Confederate... Please... Talk to me... Make a noise... a sound... I just need to know that you're okay."

Confederate barely had the energy to speak. "**...America...**" His voice was raspy.

"Confederate?! Where are you?"

Confederate groaned the pain was going to come back soon, but Confederate wanted to do one last thing before he died.

Confederate put on hand on the ground to lift himself off the ground. The cracks were already bleeding so his blood pressure was slow and giving him blood loss.

He lightly groans before putting a leg down and fully lifts himself up. He almost falls but he's able to keep balance.

Now, He just has to walk out of the dream.

. . .

America is rolling in bed. He swears that he heard Confederate but he sounded weak. What does he feel about that? Worried or glad? This country had been torturing him and hurting his family, but America now understood, he felt Confederate's emotions. He was confused and anxious and America may be the only person that can understand and he wants to know more. Like why Confederate do

what he does? or simply, what's on his mind? Just to learn if he's the monster everyone thinks he is.

America turned in his bed again.

"**You... Called?**" America jolts up and sees Confederate, but he looks bad or, in pain. His eyes showed tiredness, he was shaking violently, and his black cracks were clear to see. "**You better... make it quick.**" Another difference, he spoke slowly which he never does.

Confederate then get's really light-headed as another wave of pain comes in and he falls onto the ground.

"Confederate!"America screamed a little louder than he meant. He rushes to Confederate who lays on his back and yells in pain and clenches his chest. The cracks grew further. "What's happening?! Why are you cracking?!"

"...Britain... He used his... Powers... That can kill... me-" Confederate is able to weakly say. He starts coughing.

"What... But, Dad wouldn..." America stops before continuing. He shakes his head and focuses on Confederate. "H-How can I help? There has to be something." America's voice cracks and his words quicken with his panic. "I-I have to be able to do something."

"...You... Can't..."

"Yes! I can I... just have to think..." America's heart started racing. "We're connected... I have to save you..."

"But... Why... would you... help me...?"

"I-I understand you now... You just want forgiveness..." Confederate looked to the side. "You can try and hide it... But... I know you want to be forgiven just like me, and if I'm forgiven, why can't you?"

"**Because...**" Confederate's voice was still raspy and weak but now had some sadness in it. "**I... always mess it up...**"

"We all do that, you know..." He pauses and they look each other in

the eyes. "We all do things wrong, some... bigger... than others... but, I want you to not worry, I..." America hesitated it was hard for him to say this. "I don't want you to die like this... and not be able to at least have some kind of happy memory..."

Confederate's eyes widened. **"I... I've never had someone... say that to me..."** Confederate smiled and America didn't mind seeing his sharp teeth.

"Maybe that's because I'm all you have." America giggled, Confederate laughed a little back before yelling in pain. The cracks moved up to his neck.

America widens his eyes and tries calming the southerner down.

"Confederate... I have to do something... I need-" America then has an idea and Confederate hears it.

"N-No... It will hurt-" Confederate started coughing again but blood came out this time.

"But... I can't lose you... I'm willing to give you another chance..." America doesn't hear Confederate talkback so he helps Confederate sit up and America takes a deep breath before he hugged Confederate and combines with him. Confederate's spirit went into America.

America gasps, it felt a little weird. He then felt pain burn him, he shuts his mouth and just screams inside. He then has to breathe and starts panting, this hurt more than he expected. Sweat went down his face.

It's like someone was burning him as his body tears. He breathes heavily and he wines in pain each time he breathes out. He yells in pain as he felt his body start to separate in two and the two bodies fall to the floor.

America's lungs felt fully empty, he takes a loud gasp in and keeps taking in deep breathes. The pain had left and he felt fine beside his warm temperature. America then looks over to Confederate.

Confederate feels a little dizzy but it soon leaves. He put a hand on

his burning head, actually, his whole body was a hot temperature. His mind is really confused and slow to realize anything. He looks at his hand, it's not transparent. His eyes widen.

"W-What...?" Confederate processed for a long time. "Wait... The cracks are... gone." He looks up and sees America to the side of him. He then realizes what America did. "Y-You... You made me real?"

America sat back, he was trying to recover from the sudden pain and separation. "Yep."

"But..."

"No buts, I saved your life," America said in a firm yet playful tone.

Confederate then thinks to himself again. "Th-thank you..." He looks back at the ground.

America flinched, he didn't expect Confederate to say that. "No problem..." America shrugged and smiled.

Confederate had a couple of mixed feelings, but one of them was curiosity. He tried getting up but he didn't have a lot of balance, his gravity wasn't in his control anymore. He falls and lands on his stomach.

America gets up just fine and walks to Confederate, "Need a little help?"

"No. I got it." Confederate tried again to get up. He got his feet on the ground and he lifted himself up but he wobbled. He almost fell again but America caught him. "Uh. Thanks?"

America nodded and lifted him up and the Confederate used America as support. "I feel so... down to Earth."

America scoffed-laughed. "I guess that's what happens when you can't float anymore."

Confederate looked down at the ground.

"Wanna try to walk?" America raised an eyebrow.

"I can try."

"You'll get the hang of it. I'm sure of it." Confederate smiled a little at America's positivity. This was so new to him, he just hoped that he wouldn't ruin it.

::::::::::

Britain tilts his head as Russia uses his powers to make a tiny ice piece dance across the room. Canada, Aussie, and Zeal watched as well with stars in their eyes. Aussie had finally gone into his normal form (he didn't look like an animal). Everyone was healed thanks to Britain. Russia then turns his ice piece into water.

"Good job, lad. You have extraordinary power."

"U-Uh, thanks, Mr. Britain." Russia rubbed his neck.

"It's just Britain."

"Okay, Britain."

"Do it again Russia!" Zeal yelled.

"Zeal, how do you ask?" Britain said.

"Pwease?" Zeal gave puppy dog eyes. Everyone laughs.

"Sure, New Zealand." Russia turned to them and kept moving the ice around and changing the shape.

"Wow..." Zeal lengthened her words. "I can't wait til' I get my own powers!" Zeal paused. "I wonder what it would be!" Ideas flooded in her head.

"Maybe my power will be talking to animals!" Aussie exclaimed.

"Isn't being an animal hybrid enough?" Canada asked.

"Of course not!" Aussie said back, "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to feed!" Aussie changed into his animal form and tackled Zeal who yell at first but then fought back.

"No! You will not eat me!" Zeal said. They but playfully pretended that Aussie was eating her like a wolf to a deer.

Britain chuckled at his kid's childishness.

"Sir, Britain." Britain turned at the voice behind him. "You have a visitor."

Britain nodded and followed. He didn't remember hearing anything about anybody coming over.

The Brit walked for a while before reaching where the mystery person was.

He opened the door and...

"France?" Britain questioned. *Could it really be her?* She turned and her face was still the same, beautiful. Britain felt his face heat up.

"Britain..." She says lightly.

"What are you doing here?" Britain closes the door behind him.

"I..." She looks at him. "I messed up..." Britain shows a confused face. "I-I lost Canada, Zeal, and Aussie! I can't find them anywhere!" Britain had forgotten that he never told France where they were. France started crying "When I looked for them... I realized something... I was doing the exact same thing you were doing when *he* left." She pauses. "I-I'm really sorry..."

Britain was quiet, he was not expecting this. He was shocked that she came to say she was sorry. He was quiet for a little too long.

"If you won't except, I understand." She turned to leave.

"No! Wait!" Britain ran to her and as she turned to him, he hugged her.

"I'm the one that needs your forgiveness... I was a terrible person that caused this all." Britain holds her tight.

France smiles even though tears were still following. She hugs back.

"I can forgive you, as long as you forgive me."

"And I can... I've had to forgive a lot these days." Britain chuckles and rests his head on France's.

They hold each other for a long time. It had been forever since they held a lover in their arms.

"France..." Britain lets go of the hug.

"Yes?"

"I want to show you something, can you please wait here for a second?"

"Of course." She smiled. Britain almost got lost in the smile, she was happy again, she was happy with him again. "Britain?"

Was I starring? Britain shook his head and blushed. "I'll go and get the thing..."

Britain closed the door behind him and felt his heart race in a happy way. He felt like he was young and falling for a french girl again.

:::::::::

America watched Confederate try to change into his shadow form but fail multiple times. Confederate's body was in some kind of reset and now he had to try and train his brain to change back into his shadow form.

They both were sitting on America's bed.

"Not that this isn't fun 'n all" America started, Confederate looked at him in confusion. "But can we do something else?"

"Alright. What do you think we could do?" Confederate put his hands down and relaxed. America put a hand on his chin as he thought. Then an idea came to his head.

America stood up and walked to the window. He opened it and did

a rhythmed whistle.

An eagle cry rang. America held out his arm and Liberty landed on it.

"Hey, Liberty." The eagle did a greeting-screech. America turned to Confederate who yelled when he saw the bird. Liberty screeched at him but didn't attack. "What's wrong, Confederate?"

"That bird is a murderer!"

America looked at Liberty in confusion then back at Confederate. "Liberty?"

"Yes!" Confederate backed away.

America giggled. "How could she be a murderer?"

"She attacked me when I was..." Confederate trailed his words then shut up.

"When?" America asked.

Confederate hesitated. "I don't think I should say..."

"Confederate..." America stated. "We can't keep things from each other. Almost literally."

Confederate sighs. "When I took over... Liberty knew who I was and attacked me."

America sat by Confederate while Liberty moved to America's shoulder. "Why was that so hard to say?"

Confederate moved his legs to his chest. "Because what came after I don't want to talk about..."

America put a hand on Confederate's shoulder. "I won't judge." He smiled.

"When Liberty attacked me... I hurt her..." America widened his eyes, he wasn't expecting that response. "Britain must have healed

her."

"Do you mean Dad?"

"No," Confederate said in a cold tone. America again was taken back.

America looked forward. "What happened... When you took over?" They were both quiet. Liberty screeched suddenly. America translated. "Someone's coming!"

Confederate gasped. America helped him up; America got up so fast that Liberty lost her balance and flew off to the window and waited on the seal.

"You need to hide. Umm." America looked around and saw his closet. "Quick! In the closet!" America shoved him in the confined space.

"Ow..." Confederate complained. He fell onto the ground.

America shushed him loudly.

"America!" Britain said as he opened the door, America closed the closet door at the same time.

He quickly turned. "O-Oh! H-Hi, Dad."

Britain was taken back by his studdering. "America? Are you okay?" Britain runs up to him. "Are you having a panic attack?" Britain started checking every inch of America.

"No."

"Did you have a nightmare?"

"No."

"Did-"

"Dad!" America got his attention. "I'm fine." He smiled.

Britain sighs, then looks around. "Who were you talking to before?"

America looks for words. "Well... I..." Liberty screeches, getting America's attention. "I-I was talking to Liberty!" America whistles for Liberty to come, she does and lands on his shoulder. Britain raises an eyebrow but lets it go and remembers what he was doing.

"America, I have someone for you to meet." Britain happily said. "Come on! We mustn't keep them waiting." Britain beckoned.

"Alright, alright." America followed then he looked back at where Confederate was. "Keep an eye on him." He whispered to Liberty. Liberty flies over the closet and chills. America continued to follow. "Who do you want me to meet?" America asked.

Britain giggled. "You'll have to wait~" After a little, Britain lead Britain to a door. "Here they are."

"Again, who am I meeting?"

"Just go in." Britain smiled.

America groaned. "Fine." He opened the door and he saw someone, they turned at him and it was... "Mom...?" America's voice cracked.

"America!" France put her hands over her mouth her eyes watered, she walked up to him. "Is it really you?" She put a hand on his cheek.

America put his hand on her's. "I-It's me..."

France gasped. "You're so tall! You're so old! You're so... Handsome." Tears ran down her face.

"Mom, I'm so sorry I left..."

"Oh, my fils..." *son* She kissed his cheek. "I'm just glad you're back."

They both embraced and both crying. Britain smiled at the two. "I'll let you two catch up." He left the room.

France broke the hug. "Look at you... Oh, my boy." She stroked his hair. "You're so... old."

America giggled. "And I have my own country."

France gasps. "You're a country already! Oh, I couldn't be prouder! How is it going?"

"It's good."

"And do you have any new friends?"

America paused for a second as he thought. "Mom... I want you to meet someone."

France looked at him curiously and confusingly. "Alright... Who?"

"You don't know him."

"Okay..." France wasn't sure how to respond.

America took her hand. "Come on!" He ran with his mother behind him; he ran up to his room where Confederate was. Then they were at the door of his room. "He's a little shy, so he might seem nervous or a little scared."

"I think I understand." America quietly opens the door and beckons for France to follow.

America leads her in and lets go of her hand to go to his closet.

"Confederate?" He whispered. He saw Confederate curled up in fear.

"Are you crazy!" He angrily whispered. "They're going to see me!"

"She's not going to hurt you."

"She?" Confederate tilted his head.

America was getting impatient. "Come here." He said in a normal volume. He grabbed Confederate and pulled him out of the closet and was right in front of France. Confederate thought that he felt some kind of warm feeling, he understood why America felt that way.

"M-Mom...- I mean... France."

"Did you call me... Mom?"

Confederate panicked he looked at America for help. "Mom, let me explain," America said. Confederate then hid behind America for protection. "You know how countries can get split personalities?" France nodded. "And how they are an actual different version of yourself?" France nodded slowly this time. "Well... This is my split personality. He calls himself Confederate." America looked at the southerner behind him. "That's why he called you, Mom."

France tilted her head to the side to see the person behind America. "Hello, little one." Her voice was so soft, like silk that Confederate's nerves calmed down but were still alert. "I won't bite."

America could hear Confederate whimper to himself. America rolled his eyes. "Say, hi." America pushed Confederate away from him and in front of America

Confederate looked at America angrily and then at France fearfully. France smiles at him but the younger country is extremely tense and stressed. "It's okay." She lightly reached for Confederate's hand that was against his chest. Confederate flinched before she even touched him. "I won't hurt you..." She then took his hand and he slowly let her.

France then used her other hand to touch his cheek. She stared into his black eyes, she saw America in them, not in a bad way, she saw her own child.

"Hello, my son." Confederate stared back at her.

"S...Son?" He asked.

"Yes, you are my son." Confederate smiles and forgets about his sharp teeth. When he realizes, he abruptly covered his mouth and France calms him. "I don't mind your sharp teeth."

Confederate hesitates but puts his hand down, "My teeth... my eyes... they don't scare you?"

"Not at all." She chuckles. "You're a handsome young man."

Confederate felt his heartbeat relax. "Thank you..."

France looked at America who was enjoying seeing his other half happy, then back at Confederate.

"So, uh... Anyone want breakfast?" America asked.

"I'm starving!" Confederate said.

"Uh... Confederate?" America said Confederate looked at him. "You're not... a ghost anymore... And I'm sure you've done something bad to everyone so..." America trailed his words. "Your gonna have to stay here."

"What?!"

"Confederate did something bad?" France asks.

"We'll explain later," America turned back to Confederate. "You have to stay here and we'll be back with food, okay?"

Confederate sighs. "Fine." He falls onto the bed. "Just don't take forever."

:::::::::

Confederate groans out of boredom. He turns to Liberty who tilted her head and just watched him.

"They are taking forever, Liberty..." Confederate strokes her neck. She lightly screeches. "I know... Even though I'm officially alive..." Confederate rolls onto his back. "America still wants to hide me...."

He breathes out deeply. He slowly sits up and glances at the door.

"You don't think..." Confederate turns to the eagle beside him. "That America would mind if I took a quick look around... Do you?"

Liberty screeched and basically telling him no.

"I don't understand you so I'll assume that's a 'let's go Confederate!'" Confederate walked to the door and opened it slowly, as to not

make a sound.

Liberty flew to him and was screeching at him.

"Hey! If you keep squawking at me someone will find me and America doesn't want that, now does he?" Liberty stopped shrieking and landed on the floor. "Good birdie. Follow the American's orders." He said under his breath. "Now, you stay here and I will... probable be back."

Confederate headed out and did a look around. Everything was still the same as he remembered.

He looked in a couple of rooms on the same floor. He was honestly expecting everything to be more exciting now that he was alive.

He sighs boringly, and it's only been a couple of minutes. Then his thoughts are interrupted.

"Who are you?"

:::::::::

"Confederate?" America looked in his closet but his other half wasn't in there.

"He's not in there?" France asked.

"No." America walked to her. "I'm getting worried if Dad finds him..."

"What do you mean if your father finds him." France touches both his shoulders.

America rubbed his forearm. "Confederate wasn't always this... nonviolent... when he was still in my head he was very aggressive and took and made me do... things I never wanted to do." America paused. "But he changed, he realized how bad he was and wanted to change... But that happened after... I don't remember... but I found him with cracks in his skin and he was dying, he told me Dad had something to do with it... He's lucky that I let him fully split away from me." America looked down. France put her hand on his

cheek.

"Then let's find him before Britain does, and then get more answers." America looked up at her and smiled.

They both walked out to the hallway and didn't take them long to find him.

Confederate ran into America and they both fell next to each other.

America rubbed his head then saw Confederate. "Confederate!" He pauses. "Where were you?"

Confederate shakes his head. "Oh, you know... taking a look around and running into the British Isles!" He said the last part harshly but America didn't judge him for it, he could feel his fear but that didn't stop him from asking:

"What!"

"Their right behind me!" Confederate got up on his feet and started running.

"Confederate!" America called but Confederate disappeared, France helped him up. Then, a pair of running footsteps were heard, they looked, it was Britain.

"France! America!" Britain ran up to the two. "Are you okay?" Before anyone of them could answer, Britain continued. "Confederate is somehow alive."

"Dad-" America wanted to explain.

"America, did he separate from you?" Britain, again, started checking America for any injuries. "Did it hurt?"

"Kind of... But Dad, please listen-"

"It will have to wait, America, in the meantime, I need to kill that monster," Britain said the last part coldly and went after Confederate.

"He's not a monster!" America yelled but Britain wouldn't listen. America started sniffling, he felt Confederate's fear, or was it his? He didn't want to lose Confederate again.

"Listen, America." America looked at his mother. "We both need to find Confederate and try and explain everything about Confederate... but you have to keep it together and focus."

"B-But I'm so nervous. I don't want Confederate to die!" a tear rolls down his face.

"I know, I know, but we have to do something."

America sniffed a little more and France wiped his tears, America realized she was right. "Okay... What about you? Are you sure the British Isles will listen to you?"

"I know they will, they all should understand that nothing gets past a mama bear and her baby."

:::::::::

America raced down a different hall. He was very worried about Confederate. Then he heard shuffling and an animal's growl. America gasped and ran to the sound.

Confederate was cornered. Aussie figured out who he was and started growling at him. Zeal and Canada were behind Aussie, terrified of Confederate.

Aussie was slowly coming closer to Confederate, Australia would rather fight than show his fear. Confederate was backed into a corner, his shadow powers wouldn't work.

Then, Aussie jumped at Confederate but someone was in the way. America.

America held his left arm out to try and stop Aussie, but Aussie didn't realize it until he sank his teeth into America's forearm and heard America's yell of pain.

"America!" Confederate's voice yelled.

Aussie let go and saw that he nocked America down to the floor and his arm was bleeding. He widens his eyes and backs away. He changes back to his normal form.

"'M-Merica?" He pauses, he can still taste the blood, he hates it. "I-I'm sorry. I was..." Aussie trailed off.

"It's okay." America puts a hand on his bleeding left arm. He hisses in pain. He was trying not to yell out because he knows it will make Aussie feel worse. America tensed up as the blood was gushing out of him.

Confederate runs up to America. "Hey! Get away from him!" Canada yells.

"No, no. I'm trying to help." Confederate said he continued to get closer to America. Canada was about to tell him to get back again, but America interrupted as he sat up.

"He's not going to hurt me or anyone else, okay?" America saw his siblings glance at each other. Confederate wasn't going to wait any longer. He went to America's side.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine." America still holds a hand on his injury. He looks up at his siblings. "Canada, Zeal, Aussie... this is Confederate." America pauses. "Yes, the one that attacked you and took over my body, but he's different now."

Canada stepped forward. "He's different? It hasn't even been 24 hours since he attacked us!"

America opened his mouth but Confederate talked. "I know... I know... But hurting others is all I knew how to do. I have been stuck on America's head most of my life, he's the only one that could talk to me and hear me. I had- have no experience about the outside world." Confederate looks down. "I'm sorry, is all I can say..."

The three siblings look at each other again.

"Why did you attack us?" Aussie asks.

"Because I was scared, I was scared that none of you would look at me..." Confederate looks up at them. "And see a monster... instead of me." Confederate stood up on his feet. "And all I knew how to do was... attack."

Confederate rubbed his arm, not sure how his siblings would react. They huddled and whispered to a degree where Confederate couldn't hear them.

Confederate heard America grunt in pain again. He looks down and sees that America is still in pain. He reaches out a hand to help America up, America takes it. He and America locked eyes.

Confederate rips apart of his blue colonist sleeve and raps it around America's forearm nice and tight.

America looked at it for a second then smiles at Confederate, who could tell that America was thankful.

"Alright, 'Mericans," Aussie stated, breaking the moment Confederate and America were having. "We need to ask your other half some questions."

"It is an interrogation!" Zeal shouted. Confederate had an unsure look. "It'll be fun." Didn't help.

"Alright, listen here, Confederate." Aussie said, getting close to Confederate. "We need to know what is in your oath."

"Oath?"

"Your personal oath, mental promises, values." Zeal explained.

"Before and after."

Confederate looks at America for help. America smiles which reassures Confederate, a little. "I... Only had one goal while America was the only one who could see me... and it was to protect him." Everyone mentally gasped. "I promised that I wouldn't let anything bad happen to him again, because we had gone through some hard

trials when we first ran away. I couldn't let him feel that emptiness *ever* again." This time, America was the one that was amazed. "I swore that if any threat came to him, I would shield him, even if it was... himself. Which is where I went too far. I hurt him a lot. Thinking it was for the best... but I should have known better."

Everyone was quiet, no one expected this. Confederate a little awkward so he continued.

"My new goal... is to make it up to everyone I hurt..." Confederate looked at America again. "I just hope they can accept my plea."

Confederate looks at his other siblings and they were in awe.

Zeal wipes her eye. "That was beautiful..." Confederate chuckled then, Canada, Zeal, and Aussie envelop Confederate in a big hug.

"You are excepted into the family of crazy people!" Aussie yells.

Confederate was confused. "What?"

"We officially adopt you, silly," Canada responded.

Confederate gasped to himself. America joined them. They forgave him? They accepted him? They... love him... He smiles wide, not caring about his teeth and falling into their arms and really trying to not cry.

He didn't want this moment to end. Until it did.

"Kids!"

Everyone turned and saw Britain approaching them. Confederate's eyes widen he backs away until he hit the wall behind him.

"Get away from him!" Britain's voice was so cold that it could cause hypothermia.

America looks at Confederate and feels his complete and utter fear. America walked in front of Britain. "Dad! Stop! You have the wrong idea!" Britain wasn't listening and pushed America aside. America wasn't going to give up so easily, he grabbed his father's arm. "Dad,

Stop!"

Britain turned his attention to America. "What are you doing?!"

"Dad, you have to listen."

"I can't hear it right now, I have to get rid of this parasite!" Britain got out of America's grasp and headed for Confederate.

Confederate felt like he was about to have a panic attack, his lungs wouldn't let any oxygen in, his mind was racing, and his adrenaline was trying to find a why to keep him alive. He suddenly turned into his shadow form out of panic and faded through the wall.

He ran far until he felt tired.

Confederate slowed to a stop then fell onto his knees, panting. His mind was fuzzy, he felt so tired after using his shadow form. now that he was real, he could feel tired after using his power a lot.

He breathes slowly, then weakly gets up. He still needs to run.

:::::::::::

America was still trying to speak to his father but he kept passing it off. Britain quickly scanned in another room but he was getting tired of America's nagging.

"Dad-"

"America!" Britain said, his cold tone coming out at his son. "Enough with the nagging, that parasite has some kind of mind trick on you!" Britain didn't see the fear in America's eyes. "You tell him, nothing will stop me from saving you from that parasite!"

America still tried. "But you don't understand-"

Britain growl-roared loudly. He almost turned into his dragon form out of rage but kept himself calm enough. Britain walked off. Leaving America in a state of shock, until he heard Confederate scream.

America awoke and saw Britain follow the noise, he ran after his father.

They both opened the door, they were in the library, Scotland through Confederate into a wall. The other British Isles were there, watching with cold gazes.

Britain smiles, "Good job, Scotland." He walks up to the Scot. As he did, he changed into his dragon form.

Confederate woke up from his daze and saw Britain coming toward him. He scrambled to get away but realized that he was against a wall. He yells in his mind for America's help.

America hears it and runs in between the two.

"Stop!" He yelled aloud. Britain stopped and stared at his son with burning purple eyes. Once he realizes he got Britain's attention he spoke. "Please... for once on your life... listen to me... Confederate is not in my head, I am speaking for myself... Confederate isn't who you think he is..."

Britain frowned. "I know *plenty* of who he is." He pauses. "He didn't ever tell you about how he was seconds away from killing Russia?" America stopped and glances at Confederate who avoids eye contact. "If I wasn't there to almost kill him, Russia would have been dead."

America feels betrayed, but he gets a hold of himself and still stands in defense. "Dad, he was scared, okay? He was trying to protect himself."

Confederate then tried to get away. Bad idea. Britain growled loudly as he saw Confederate move.

Britain watched Confederate while she said: "Keep America back." Scotland grabbed America.

"What?" America was in shock. He used his powers to struggle but his shock was kind of getting the way. Ireland and Northern helped keep him back.

Confederate then realizes he was backing into a corner. He looked for an opening. On the right.

Confederate tried to run that way but Britain jumped in the way and growled. Confederate yelps and falls back and backs away, he's back into the corner.

"No!" America yells.

Britain can finally finish it.

"Please! Don't hurt me!" Confederate said.

"Britain, I'm not sure you should-" Wales was cut off by Britain snarling. She shut right up.

Britain was almost close enough to kill the 'parasite'.

But someone stood in the way.

"Amour," France said gently. Britain became angry again and roared at her. France understood what was happening. Britain was being blocked by his Dragon instincts; Britain had lost control and the dragon side took over.

Britain bared his sharp teeth at her and his tail moved agitatedly. Clear showing he wasn't happy but France was unmoved.

"Amour," She said again. "Come back to me." Britain kept growling and glanced at Confederate who was trembling in a corner. "No, no." France put out a hand and turned Britain's head to her. "Focus on me." Britain snarled. "Calm down... and come back to me." Britain's eyes slowly widened and he frowned. "Good..." Britain's growling stopped but his dragon side was still in control.

Britain looks down guiltily.

"It's okay, you were just protecting your family," France said. She put her hand on his head and softly drifted it down to his chin.

Britain looks up sadly but then pricks up and starts nuzzling France's face and neck.

She was surprised at first but knew that Britain's dragon side was cuddly. "Oh! I know, maybe we can cuddle later... but first," Britain stops and looks at her. "Can Britain come back?"

Britain slowly changed back to normal. He put a hand to his and swayed a little but got his balance. His eyes were closed and his mind wasn't clear. "Amour?"

France's voice made him open his eyes. His eyes were normal. "Love...?" Britain asks. "What happened?"

"You may have lost control, and... turned into a dragon." France shrugs.

Britain is confused then remembers. "Oh! my!" He starts freaking out. "I-I didn't mean to... I-I didn't mean to almost..." Britain looks at Confederate who is still scared. He tries to go to him but Confederate backs away even though he's right up against the wall. "I... I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you..." Confederate didn't move or react besides be a little confused.

Britain then remembers America. "Let America go!" The British Isles let him go and America looked at Britain with wide eyes. Britain's eyes tear up. "A-America, I-I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to yell at you! I promise I won't-"

He's interrupted as America hugs him. "Remind me to never get you angry."

Britain sigh in relief and his tear come down. "America..." His voice breaks. "I'm so sorry, I... I won't ever yell you, I won't ever growl at you, I won-"

"You don't have to say you're sorry. I already forgive you." Britain squeezes him tight. "And I know I'll do something that will make you mad, so there's no use in promising something like that."

America and Britain hug for a long time.

When they let go, America runs over to Confederate.

"Are you okay?" Confederate nods, still shaking. America hugs him

in relief.

Confederate starts calming down and looks up, still in the hug, he sees Britain giving him a sad and guilty look. Once, Britain saw Confederate look at him he avoided eye contact.

They let go of the hug and they smile at each other. Confederate looks back at Britain and America notices. "Wanna talk to him?"

Confederate nods again.

Britain sighs, his guilt reminds him of when America first ran away, all his fault. Then he feels a pair of eyes on him. He looks up and sees Confederate in front of him.

What do I say? Hello?

"Hi," Confederate said. Britain is a little shocked at his tone and depth. "My name is Confederate."

Britain fully faced him. "H-Hi..." Britain pauses. "I-I'm so sorry... I was blinded by my fear..." Britain looks down.

He then feels a hand on his shoulder. He slowly looks up and Confederate smiles at him. "I can understand that."

"But... I..." Britain's voice creaks again and tears are blinding him.

"You just have to forgive yourself..." Confederate looks at a corner and thinks. "Maybe it's easy to forgive others, but hard to forgive yourself." Confederate then abruptly hugs him.

Britain starts crying and hugs him back. Britain's sniffles and hiks are a little muffed as he buries his face into his son's shoulder.

Everything was perfect again.

A son came back home and tears and hugs were exchanged.

But most importantly, forgiveness...

An apology may be small, but it's simple and all one needs to show

a change in minds set and a show of humility.

Chapter 26 - F i n a l

[image] [image]

(This is it, guys. This is the LAST chapter of this story/AU.)

England tossed a coin back and forth, his father gave him some money to grab himself something to eat at the markets.

He found it weird how people thought that his father, Roman Empire, was some kind of monster. He was only scary when he was claiming or protecting land. Plus, he knows 100 ways to torture a human being.

"Hello, England." A fellow at the market said.

"Hello, Mr. Winn!" (Random name/person) The country waves. Everyone was nice to England but when they made a mistake, they would apologize endlessly, maybe it was because he was their country/king in a way, or maybe it was because Roman Empire was his father. No one knew that he was a softy, but hardly anyone had the courage to look for it. Everyone but England.

England kept walking until he got to his favorite place, Mrs. Flora's place (Random name/person). She was a farmer alongside her husband. She had the best-cooked meat England had ever tasted.

"Hello, Mrs. Flora," England said in front of her stand. She turns to him, she's a pretty plump woman with naturally curly hair.

"Hello, young country." Mrs. Flora wasn't afraid of him or his father so she was a pretty casual talker. "Want the usual?"

"Yep! Your best chicken and an Irish Salmon." The salmon was for Roman Empire because salmon was his favorite.

"Coming right up." She went somewhere to grab it.

England leaned against the stand and watched the life around him. He slowly turns to the right and sees another countryhuman. "Woah..." England whispers. The country had red, white, and blue on her flag and she had curly hair. She was so beautiful. She was looking in the flower stand next to the one England was at. She moves her hand around for a bundle she likes.

He stares, his flag turning red. His heart flutters and he smiles at the feeling. In a couple of minutes, Mrs. Flora snaps her fingers in England's face. "Hey, here's your food."

"O-Oh! U-Uh, wow, that was fast!" England stutters and takes the food. "Th-Thank you, M-Mrs. Flora."

Flora looks at who he was staring at. "You should get that girl some flowers."

"W-What?!" England's face turns redder.

"I've seen the look of young love, go up to her and talk."

"I-I can't... H-Here's the money." She looks at the coins then back at England.

"Nah, use the money to buy some flowers for the girl."

England looks at the girl, still doing the same thing. "I-I'll try."

Mrs. Flora takes the food so he's not just walking with a chicken and salmon in hand. England rubs his shoulder and stands by the countryhuman girl. He glances at Mrs. Flora.

"Oh, I'm sorry." A French accent said to the side of him. England turns and sees the girl. "I just can't decide on what type of flowers to do." She steps aside.

England doesn't reply. His heart is racing. "C-Can I get a bundle of Rambling Roses?" The worker nods and gives them to England. He breathes deeply and turns to the girl. "Th-These are for y-you." He holds his tongue.

"Oh..." The french girl says in surprise and couriously. She smells them. England stares in amazement, her beauty overtook him. "These are nice... thank you."

"Y-You're welcome..."

She smiles. "My name is France."

England calms down a little and smiles. "Nice to meet you, my name is England... France, your name is beautiful. I-I mean...!"

France blushes. "Thank you, I like your accent, it's wonderful."

England is lost for words, her voice.

"I-I'll be here tomorrow... if you want to meet again..." England rubs his neck.

"I..." England was prepared to be rejected. "I will be here. At this spot, at this time."

England smiles widely. "O-Okay! I'll be here! I-I... I'll see you later!" England steps back and takes his stuff and leaves with his heart fluttering like it had wings.

When he got home, Roman Empire notices his behavior.

"Hello, England, you get me salmon right?" Roman said playfully. England just handed him the salmon while he dances around and humming a tune. "England?" He tried to get his attention.

England found a sofa and falls on it and giggles childishly. Roman sits in front of him.

"England, what happened?" Roman tilted his head and his tail twitched. England sighs and still chuckles as he stays in his own world.

Roman looks at him closely.

"Man, you have it bad..." Roman laughs. England looks at him in confusion. "Oh, England, you're in love~"

"Dad! I am not!" His face turns red.

"You talked to her!" Roman kept reading his mind, in a way. Roman laughs harder.

"I-I..." England didn't continue his father was laughing too hard.

Roman Empire collects himself. "I remember when I fell in love." He looked at England. "I was just like you, so embarrassed."

"I'm not embarrassed..." He grumbled.

"You're right, your love sick~" England tried to stay mad but he smiles as he thinks of her.

:::::::::

England nervously tried to stay still, but that was impossible.

He was standing under the arbor, waiting for his bride to come, but he felt like it was taking forever.

Did she change her mind? Does she not love me? England silently panics and looks down.

Then, the music plays. He looks up and there she is. The love of his life.

England smiles in amazement. She had her hair back, her naturally curly hair was perfect, the white dress was so elegant, her blue and red eyes looking at him boldly. She was holding red, white, and blue flowers to match both their flags.

She stops in front of him. "Did I take too long?" She whispers to him.

The sunset was over the sea that they overlook. "No, it was perfect." He whispers back.

The priest behind them spoke. "England, of Great Britain, do you take the French Republic, of France as your lawfully wedded wife?" (I skipped the whole speech that priests do before).

England smiles wide, "I do."

"The French Republic, of France, do you take England, of Great Britain as your lawfully wedded husband?"

She smiles, making England blush, "I do." She says in her angelic voice.

"I pronounce you, husband and wife. You may kiss the Bride."

England didn't hesitate, neither did France. They fall into each

other's arms and kiss while he spins her around.

They pull away for air, stare at each other with wide smiles, then do it again.

. . .

England held France's hand, had a hand on her waist, she had a hand on his shoulder, and they were chest to chest. France rests on his other shoulder and he smiles softly. They slowly rock back and forth as gentle music plays. Other couples dance around them.

It was so perfect to her but England wished for one last thing.

"Amour? Is something bothering you?"

"Not really." He shrugs. She pulls back and looks him in his purple eyes. "Okay, okay..." He looks away as he thinks then back at her. "I wish my parents were here... I wish I could watch my Dad dance with you and tell you my embarrassing childhood moments..." He scoffs-laughs. "I wish my mother could tell us to give her some grandkids... I wish I could just know if they were watching me." England looks up at the night sky. Only a couple of stars were seen through the light pollution.

"I don't think you have to worry." Looks up at the few stars with him. "I know they're watching you from the stars."

England looks at France and she looks at him. "Thank you, love." He gets a little closer.

"If you're trying to sneak a kiss, it's not very sneaky."

"Who said I was trying to sneak it?" He sinks his lips onto her's and they hold there for a while, then they pull back. "Think we should spend some time... alone." He smiles and backs up. "May I?" He holds out a hand. "Take you on this flight?"

France smiles. She takes his hand. England pulls her close and giver her his outer coat.

"It'll be cold, better take this." She takes it and puts it on. Then they

resume.

England picks her up Bridal style, then lets his dragon form out. He smiles at her in a mischievous way, then takes off.

France is surprised by the speed and wraps her arms around his neck. England laughs under his breathe and continues to go up.

Soon enough, they pass the cloudy night sky and are above the moon-lit haze.

"Wow..." France says. She looks all around.

The stars were clear to see and the moon was full. The clouds had a couple of openings to show the candle-lit villages below.

"It's so... beautiful."

"Not as beautiful as you," England says. France looks at him and smiles with red cheeks. England flys her around the cloud garden and she laughs as he does so.

He flys through a cloud and the mist follows them as England flys up and they spin around.

[image]

England and France look at each other with loving gazes.

France leans in and they kiss as England falls.

They didn't care about the loud wind, just about the other.

Eventually, England did slow down their descent and he flew back to the dance floor where few people remained.

England landed with France in his arms. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," France replies.

:::::::::

France sat on a chair outside, sipping tea.

She and England had just found out she was pregnant with their first child. She was still in the first trimester so her bump didn't show. England had definitely become a little overprotective. France didn't mind when he would help her go down the stairs. She thought it was cute.

It was his dragon side that she was worried about.

He lost control when he had a very strong emotion, whether it was joy, sadness, or anger. Recently, he's had just plain anxiety.

She never blamed him, she was nervous about becoming a mother, she just showed it differently.

Suddenly, she heard loud growling and clatter.

"Oh, no..." France complained. "He's lost control again." She told her baby in her stomach. She got up and followed the noise.

She found him in a room that had a fireplace and a lot of sofas. It was used for casual meetings.

Dragon-England was ripping the pillows again. His way of venting out his stress.

The room will full of feathers and ripped pillowcases.

"England." She said folding her arms.

He fully stops. He looks at her and stares in a surprising way.

"Are you ripping the pillows again?" England dropped the pillow in his mouth and looks around confusingly. "Don't act like you didn't do it." She firmly said. England hangs his head low and walks up to France on all fours. He nuzzles her hand. "No. I will not let you off so easily. You need to find a better way to let out your stress." France walks away.

She hears England trill at her but she ignores it.

England sits down, feathers still flying around. He felt bad and wanted his wife to come back and cuddle him. He loved her

warmth and her soft voice. It could make all the angels jealous. Her food... England purred as he thought of her.

England shook out of his daydream, but his blushing cheeks remained. What was he talking about?

Oh, yeah. How to make it up to France.

Then an idea came into his head.

. . .

France was back outside. The sun had set and the sky was dark blue then faded to orange on the horizon. Then she hears someone come out from behind her.

"England... I don't want to hear it." England whined at her. "No." He grumbled. "No."

England stood next to her. He wined again and nuzzles her hand.

She groans and pets his head and trails her hand up to his dark blue horns, England purred. "There. You got a pet, now go away."

England went back to whining.

"What?" She asks, she put out her hand. England bit her hand with his lip, as to not hurt her, and tugged to show he wanted her to follow. As he lets go, France sighs. "Alright."

She got up and slowly followed England.

"Where are we going?" France was then lead to the same room she caught England in, but it was cleaned up and a little pillow-blanket fort was in the center. "Oh..." She said surprised. "England. Did you do this?" She looked at Dragon-England. He purred again. "Oh, your so sweet."

England beckons her to come in.

"Okay, okay." France and England go into the little fort. When she looked in it was very impressive and looked comfy.

France then found a good spot for her to sit down in. England follows and sits in front of her.

He tilts his head waiting for an answer on how she likes it. "This... is impressive, England." He smiles showing his sharp teeth. "It's very comfy, I approve."

England wags his tail excitedly and purrs very loudly.

"Well... now what?" England calms down. He looks at her and extends his wings and opens his arms. "Cuddles?"

England nods.

"Okay, you big teddy bear..." France crawls over to him, being careful, and resting her head on his chest. She could feel England purr and he wraps his wings and arms around her. She takes his hand and snuggles into his chest.

England rests his head on France's and pulls a blanket over her for more protection.

They both slowly fall asleep.

:::::::::::

England lightly twirled France as they danced alone in their giant ballroom.

"Is it just me or am I dancing with a beautiful young lady?" England smirked. France giggled and blushed.

"Oh~ you're too kind, amour." France came closer to him. They slow down their dance and just go side to side.

England smiled and kissed her cheek. His hands moved down to her 9-month baby bump. "How's the little angel?"

France looked down at her stomach, weird to think a little baby was waiting to come out and meet them any day now. This was their first baby and they were both nervous but so anxious to meet them. "They're being really active today." France stroked her stomach with

England and a little kick was felt.

"Do you know if it's a girl or boy, yet?" England looked up at her.

"I'm not sure... but I would like a girl." France looked back down at her stomach and felt the baby kick a lot as they both stroked France's stomach. "What about you?"

"I'm good with either gender." France looked up at him with a smirk and wrapped her arms around her lover.

"England, I love you... but I know you're not humble enough to not want a boy or girl."

England scoffs softly. "Alright, I want a boy."

France chuckles, "Of course you do." France and England kiss. When they released, France rubbed her stomach and laughs. "Baby's jealous. Just like always."

England kneeled down, kissed her stomach, then talks to their baby. "You just want attention, don't you?" The baby kicks. "Don't worry, we won't ever forget you."

France giggled. Then felt a large pain in her stomach. She groans and puts her hand on her stomach and hunches over.

England got back up. "France? What is it?"

France groaned, "England..." She looked up at him with fear in her eyes. "My water just broke."

. . .

England paces back and forth worryingly. France's yells were heard in the room he was outside. He stares at the door that was separating him and his pregnant lover. He then started pacing again.

"Can you please stop?" Scotland asked, Wales, Northern Ireland, and Ireland were there with him.

"Scotland!" Wales says back. "His baby is coming."

"Can he find a different way to show his panic?" He looked at Wales.

"I'm not panicking! I'm not panicking! I'm not panicking!" England repeated, clearly in distress. His breath picked up and he stopped in front of the other British Isles. "Do I look like I'm panicking?!"

"Sh-Should I a-answer?" Northern asked. England whimpered and kept pacing again.

Wales got up. "England?" She said. England stopped in front of her. "Breathe." England tries breathing slowly but is failing. "France and the baby are going to be okay."

Another loud pained yell was heard out of France. England got a little lightheaded. He swayed.

"Woah, Woah, Woah!" Ireland got up as well and helped the Brit stay on his feet as he started to fall. "Stay awake, lad!" England felt Ireland fan him and his lightheadedness passed. "There you go."

"I-I need to sit down..." England said. Ireland and Wales helped him sit down.

"This time you really need to breathe slowly!" Wales told him firmly.

England took deep breathes and he could finally think straight. His lungs finally breathe normally but his mind is still worried about France and the baby.

Suddenly, France screamed louder than ever before, England squeezed the armrest nervously, then a baby's cry was heard.

England gasped. "She... She did it..." He whispered to himself. "I'm a dad!" He said out loud. "I'm a dad! I'm a dad! I'm a dad!"

The doctor opened the door and faced the Countryhuman. "Congratulations, England, your a father to a baby boy, mother and baby are doing just fine."

England shook the doctor's hands in an energetic manner. "Thank you, doctor!" England ran into the room.

England saw France sitting in a bed with a white blanket in her arms. He slowly approached them. "Love?" He asked. France shook out of her daze and looked at her husband.

"Amour." She whispered and beckoned him over. England sat next to her.

"Are you okay, love?" Britain asked.

"I never want to do that again." She smiled. Then she looked at the blanket in her arms and sat up. "Look who wants to see you~" England looked in the blankets and moved it a little and saw a baby sleeping in it.

England gasped. "He's so tiny..." He whispered so that the boy wouldn't wake up. The baby had a white flag with red stripes and a blue square in the corner with 13 stars. England then kissed France's head. "Good job."

The baby then started fussing. The young adults looked at him and the baby moved his arms around and then started crying out loud.

England's heart broke. He didn't want his son to cry.

France looked up at England. "Do you want to calm him down?" England could only nod. He was in pure amazement.

France gave the baby to England and the adult gasped as she did so. The baby was so fragile and cute.

England shushed the baby and bounced him around. "It's okay, little guy..." The baby eventually did calm down and opened his eyes slowly. He had gray eyes. England and his baby stared at each other for a while (France watched).

Then the baby started giggling. England chuckled back.

"Am I funny?" He asked the baby who laughed more. "Do I got something on my face?" England then made funny faces at him.

France laughed tiredly at her husband and son.

England lay back next to France and put their baby in between the two. "What are we going to name him?"

"You went through all the pain, you should name him."

"I think we should call him... The United States of America."

"13 Colonies for a nickname?"

"Sure."

"I love it." Then the baby did a coo, "I think he likes it as well." Britain kissed the baby's head and then France's. France's eyes were fluttering closed. "You should sleep, love. You've had a rough day."

France didn't object and fell asleep quickly.

England fiddled his finger around America. The newborn made more baby noises and reached for England's hand and eventually got it. England watched with awe as America held it, then looked up at his father and happily cheered as he got it.

"Awww..." England said. "You're so cute." He pauses. "I'm never going to let anyone hurt you."

:::::::::

America was playing with Silver, his stuffed eagle. He made zooming sounds and England watched while sitting on a rocking chair. They were in America's room.

"Come on, Dad! Play with me." The four-year-old said.

"Sorry, Colonies, I think I should check on your mother. Your younger sibling kept her up all night." England got up and stretched his arms.

"Can I come?" America clapped his hands together.

"Of course." America reached his arms out and Britain picked him

up. "You're getting so big."

America giggled, "One day I'll be taller than you!"

"I don't think you will." (He will)

"Yes! I will!" America yelled playfully. England chuckled and headed to France and his room.

England quietly opened the door and saw that France was still awake. She was laying on her side and her 7-month baby bump was pretty clear to see. "Love? Is the baby *still* keeping you awake?"

France sat up. "Yes..." She yawned.

England walks up to her with America in his arms. "Well, America and I wanted to visit you." The young adult sets America on the bed next to France.

"Can I talk to them?" America asks.

"Sure." America smiles wide and France faces America while she rubs her stomach.

America puts two hands on her stomach. "Hello? Little sibling? When are you going to play with me?" America felt something hit his hand. He gasps. "Hello." He whispers. "I can't wait to play with you."

England smiles and sits by France. "Are we going to debate on what gender it is again?"

"I want a little brother!" America said looking up at his parents with beaming gray eyes.

France and England laugh.

"Love, you should try to sleep again," England said a little worried.

France scoffed. "I'm fine, England. America was harder to get to bed when I was pregnant with him. He always needed attention. He wouldn't let us kiss without having a kicking fit and he seemed to

kick more when you were around."

England laughed. "Yeah, and you made me sleep in a guest room because you were angry that America would only kick for me, one time."

France smiled. "I was *so* angry..." She said, she sounded a little delusional from the lack of sleep

America looked at his mother's stomach. "Can you sleep for mommy? Little sibling."

France sighs. "I hope he does."

England looked at his son. "Come on, Colonies, your mother needs to rest." England picked up America and they both said good-bye.

England took America down to the kitchen to grab some tea for himself. He set America down and got himself some tea while America was in deep thought.

When England sat by his son, he saw him in his deep thought. "What are you thinking about, Colonies?"

"I can't figure it out."

"Figure what out?" England took a sip of tea.

"How are babies made?"

England widened his eyes and spit out his tea and was a coughing fit. England was bright red, America tilted his head. *Maybe it was the embarrassment...?*

England coughed one last time and cleared his throat. "Colonies..." He put a hand on his red face, "You're *way* too young for that."

"But I wanna know."

"No... No, you don't" England sighs but his blush didn't go away.

:::::::::

8-year-old America sat on his dad's lap as he did work. They were in the kitchen and France was also there, she was fixing up a french breakfast. 3-year-old Canada was sleeping upstairs and was being watched by the Countryhuman's maids.

America felt really bored and tired. He adjusted himself to lay on his side and leaned on his father. He snuggled onto England. England looked down and smiled. The older Country moved his arm around America. He snuggled onto England as he did so.

England looked back at his work and filled the last paper out.

He then hears snoring. England looks down, America is sleeping in his arms. England sighs with a smile and picks up tiny America and heads for America's room to set him down but, France stops him.

"Where are you going?" France comes to England and sees him. "Oh, I see." She chuckles and strokes America's hair and her son hums comfortingly.

"He must have been tired from staying up almost all night." England shrugs.

France looks up at him with worry and seriousness. "Was it because of nightmares?"

"Yes... and he told me that monsters were under his bed." He pauses. "I shouldn't have yelled at him for thinking that..." England frowns.

France puts a hand on his cheek. "It's okay, amour. You fixed it." She looks back at sleeping America. "These nightmares have become daily. I'm worried, England."

"I know, but... what do we do?" England asks.

France thinks for a second. "I don't know if it's up to us."

"What?" England asks.

"He needs a... best friend but more... a soulmate."

"A lover? He's 8."

"No." France giggles. "A soulmate isn't always a lover, he just needs someone he can talk to."

"Why can't he talk to us?"

"It's different, we're his parents. He'll always see us that way. We just guide him and tell him what's right and what's wrong, but if he has a close friend... He'll talk to them about things he doesn't feel comfortable with us." England hesitated. "But... We'll have to let destiny play out." She kisses America's head. "I just hope destiny is kind."

(Yonderblu in the corner. "HAha. no... no it isn't.")

:::::::::

Britain sat in the darkness. He had for... He doesn't remember how long. The windows are covered.

He was in the corner of the room, wanting the shadows to eat him and never let go until the pain was gone.

Then a knock was heard.

"America?" He looks up at the door. "America?!" He gets up and runs to open the door, excitedly, he hasn't been excited in a long time.

It was France. Not America. "Amour." She says she looks worried and tired. Maybe it was the baby she was carrying in her belly but he wasn't sure. "What stage are you on?"

Britain laughs. "Stage? What stage? If you think I'm in grief, I'm not." he continues laughing his pain off.

France looks down, "Denial... You're still in denial."

"Denial?" Britain asks, he still had a smile on his face. "It shouldn't be called denial, because *it's not*, it's just keeping your hopes up!"

France looks up at Britain. "Britain... It's been a whole two months of you in denial."

"It's not denial!" He yells. France steps back and Britain realizes. "I'm sorry... I shouldn't yell."

"Britain... Amour. I understand your pain. He is my son too. Please talk to me."

Britain looks at her with his tired and dry eyes. "No." He closes the door in her face. France flinches then sighs.

France turns to walk away and spots Canada hiding behind a wall then hides out of view. "Canada, what are you doing?"

Canada peeks back over then runs to France and hugs her. "Why is Daddy yelling?"

France hesitates. "He's just... going through something right now."

"Is it because of Ame?"

France lets go of the hug. "What?"

"Is Daddy crying because of Ame?" He looks up at her with his innocent amber eyes.

"Yes, your Dad just misses him."

"Will Ame come back?"

France was quiet. "I don't know, Canada. I don't know..."

. . .

"Thank you for meeting me." France turned to the Country beside her.

"No problem." Spanish Empire said with a smile. (just so you know, when Britain, France, and Spain became empires, their flags didn't change). The two were in the Buckingham Palace and causally meeting each other. They sat outside and the sun shone nice and

warmly down on them.

"I could have come to your country, would have saved you some trouble."

"No, no, France. I wouldn't want you to. You have a lot going on. It was better if I came to you." Spanish Empire assured her. France smiles. "I've heard a lot, but I think I'd rather hear it from you. What's has been happening?"

France sighs, putting a hand to her head, her mood swings were making her want to cry. "Where do I even start? My oldest ran away from home, Britain is going through grief very slowly, Canada is too young to understand that America left and needs his father and me, my people want to become an empire, and... I have to worry about the life inside me." France rubs her stomach and tears form in her eyes.

"Hey..." Spain takes her hand, in a friendly way, he doesn't have any romantic feelings toward France, but instead, he is a big FrUK shipper and teases the two about their feelings. France and Britain do laugh at him for being the 'third wheel'. "It's okay to cry."

France sniffs and tears roll down her face. "What do I do?! I can't take this all at once!"

Spain let her cry some of her emotions out, he continued to hold her hand to show he was supporting her. Once she let most of it out, Spain talked.

"Listen, Francia." He pauses as she looks at him. "I understand this is hard, I've never had this kind of problem," France looks down. "But I have had stress." France looks back up. "You just need to take one thing at a time. You can choose whichever order." Spain smiles positively.

France nods and wipes her tears.

"Oh, and how are you doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"How are you doing with your grief?"

France hesitates, "I don't feel like I can grieve. My family needs me."

"Yes, but, you need to take care of yourself as well," Spain suggested. "Your family won't have you if you don't care of yourself, and you have a little one inside you that needs you to do that, okay?"

"Okay." France looks down. Spain notices her look.

"Francia, what is it?"

"I've wanted to tell Britain... but because of his situation, I haven't told him..." Spain pricks up.

"What is it?"

"I think I'm having twins."

. . .

Britain angrily watches France hug Spain as he leaves. He didn't like how Spain was around France. France was *his* wife.

After Spain was gone, Britain walks up to France.

"I can't believe you." He said coldly. France was startled by Britain, mostly because he never spoke to her in that tone.

"What?"

"Don't say, what. You know plenty of what I'm talking about."

"No, I don't" France was forcing herself to be calm.

"You and... Spain." He turns away from her. "What does he had that I don't?"

France didn't understand him at first, then did. "Britain. We don't have anything going on. I just needed to talk to a friend."

"Why couldn't you talk to me?!" He faces her. "I'm your husband!"

"I needed a different point of view, we both are going through the same thing." She said calmly. Slowly realizing Britain might be on the second stage of grief. Anger.

Britain growls. "We are *not*... going through the same thing." He said baring his teeth and his dragon side threateningly about to come out. "You didn't know him as I did," Britain spoke slowly. "He wasn't a mother's boy."

France's heart broke. Her motherly mood swings wanted her to lash out but she tried keeping it together. She clenched her fist. "How dare you." She said in the same cold tone as her husband. "I took just as good care of him as you did. Maybe even better! And it's not my fault you made him hate you and hate the life you had a plan for him! How many times did I tell you to talk to him?!"

Britain held back his hurt. "How come when I did talk to him he lashed out at me!"

"Because he's a teenager!"

"Is that going to always be your excuse?! He's a teenager, Britain." He mocked her. "He needed to grow up!"

"How dare you speak to him like that! He wanted to be just like you! And you're acting like a child!"

"Better than you! Acting like everything is alright!"

"I'm trying to keep this family up! And not let you burn it down!"

"Forgetting him isn't going to help America!"

"At least I'm not the one he hates!"

"He hates you more!" Britain couldn't keep his Dragon form down and it came out and roared at France who for the first time, feared his Dragon side.

She backs up and Dragon Britain growls loud. France fears for her baby(s) life and covers her stomach.

Britain realizes her fear, pauses, and walks away without a word.

He enters his darkroom and closes the door and falls down with his back on the door. He expected to feel multiple feelings but it was only one. Regret.

He shouldn't have yelled at her while she was pregnant. It could hurt the baby. Not only that, but it hurt their relationship. He has no one to blame but himself. He wraps his wings around himself and cries.

:::::::::

Another mood swing hits her, sadness.

Britain changed ever since America ran away, she was just too sad to admit it.

Two robins fluttered in a dancing way, which made France long to dance with Britain again. *Her* Britain. Not this always angry and sad mess.

It used to be every other night when they danced, but they hadn't since their first fight.

Britain had just walked out, he had yelled at her for wanting to be an empire. It wasn't her fault though, she tried to explain but he wouldn't let her and let it slip by and say it was a lie.

She would never lie to him.

He had done the same thing before when she said that he needed to move on. She simply said that he needs to let the grief go along and not fight it but he took it as she wanted to forget him. She *never* said that.

Tears filled up and fell down. She knew what he was going to do next, become an empire himself.

She hated to say it but... *their love may not last...*

:::::::::

France was walking in the halls, Britain was about to pass her. They haven't talked since Britain yelled at her for wanting to be an Empire.

France and Britain had ignored each other for a long time.

France was now three months pregnant, she worried for her baby(s) because of her growing stress.

"Britain," France says, she turned as he went past her. He stops but doesn't look at her. "I... think we need to talk."

"About what?" He says harshly. France ignores his tone.

"Us."

Britain felt fear in him but he tried to hide it. He turns as faces her. "What do you mean?"

"When was the last time we talked?" Britain opened his mouth realizes, it's been a whole month, France should be four months along. He shut his mouth. "Exactly..." She pauses and looks him in the eyes. She didn't recognize him. "Britain... We... can't keep doing this... So I think it best if... we..." Why did it hurt to say?

Britain holds his breath, not wanting her to say it.

"Went our separate ways..." Tears slid down her face.

Britain frowns hard. "I know... You can go... I understand..." He turns to walk away; He isn't facing her. "...And you can take Canada... Doubt I'll be a good father to him..." Britain left.

France hiks and whimpers, she expected a, why? or I can change! but just got his acseptance.

She wipes her face. She doesn't need him.

France gets Canada and her things.

"Mommy, where are we going?" He asks as France holds his hands and they get in a carriage.

"We're going to my country."

"What about Daddy?"

"He's going to stay here."

"How long are we staying?"

France was quiet at first. "Forever."

. . .

Canada was soundly sleeping until his mother woke him up. "Canada!" He looks up in surprise. "Look." She put his hand on her stomach. He felt a kick.

Canada's face lit up. "Was that the baby?"

"It was." France smiles. Then they both felt two kicks.

Canada gasps. "They kicked twice!"

France's smile was weak when she realizes. "Canada, it didn't kick twice, there's two of them." France wasn't sure whether to be happy or sad. She couldn't take care of two babies and Canada.

:::::::::

Canada peered into the room.

"Go on Canada," Spain said. Canada went in and he saw his mother lying in bed with two babies in blankets.

"Mommy?" He asks.

"Canada, come here!" She said happily. Canada ran to her and climbs into the bed. Two babies with identical flags were in her arms. "These are your younger siblings. New Zealand and Australia."

Canada smiles. "They're so cute!"

. . .

Britain sat on his window seal. He felt tired but couldn't sleep. He felt dehydrated from crying. His hair isn't done and most of it is covering his eyes.

He hears chirping, he turns his head and sees Sundaze.

"Hi, Sundaze." She had a letter in his mouth. He takes it and opens it.

His eyes widen, he's a father of twins. He smiles.

Quickly, he realizes, he may never see them. He sighs and drops the letter, not caring where it went.

He curls up and wants to continue to cry.

:::::::::

Canada watches France put New Zealand in her crib. She and Austalia had been crying for more than 12 hours. France looks very tired.

"Mommy?" Canada asks innocently. France looks at him. "Can you play with me now?"

"I can't, I need to get some sleep," France said with not tone, rubs her eyes, and immediately leaves the room.

Canada turned to the sleeping baby and sighs. "Mommy can't seem to get a break. Can you maybe be quiet for her?"

The baby New Zealand fussed and then started crying aloud. Thankfully, Australia was in a different room so he wouldn't wake up, but still. New Zealand was crying.

France came into the room. "Canada!" Canada spun around. "What did you do?"

"I-I... I..." Canada started crying he didn't mean to make his mother angry.

"Go to your room!" He ran out. He cries all the way to his bed. He

hugs a pillow and sobs into it.

This is all America's fault! Canada screamed in his head.

:::::::::

Aussie laughs as he had just thrown pie into Zeal's face. The twin 10-year-old were having fun. Even Zeal, who had pie in her face.

"Australia!" France's yells were heard. She sees the mess. "Apologize to your sister and go to your room!"

"Sorry... stinky!" Aussie runs to his room, snickering. Zeal laughs but is cut off by her mother.

"Zeal... if you get in trouble again today, your going to get beat." She said coldly.

Zeal gulps, "Sorry, mama..."

"Go clean yourself up."

Zeal left without objecting. She ran to a water bucket and cleans her face.

"Psst!" Zeal turns and sees Aussie hiding behind a wall. "Come on!" Zeal smiles and follows.

Aussie leads her to the kitchen.

"The chiefs made some desserts, there for a ball or something." Aussie walks and is about to grab one. Zeal looks around, no one is around but she doesn't want to do it.

"Aus... I'm not sure if we should... Mama said she would beat me..."

Aussie looks back at her. "Well, if you're not, then I will help myself." Aussie snatches a cookie and munches on it.

Zeal got closer. "Aus, I'm really not sure if we should-"

"Australia! New Zealand!" France yells. She enters and sees both of the twins by the dessert. "You two are in big trouble..."

Zeal gasps in fear and backs away from her mother. Aussie runs in front of her. "Wait! Don't punish Zeal! I was the only one eating."

. . .

Zeal cries and has a hand on her cheek. It hurt so much. She could only wait in her and Aussie's room, she was waiting for Aussie to be done with his beating.

Her room was dark because it was nighttime, and she sat alone.

Suddenly the door opens and a silhouette shoves Aussie into his room. The candlelight was a dim yellow, then it was gone as the door had been shut.

Aussie groans. Zeal runs to his side. "Aus?"

"I-I'm okay, Z." He got up and sat by his twin sister. He has a hateful look.

"Brother, what is it?"

He was quiet at first. "Canada just watched mama hurt me. He didn't try and stop her..."

Zeal sniffs and snuggles with him. "W-Why is mama hurting us?"

"I'm not sure, Z..."

. . .

France sighs and runs her hands through her hair.

Her stress was taking over again but this time it's a little different, she starts grieving over America. She had ignored her grief for a long time.

Britain was right, I've been trying to forget him...

:::::::::

America comfortably sleeps. The shining sun warms him up. Of course, this is the perfect time to wake him up.

"Hey! Hey! America!" Confederate jumps on his bed and stars shaking him.

America pushes him away. "Go away..."

"No! Come on! Come on! Something amazing is happening!"

America yawns and sits up and looks at his other half. "Who knew making you real, would make you *more* annoying."

Confederate gives a 'really?' look but it soon went away. "Come on, sleepyhead!"

Confederate takes America's hand and drags him.

America yawns again. "Where are we going?" His eyes still trying to open.

"You'll see!" Confederate keeps dragging him.

America then realizes they're about to run into a wall.

"Woah! Woah!" Confederate is unmoved and fades right through the wall, with America behind him. America gasps.

"What? Did you think we were going to run into it?"

"No..." He lied.

"Come on! We're almost there." America groans. "It'll be quick."

. . .

Britain holds France's hand, she had a hand on his shoulder, and he has a hand on her waist. They slowly rock back and forth.

"Haven't done this in a while..." Britain giggles.

"No, we haven't."

They are quiet and just enjoy the moment. "Listen, France... I'm so sorry for how I acted when... I was grieving... I wasn't myself..."

"I know, neither was I..."

"But, I was so... mean..." He pauses and France looks at him, they were still rocking and forth and slowly spinning. "I should have tried to at least talk to you when you ended our marriage..."

France sighs then puts a hand on his cheek. "Amour, I fully forgive you, it's time we moved on."

Britain smiles and chuckles. "Every time I see you, I fall in love with you, all over again~"

France tries to hide her smile but it doesn't work. Her blush is clear to see. She finally gives in and chuckles.

As they stare at each other, both of their hearts beat quicken and have rosy cheeks.

It was quiet, they stop dancing and stare into each other's eyes.

They weren't sure what was happening but they were trying to understand what they were feeling, they hadn't felt it in forever.

They both slowly lean forward, "If you're trying to sneak a kiss, it's not very sneaky."

"Who said I was trying to sneak it?" He sinks his lips onto her's and they hold there for a while until they hear cheering.

They pull away and look to the side.

The double doors were open, they weren't before, and there was Confederate and America watching and waiting for them to make up and kiss.

They were both cheering, not realizing that their parents could see them.

It was Confederate who did realize, and grabs America and disappear on the other side of the door.

"I'm going to murder those two," Britain growls, France chuckles.

"Let them be, their going to leave later today to go to their country."

:::::::::

America watches the waves slowly crash back and forth. He inhales and exhales deeply. The last time he was here, he was heading home, the time before that, he was running away.

"I guess that's true," Confederate said beside him, then realizes he made no sense. "Sorry, was reading your thoughts."

"It's fine." Both look out at the sea.

The sunset stained the sky orange, yellow, and red. The sun was creamy yellow. The clouds were white and tinted with a jaundiced-looking color from the atmosphere. Large carvels and pinnaces were coming in and out of the docks.

Both countries look at each other. Both of their same gray eyes meeting.

They both had changed over the number of days they used to fix themselves and then fixed their relationship.

After all those days, moving their personalities and mental health like clay, they can now go to their country and continue to build it and help it grow.

They smile and turn behind them. Their family stood there.

Britain, France, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand (Russia said goodbye before).

"I guess this is goodbye..." America said to them.

"You two are going to come back, right?" Canada asks.

"Of course we are." Confederate replies. Canada smiles wide.

"We're gonna miss you all..." America says sadly.

"Not as much as we are," France says, she was on the verge of tears,

she's going to miss her sons.

"Do you have to go?" Zeal questions.

"Sorry, we do." America sighs, "One last group hug before we go?"

No one hesitated, they all swarm the two Americans with hugs and 'I'm gonna miss you.'

They hold it for a long time before:

"Good-bye Confed... Your name is too long." Aussie grumbles. "You need a nickname."

"What? I do not need a nickname, just learn how to say it."

"We should call him... Confetti!" Zeal squeals.

"No!" Confetti angrily said. Everyone agrees with the nickname. "Is no one listening to me?"

"What? I like it, Confetti!" America teases. Confetti grumbles.

When they let go the parents are the ones that stay in the hug.

Britain is the first to speak, and he speaks to Confederate.

"Maybe we can get to know each other a little more when you come back...?" Britain said shyly.

Confetti smiles. "I-I'd like that!"

"And I'll make sure to teach you plenty of my recipes when you do come back." France kisses him on the cheek.

"I'd love to do both!" Confetti smiles as both of his parents hug him.

They let go and say goodbye to their other American child.

"Love you, America. Stay safe and be strong." France hugs and kisses America.

"I will."

"Keep an eye on Confetti."

"I will, Dad." America receives the same from Britain. America looks at both of them, "What? No, 'I hope we can see each other again?" Both parents laugh. "Guess that's what it's like being the perfect child."

Everyone chuckles.

Then, a bell rings in the distance.

"That's us," Confederate says, sadly and excitedly.

France and Britain held their sons' hands before they slowly walk away to their ship. Once they let go, France starts crying happy and sad tears, while Britain is trying to hold his tears back.

"Bye, Everyone!" America calls and waves

"Good-bye! See you next time!" Confederate says after and waves as well.

Everyone said good-bye and the two walk onto the ship.

"What are we going to do without them?" Confederate asks as he leans on the edge of the boat.

"Stay alive until we see them again." America looks out to sea, the sun about to go down.

Confederate wraps an arm around his other half, his brother. "That will be a challenge... But it's worth taking."

America laughs and so does Confederate. They look out to the sun that had slowly disappeared behind the sea.

"When the winds of adversity come, remember one thing—kites fly the very highest against the wind. Kites don't fly in spite of opposition, kites fly high *because* of opposition. In fact, they couldn't fly *without* opposition."

-John Bytheway

THE END

Thank you all so much for reading. This was so fun to make and hearing all your comments made me smile!

I have more art for this chapter and I'll publish it in my artbook, once I finish it all. And, I am hoping to do a writing competition, where whoever signs up, will make their own ending about this book (more information in my artbook and on how to sign up).

Once again, thank you, I will probably be doing another book soon and I would love to see all of you there.

If you have any questions about the book or any insights, I would love to hear them!

Signing off:
- Yonderblu (⌐■_■)

Collab with MyNameIsAppleUWU

I know I said I was done but...

Confetti meets Confetti

-Confetti (AP) - To show it's Apple's

[image]

-Confederate (YB) - To show it's Yonderblu's

[image]

Confederate (YB) sat boredily (This is the Confederate after chp. 18). America was chatting with his father, Britain.

Like usual. Confederate (YB) rolls his eyes, ever since he and America came back to the United Kingdom, he has spent almost the entire time talking to Britain. The other times he's spent having panic attacks.

Confederate (YB) didn't care what they were talking about and stared outside.

Confederate (YB) then gets an idea. He smirks.

"Fourth wall breaking time~" Confederate (YB) got up and left America and Britain.

He wanted to be in a quiet spot. He flew through the walls until he was in America's room. *This works.*

Confederate (YB) inhales and focuses.

Then, with a pop, he was gone.

⋆✲✲✲

Confetti (AP) sat quietly in America's mind floating around, trying to actually do something. Being trapped In someone's mind was boring as heck. Especially with America's nonstop thinking and thinking. It got annoying especially to her.
She swore if she could destroy America and have her own body she would. But things didn't work like that. Confetti (AP) Being herself started to speak to America unsure of what to do in this useless life.

"Hey 'Merica. Down here don't you remember? IN your mind?!?!??!" she shouted, doing various flips in the air.

America jumps. Not remembering her. "Sorry..."

"Yeah, yeah!" She pauses. "Your thoughts are driving me insane!" She says while rubbing her hands down her face.

"Why don't you leave if you don't like me?"

"Doesn't work like that, kid."

"It doesn't?" America stops what he's doing.

"Nope." She said harshly, frowning deeply. "Only you have the power to do that my friend." She responded quietly sinking further into the darkness.
"That wasn't part of our deal though. How do I know you wont go behind my back" America huffed, crossing his arms in disapproval.

"Oh stop crying you big baby. I'm not going to do anything to you. All I've done is help you. You should return the favor." she tiredly argued, tossing the small America plush from one arm to another.

Confetti (AP) was bored as always. She had very limited power and scowled herself for not making the deal a bit more in her favor. At least she could see out of one eye.

Letting out an annoyed grumble he listened as America thought in his mind unsure to trust her or not.

"Hey idiot, I can hear your thoughts." she smiled at America quickly

shutting up.

Letting out a long sigh he came to a halt breaking under Confetti's sharp glare he could practically hear. " Alright how do I do it? " America frowned, his thoughts turning to not as nice ones.

" Hold on. " She smiled doing a small flip excitedly. America yet again felt the hot sting as his second and only good eye faded into darkness, making his slightly flinch. Once regaining his vision he was still stuck with one eye that made him quite upset.

Confetti on the other hand seemed to be quite happy stretching quietly wobbling slightly on the ground. " I haven't walked in a good hundred years " she coughed, her voice quite dry.

" Save it you illusion you'll be returning back to my mind in a while. You still stole my eye" America hissed putting his finger in her face. " Hey you were the one who let me out " she shrugged, flipping around on the street.

" Where do you think you're going?! " America yelped chasing after Confetti who broke into a fast walking pace down the road.

" I'm going to another universe, idiot. Got a good friend to meet there. Haven't seen them in what seems to be forever " she scoffed gently letting her long shoulder length hair fall from its original ponytail.

" You have friends? " the colony questioned falling behind slightly.

Confetti (AP) just sent him a sharp glare. Loudly she whistled into the air America wincing from the sound directly.

Beca quickly came running to her side. Her tail happily pacing back and forth.

" We're gonna go find your family then head out. My friend and I take this opportunity to make fun of each other's lives " she spun around to America stomping loudly on the ground.

" WHAT! YOU CAN'T GET MY DAD! " the colony yelped expecting for something to happen.

"Fine... I'll get him to get his Dad and they can talk out there. Who knows, maybe he'll bring him America." Confetti (AP) said happily.

"Uuhh..." America hesitated.

"You'll like him."

"I'm-"

"I wasn't asking for your opinion." Confetti (AP) hummed a tune as she prepared to adventure through the multiverse.

She had a silent meditation. Then pop, she was gone.

⋆✩⋆✩

Confederate (YB) sighs. *Still bored as crap.* He was in a coffee shop that was open to all multiverses so it was a good place to go. He currently sat on a table for two, both had bar stools.

Then he heard a clatter of two feet. He turns and sees a doppelganger of him.

He smirks and rests a hand on his chin.

"Hey, there pretty lady~" He says. "It dark out for someone so young~"

"You're hilarious..." Confetti (AP) sits at the stool in front of the other southerner. "So, what gossip have you got to spare?"

Confederate (YB) smiles. "Well, I told you about how my America wanted to go home?"

"What a loser. He wants to go home to his Daddy." She said the last part with puppy eyes and a childish tone.

Confederate chuckles. "And guess what happened after..."

"What? Did your Britain totally abandon him?!" She said in a playful manner

"No..." Confederate (YB) says bummed out. "My Britain forgave

him..." Confederate (YB) leans back an annoyed expression written across his face.

"Aw man... How are you dealing with it?"

"I'm fine. Just... I'm still trying to understand why he did." He leans forward.

Confetti (AP) hums, unsure how to help. "Well, how about we get something to drink *then* worry about your universe", she seemed to put on a genuine smile for once.

"Okay, I'm up for it."

Confetti (AP) looks over at a waiter nearby and snaps her fingers. "Hey! When can a girl get her drinks!"

The Waiter came over. "Sorry, sorry." She was a personified blue-grayish color with pale white eyes and a dark blue suit. She held a notepad that was titled 'death wish'. "My name is Yonderblu. What would you two like? I can call my friend Apple to get you two a romantic set up."

The Confederate's started laughing. "We... We're not a couple!" Confederate (YB) said in between laughs.

"Oh, sorry didn't know your relationship was so serious. I'll tell Apple to get you two one chocolate shake with two straws."

The Confederates laughed more.

"Did you call me Blue?" Apple stuck her head around the corner, her bright yellow and blue sweater peaking around with it.

"Ah, yes. We got a couple here."

Apple glaces at the two doppelgangers, smiles, then nods. "Commin' right up!" She disappeared.

Yonderblu turned back to the two. "Now, what would you like to drink?"

Confederate (YB) orders first. "I'll take a Hot Chocolate with two pumps of coconut and whipped cream on the top." Blue wrote it all down.

Blue turned to the other Confederate. "A Frappe is good with me"

Blue wrote that down as well. What else is she going to do? "I'll be back with those.

Confetti turns to the male version of her. "Coconut and chocolate?"

Confederate (YB) blushes out of embarrassment. "Yeah... It's good... maybe you should try it..." Confederate (YB) taps on the table. "You're lucky I didn't order Coffee, or black Coffee, my inner southerner comes out."

"How did you figure that out?" Confetti (AP) raises an eyebrow.

"One day, while still in the Revolutionary War, America was invited to a fellow Founding Father's house and their wife gave America, Coffee. My southern accent has never been thicker, and I wouldn't stop shouting 'I'll get you commies!" He pauses. "I don't know what a Commie is..."

Confetti laughs. "Alright, I won't get you Coffee. *Ever.*"

Then Yonderblu came out with the two drinks. "Here you go. One Hot Chocolate with coconut and whipped cream, and a small frappe."

The two thanked Blue smiley talking back and forth.

America stood in the back utterly confused and boxed out from what was happening. There were two of them? He didn't even know where to start.

"Gosh, America's so annoying. He won't stop thinking." Confetti expressed her frustration forgetting he was standing right behind them and taking a sip of her Frappe.

"Hey. How's it going" America a smirk written all over his face as he stuck it between the two confets startling Confetti pretty badly.

Confetti spit out her drink onto the other Confederate. America started laughing as Confetti coughed trying to stop choking on her drink.

"AMERICA I SWEAR TO ALL THAT IS HOLY! " Confetti snapped back watching the colony laugh on the floor. " DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING YOUR DAD INTO THIS?!" she yelled instantly, gaining the attention of the laughing one. " No.." Ame squeaked, becoming quiet, staring back at her.

The other Confederate wipes himself off with a napkin. He looks at Confetti's America. "Wow, you didn't tell me you're Ame was so cute!" Both Confetti and America stop in surprise.

Confederate turns into his shadow form and spins around the other America. "Confederate... Content, please." Confetti says annoyed.

"Oh, sorry." he focuses his attention back to Ame. "You look like a little kid. You're just so young. My America is 18, you're like... 2-years-old." Confederate turns back to normal and hugs the confused American. He looks at Confetti. "Can I keep him?"

Confetti seemed amused letting out a small laugh. "Sorry I gotta keep him around. I'm dead if he's gone. BUT I did tell him that he could meet your Ame!" She smiled stepping away from the stool.

America snapped his head around, his expression visibly nervous as he stared at Confetti with a 'I'm going to kill you' look.

Confederate pricked up with excitement. "Oh! Yeah! Lemme go and grab him." Confederate instantly disappears.

America is freed from the other Confed's grip. He sighs in relief, then looks back at his Confed. "Who was that?!"

Confetti smiles. "That is my friend I was telling you about."

"Wha- Him?" America asks. "He's so... so... weird."

"Could say the same about your thoughts."

Confederate (YB) then appeared with a familiar face. America. This

America (YB) was older than the other.

"W-What... happened?" He says, in a dizzy state. He sees a country that looks like him. "

America (YB) hears someone cough to get his attention. "I'm behind you." He sees his Confederate behind him.

"Oh." He looks at his doppelganger. "Then who is that?"

"That is Ame, from a different universe." He pauses as America (AP) Shyly waves. "And that Confetti lives in the same universe." Yeah where else you think she lives " Confederate frowned giving his America a dumb look.

" Hey Confetti " Ame (AP) whispered slightly hiding from himself." Who is that " he sheepishly asked a weird expression written all over his face " Its you America I thought you were smart enough to notice " Confetti moved out of the way leaving her America totally exposed to the other.

Ame (AP) gulped looking up at the slightly taller version of himself waving down slightly. " Uhhhhh heya. I'm you, how funny huh... " (AP) America replied with his one good blue eye slowly darting around.

"Oh," America (YB) tried to sound friendly but he felt a little shy. "Hello."

"Hey, Confetti." Confederate (YB) says. "Why don't we take these two somewhere else so that we can still have fun?"

"That's the best idea you've had in a *long* time." She smirks. Confederate gives her an annoyed look. "But yes, I'd like that."

Both Confeds grab their Americas and take them to a table for two far away from them.

America (YB) was terrified as his Confederate did so. He was being dragged but wasn't sure to fight back or just let it be.

America (AP) seemed completely unbothered, like this was a usual

occurrence for him, but did notice the other Ames fearful look.

But both were unharmed and then left. "Hey, Blue, you got two more customers over there."

"Okay, okay." Yonderblu says. She put her sketchbook down and walked to the two Americas. "My name is Yonderblu, I'll be your waitress. What can I get you two to drink?"

Ame (AP) spoke first. "Coffee, black, NO TEA"

"C-Cider is fine with me." (Fun fact: Colonist drank this, along with whiskey and beer.)

Yonderblu nods. She walks to the kitchen.

"So." Ame (AP) tries to start up a conversation. "Your Confederate is... weird, as far as I know."

"H-He is... I guess."

"My Confetti is a girl, and... that's it. She also carries around this weird plush of me. I don't know why but it's creepy."

"Can't say my Confederate is like that. He just..." America's casual tone turned more worried. "Just... uh... He..." America starts acting weird, he starts breathing quicker. "E-Excuse me." He runs to the bathroom without waiting for an answer.

Ame (AP) is so confused. " Thats...thats interesting... he sounds kinda like my little brother... Canada would be like that... He would have nightmares, and have panic attacks. My mom would be with him for hours some nights... Interesting. " Ame (AP) replied, leaning back on the table.

Ame(AP) let out a slight sigh of discomfort fading over his face.

" Hey I promised you, you know I don't lie " Confetti smirked, peering over to her 'friend'.

Letting out a sigh Confetti leaned back into the table once again pulling out her small plush. Back and forth she tossed it around

keeping a careful eye on her America who seemed to be slightly upset at the memory he had just witnessed.

"What are you thinking about Confetti?" Confederate (YB) asks.

Confetti looks at him. "My America seems to be in distress."

Confederate looks over, and doesn't see his America. He then feels weird. "Oop... My Ame is having a panic attack."

"He has panic attacks?"

"Constantly. Mostly because of me." Confederate rolls his eyes. "He needs to grow up."

. . .

America (YB) is leaning over the sink trying to collect himself. His chest was hurting and his lungs wouldn't work. The panic was causing him to cry into the sink. He just hopes that no one will see him.

His limbs shake and he wants to fall to the ground. Which he does.

"Calm down... Calm down..." He tells himself. "It's in the past... It's in the past..." He rolls into a ball and covers his face. Memories were flashing in his head. "I'm a terrible son... I-I'm so terrible..."

Quietly a clicking on the hard tile alerted America (YB) to someone's arrival. The footsteps seemed quite loud but composed. Curling up even tighter he refused to look up who had just entered.

...

"Heya..." Ame (AP) voice quietly spoke as he took a seat in front of the panicked country.

"You know it's the strangest thing. You remind me so much of someone so dear to me."

America just looks up but doesn't speak, he continues to breath hard.

Ame reaches a hand out. America flinches. "No, no. It's okay. I'm not gonna hurt you." America hides his face and Ame rubs his shoulder. "It's okay. You know... you're actually better than I am. My dad and I have a very complicated relationship. He actually.... Actually just tried to most likely kill me. I dumped his tea in the ocean and he found me and... Lets just say that didn't end well. That's how I met Confetti." Ame (AP) sighed staring into the small mirror on the wall.

" That's how I lost my eye " he pointed to the black eye with a funny, unamused face.

America looks at the other, still hiding most of his face. He calms down a little from hearing that but the guilt stays. "But your Dad didn't give you everything... Your Dad already hated you, *no offence*, but my Dad was different. He gave me everything he had! And I threw it all away and left home!" America burst into tears again.

"... that's not exactly the case. When I was smaller especially around five and six I was glued to my dad. My mother was too busy with my little brothers, but my father always seemed to make time for me. He could bring me cool things from different countries he visited, and would show me all kinds of things. Those were the times. But over time things changed... And they ended up here" America (AP) sadly shrugged, retracting back to his original position. "One of the best things I remember I left behind with my old life. It was a small boat. It was made out of sticks and grass, something my father brought home from overseas. I loved that thing like no tomorrow. I would go everywhere with it. That was also the last thing he brought me. Before work started to take over and he turned into someone I no longer knew..." he smiled a small tear in his right eye.

America felt relaxed by the story and knowing he wasn't the only one. He laugh-scoffs. "You should be a poet. That's a pretty sad story..." He pauses. "Thank you... Do you wanna go back to our table and maybe I can express *my* sad life?"

Ame nods. They help each other up and walk to their table.

"So... my story." America starts, he fidgets with his hands. "I grew up kind of like you, loving father, busy mother, and I have a little sibling. I loved being around my father as well, he was my hero. But... I was just a teenager when I started just... hating him for no reason. He gave me everything he had and he wanted me to take over his land one day... but I selfishly wanted my own life... Even though he tried to explain he was giving me the best life... I threw all his education he gave me... I yelled in his face, and told him I... hated him... I ran away to the New World and started my country there. Losing two of my best friends... And the trauma was so bad that I split in two... Me... then Confederate..." He pauses to look at his Confetti who was happily talking to the other Confetti. "He makes everything worse for me... Reminding me of what I've done wrong and... I just can't take it..." America sighs.

Then, two drinks are placed in front of the two. "Here you go. I'll be back to ask what you want to eat." Yonderblu says, leaving immediately.

" I understand.. The nightmare lives on for me. I barely got away from my father and even though I did, I got away with a bruised wrist, broken nose, and a bunch of terrible memories. I'm worried about Canada, I feel like my dads gonna do something to him for what I did with the tea " the colony replied staring down blankly at the drink in front of him.

"Wait... you're worried about your Canada?" America took a sip of his cider.

America (AP) raises an eyebrow. "What?! Of course I'm worried, he saw me as a bleeding mess! My eyes were also pitch black according to Confetti. Probably scared the crud outa him. He's always had a problem with nightmares so I'm pretty sure he's not going to sleep for a few days." America (AP) said defensively.

"I'm not trying to be offensive, I was just confused." America (YB) looks in a corner. "My Canada could care less about me. He wants me to go back to my country and leave him and my Dad alone."

America (AP) stops, he is very confused. He couldn't picture Canada being mean to him.

Suddenly, a loud crash rang out from the back, everyone snapping their head to see what had happened.

" BECA WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?! " Ame (AP) laughed happily falling to the ground. The golden retriever started to wag her tail back and forth smacking him slightly with it. "Beca you can't go around making a mess. I know you're not used to this kind of surrounding but you can't make a mess" he talks to the dog stroking her head gently.

Beca seemed to smile back, attacking Ame (AP) face repeatedly, making him fall to the ground in laughter.

She then turned to the other very familiar America who stood right next to her. The pup stared for a minute trying to figure out what her move would be.

Beca then runs at the other America and tackles him instead. America (YB) yelps.

"No, no, no, no! Beca!" America (AP) said.

"I-I'm fine." America (YB) laughs as Beca kisses him in the face. America (YB) then cups his mouth and whistles in a rhythm. Beca's ear prick up and then backs away and sits in front of the American, her tail wagging energetically.

"Woah... how'd you do that?" Ame (AP) said in amazement.

"It's something I was taught by Native Americans." America (YB) whistles in a rhythm again, Beca barks happily. "Good, girl."

"Hey!" Apple said from the kitchen. "Pets go outside!"

Both Americas let Beca outside and they all played together.

Both Confeds watched them until they were out of sight. "So what now?" Confetti (AP) asks.

"Oh! I got an idea." Confederate (YB) calls YonderBlu. "We're ready to order some food."

Yonderblu approaches them, "What would you two like?"

Confederate looks at Confetti in a mischievous way, "I'll order her... a Velvet Cake... she seems like the type..."

"What? What are you doing?" Confetti (AP) asks.

"I order you something random for you and now, you order something for me."

" I don't know what to get him. Some intelligence would be nice " Confetti teased a betrayed look on Confederate's (YB) face.

" Nah I'm just kidding, get him some mud pie, he's got enough intelligence to atleast get her " Confetti sighed staring out the bright window.

"Got it." Yonderblu says. "And your romantic set up is almost done."

Both Confederae's groan.

"Can't wait!" Apple says from the back of the room.

Yonderblu leaves and the two southerners just kind of wait. "You don't think of me as a... potential lover do you?" Confederate (YB) sounds like he's joking.

"No. You're just a good friend."

Confederate pretends to be stabbed by a knife and dies. "I've been... Friend zoned..."

Confetti giggles, Confederate sits up and laughs with her.

"Too bad you don't have a girl of your own. You can flirt a little flirt at times."

"Only when I want to~" Confederate rests his head on his hands. "You're the one that brings it out~" He pauses. "It's strange...~"

Confetti (AP) Laughs. "You're such a nerd... But you're not going to make me blush with that kind of talk~"

"Is that a challenge?" Confederate smirks. "I will do what I must."

Confetti (AP) gets comfortable in her chair. "You will try."

"Your face is pretty~" Nothing. "You have a great personality~" He got a scoff. Confederate sighs and looks to the side. "I've fallen in love many times... but always with you~"

Confetti breathes deeply, keeping her emotions together.

Confederate smiles, he knows he's close. "If I had a flower every time I thought of you... We'd be walking in a flower garden~"

Confetti looks away. "No... He's a freaking idiot... don't..." She whispers to herself.

"I want to be the reason behind your smile, because you are surely the one behind mine~" Confederate said sweetly and gently. Confetti smiles and her face turns red without her knowing. Then, a gruff came in that woke her. "Ha! I got you to fall in love with me!"

"Wha- No you didn't! I-I- Σ(￣口￣lll)"

"I made you fall~" Confetti's (AP) face turned red again.

"Sh-Shut up..."

"Sorry I can't help it I speak the truth"

" I SWEAR TO ..... ?" Confetti stared away, covering her face fully by her hands.

"What do you mean? We're just two *friends* (≖͡͡ ͜ʖ≖͡͡) , hanging out~"

"I hate you..."

" I know you do~" ~(˘▾˘~)

Confetti couldn't take it anymore. Her face turned red as doged away trying not to show how flustered she was.

Yonder came with the food. "Here you two lovers go."

"Shut up! We're not in love!" Confetti (AP) yells.

"Yeah, sure..." Yonderblu walks away.

Confederate takes a bite of his mud pie. He moans. "This is really good. You have great taste~"

Confetti grumbles and takes a bite of her cake refusing to say that he knew exactly what she wanted. He knew her much more than she had wanted. The two stared back at each other, Confetti's face still a light shade of red as she quietly glared.

" Hehehehe you're still blushing~" Confederate grinned looking at Confetti who was on the brink of killing him right there.

Confetti (AP) and Confederate (YB) finished their plates. Confetti (AP had been ignoring the other the whole time.

" Well my friend, it's been good here. You're quite annoying as well. But we better get going to your place before I run outta stamina to get us home." (AP) Confetti sighted flipping around in her chair.

" Aw... Do we have to leave so soooon...?" Confederate complained starting at the familiar version of himself.

" I have to get my Ame back. You know we'll screw up the multiverse if we don't return back... You know how apple gets about that to " Confetti whispered, tiredly stretching.

"Alright..." Confederate complains, then an idea pops in his head. "I'm sure gonna miss you~"

"Yeah, yeah." Confetti looks off to the side.

"And one last thing..." Confederate then gave Confetti a little kiss on the cheek.

Confetti turns bright red and starts yelling at him. "Why you little-"

Confederate starts laughing and turns into his shadow form and zooms out of the cafe.

Confetti growls and runs after him.

America (AP) and Ame (YB) were petting Beca then, Ame (YB) is suddenly picked up. He yelps and sees his Confederate.

"Come on, loser we're leaving. I pissed Confetti off if we don't go now I'm dead!" Confederate then turns to the other Ame. "And you're coming too!" He grabs the other and starts flying to his own universe.

Confetti sees him and starts yelling more at him.

Confederate could care less, he stuck out his tongue and disappeared to his dimension.

"I'm gonna get that little... no good, flirty, southerner..."

Staring at the ground she quieted down before hopping up waving goodbye to both Blu, and Apple before falling down a portal of her own.

Sighing Confederate felt the warm air spinning around looking at the familiar surroundings. He was back home. Setting both of the Americans down he returned back to his normal form spinning around looking carefully for Confetti.

" You guys got to help me. That woman will kill me if she finds me" Confederate nervously chuckled hiding behind his America who seemed quite nervous.

" Don't drag me into this. What did you do? " America (YB) pushed his Confederate away hastily. " eheheh... I kissed her" Confederate replied laughing quietly.

Both Americas were quiet.

" I knew there was something between you two... (σ'□∀□)σ " Ame (AP) pretend to barf.

" Nah I just like to tease her once in a while " Confederate replied laughing. " Now let's get out of here before she finds me" Confederate replied, making his merry way.

"Going somewhere?" a familiar voice growled from behind him. Confederate hums nervously. He turns and Confetti (AP) is there and she has a tight hold of the collar or his shirt.

"L-Look... I understand, that was a mistake(..)," Confederate starts blushing. " You're damn right that was " she responded. She got a little closer to him.

"U-Uh... I-I-" Confederate was cut off as Confetti's lips touched his.Σ('0'@)

Both Americas were eating popcorn as this was happening.

Confederate (YB) was not expecting that, his shock quickly disappeared as he seemed to melt into the kiss (□◡□)♡*.

Confetti (AP) pulls back then looks him in the eye. "That was for revenge... Don't kiss me again... or we're gonna have problems."

Confederate's eyes were wide at first, with his face red, but it changed to a smirk. "If I get in trouble... do I get another kiss～"

Confetti scoffs and drops him. Confederate laughs standing up slowly brushing himself off. " And that my friends is how you get a girl～" he smirked at the Americans way to wish America (YB) did the biggest facepalm he could.

"Let's go, America." Confetti grabs her America and starts walking away.

"Good-bye, America." He waves. Beca follows them and barks a good-bye to Ame.

"Bye, guys!"

Suddenly a door loudly closed alerting each person

"Amer- Woah, who is that?" A man with the Union Jack.

"Uh..." Confetti says.

"He can see us Confeds." Confederate says waving his hand in front

of Britain.

America (AP) was nervous, and it was clear to see.

"Um... Dad, this is America... from a different universe." America shrugs, unsure how to put it lightly.

Britain looks back and forth between the two. "Oh! Why didn't you say so?"

Everyone was surprised by his comment.

"Do you need anything? Water, food?" Britain smiles.

America (AP) stood in stunned silence. This...this was all so different. Why did he have to suffer? A caring father, his siblings, mother, Ame wished he had it. But it was something that was just out of grasp. Something he could see but no reach. He so badly wished that he could have it.

Pain was all he could feel. It drowned his thoughts, as well as his actions. As much as Confetti promised Ame missed his old life. He just wishes everything could be normal....

He just wanted to be..... Appreciated.

"Ummm are you alright?" Britain looked confused at the slightly shorter version of his son.

" He doesn't usually do this" Confetti shrugged, waving a hand in front of his blue eye.

Ame started to feel emotions run through his mind. The distant memories of being happy resurfaced along with ones of pain and agony. Tears started to drip from his face as he blankly stared.

"...d..dad?" he sobbed quietly, black liquid dripping from his black eye. Britain stood confused glancing back at his son before looking back.

"Hey... Hey..." Britain came up to him. "It's okay..." America (AP) sniffs and abruptly hugs Britain not even releasing what he was

doing. He couldn't control it. America couldn't even remember the last time he hugged his father.

Britain was surprised but if he knew what his America went through, he could understand that this America went through almost the same thing.

The colony started to cry faster as Confetti kept her sharp gaze on the two, before looking over a Confederate who looked back just as confused.

" .... Please... will you do something for me.... Take- take good care of him. He's ... more than you will ever need. Make sure Canada, and NZ, Aussie, and mom all stay safe.... Don't ever let them out of your reach. You never know if you can get them back. I made my choice and so did my father. We must go down the path we chose even if it means not waking up the next day. Be fortunate you have a family who loves you " Ame (AP) cried his tears slowly falling to the ground as he pleaded.

Turning over to the other Ame, the colony slunk over gently grabbing his hand. " And you make sure you spend time with your dad.... That was an opportunity I never got to have. To be close to my father was only a foren dream. Don't ever let go you promise me" Ame (AP) shook as grey tears fell from his face.

" You all live in a nice world. Make sure to cherish it. Be grateful for your fortune. Me... I have a war to fight. Even if I might not be alive to see you again. I send you with my best wishes, and hope we can meet again in the future " he smiled turning back to Confetti.

" Let's go Confetti.. I have to find Sam "

The two snapped around Confederate blowing Confetti, a kiss to which she flipped him off. " What did I tell you about the kissing? " Confetti shot him a glare.

"If I get in trouble, I get another~" Confederate winks.

Confetti grumbles. " Love you too..." Confederate returns snickering lightly.

"Good-bye..." Ame (AP) waves as the two gently walk down the cobblestone path.

" I hope we can meet again" He sighs before slowly fading away in the warm sunlight

All that was left was a single red flower, with a black stem.

The end... for now...

Yonderblu: I love this, thanks to Apple for collabing with me! I hope to do it again.

Apple: Me too! This was really fun. I also wanted to congratulate you for finishing your book the whole inspiration for this book! Without you none of this would be possible.